THE MAN'S MAGAZINE 50 CENTS OCTOBER 1966 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

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# TRUELY YOURS

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### Superman

I have just finished reading an article by Bard Lindeman in the July issue of True entitled *Uncle Sam's Own Lawyer,* the story of Attorney General Nicholas deBelleville Katzenbach.

When I first turned to the article I was not at all interested in reading about Mr. Katzenbach. I had read about him in the newspapers, I had seen him on television and frankly, was not interested in learning anything further about him. Surprisingly enough, I did read the article with deep interest. I have completely changed my whole opinion of him. I feel, from the article, that he is a dedicated man and a determined man. Freedom rings out in his mind constantly, I am sure, because of the time WHEN HE WAS NOT FREE. It seems to me we all would have to experience a period of not being free to appreciate the FREEDOM we so freely have in this wonderful country today. I am not a segregationist; I am not an integrationist; I have no hate in my heart for my fellow man and admire a man like Mr. Katzenbach who believes in FREEDOM for all.

*—Mrs. Faye R. Nolan*
*Birmingham, Ala.*

I was rather amused by your many references to how soft-spoken and imperturbable Nick Katzenbach is.

The man controls the spending of over $400,000,000, directs the work of over 2,000 lawyers and over 100,000 other employees, and heads the national police force (FBI). He effectively controls the appointment of all federal judges and Supreme Court Justices (1/3 of the three "equal" branches of our national government), and can clear unconstitutional laws through the Supreme Court before submitting them to Congress. He knows the race, religion, creed and national origin and the proportion of each group that every employer in the nation has on his payroll. He has access to dossiers or almost complete records on about 150,000,000 Americans including financial records through the federal tax, credit references and marriage stability records through the FHA, and all the other information available through such agencies as the Census Bureau, Office of Business Economics, Bureau of Labor Statistics, Social Security, etc. Ever feel as if someone is peeking over your shoulder? Someone probably is—a Justice Department official.

Actually he has so much power he should never even have to raise his voice!

*—Don Carter*
*Durham, N.C.*

### Correction

In your otherwise fine story on Amelia Earhart in September True, the caption on page 52 should have located her cell in Saipan, not Saigon.

*—J. R. Forman*
*Chicago, Illinois*

**Indeed it should have.**

### More On UFO

How much longer can "officialdom" keep UFO's under the rug? Six months? A year? People are looking for UFO facts now. Your article, *Incident At Exeter* (August) by John G. Fuller was excellent and is helping to bring the cover-up to light. The public deserves UFO facts now, not after "they" land. Let's have more thought-provoking articles on this subject.

*—R. J. MacDonald*
*Oakville, Ont., Canada*

Ball lightning is a rare and little understood phenomenon sometimes occurring during thunderstorms. Dr. Harold W. Lewis, in the March, 1963 edition of *Scientific American,* describes it as a glowing sphere from a few inches to a few feet in diameter. It can be almost any color, steady or pulsating. Balls of lightning have been seen moving at high speeds, but also standing practically still. They last up to two or three minutes, and then either shoot out of sight, blow up with a bang, or simply fade away. One found its way into a barrel of water and set it boiling for several minutes!

Apparently the globes are a plasma of highly ionized gas like that in a neon tube. Some unknown force holds the gas in a temporarily stable configuration.

Is it possible that the UFO's reported by John G. Fuller are really some electrical phenomenon analagous to ball lightning? If they are triggered by an electromagnetic field, or at least attracted to one, this would explain their proximity to high tension lines and automobiles, as well as the bright lights and high speeds of the objects. It also accounts nicely for their invulnerability to gunfire and their visibility on radar screens.

Ball lightning is thought to hold one of the keys to the controlled use of nuclear fusion, so the Air Force would naturally keep very quiet on the subject. The lightning idea might even explain the connection of the "UFO's" with electrical blackouts. If a four-inch ball of lightning can boil a barrel of water, one a hundred feet in diameter (30 times the size and so 27,000 times the energy) landing on an important power line junction could really snarl things up.

It's a screwy idea but no worse than the notion of little men from outer space. True readers might enjoy hearing of an alternative to the spaceship theory.

*—Pierre H. Berube*
*Hanover, N.H.*

### S'Truth

For some reason *with* reason the word "bloody" used by Prince Philip (*Man's World,* July) is a terrible British cussword. It is a corruption and slurring over of the words from England's Roman Catholic days: "By Our Lady."

*—L. U. Morang*
*Miami, Florida*

**B'god, you may be right!**

### Notes From All Over

Please cancel my subscription to True magazine.

*—Judge Daniel H. Thomas*
*Mobile, Alabama*

**Why should we?**

### Sex—Pro And Con

James L. Collier did a good job of reporting Doctor Masters' study of sexual intercourse. (August True.) I wish I could have had that knowledge 50 years ago instead of all the prudery and inhibitory religious nonsense that has spoiled life for the likes of me for ages on end.

Wouldn't it just be men of the puny calibre of Farber and Fishbein and the pompous organizations that support them to exhibit their medieval attitudes in a case of this kind?

After all, how safe can they get in their asinine alliance with sexual stupidity?

[*Continued on page* 4]

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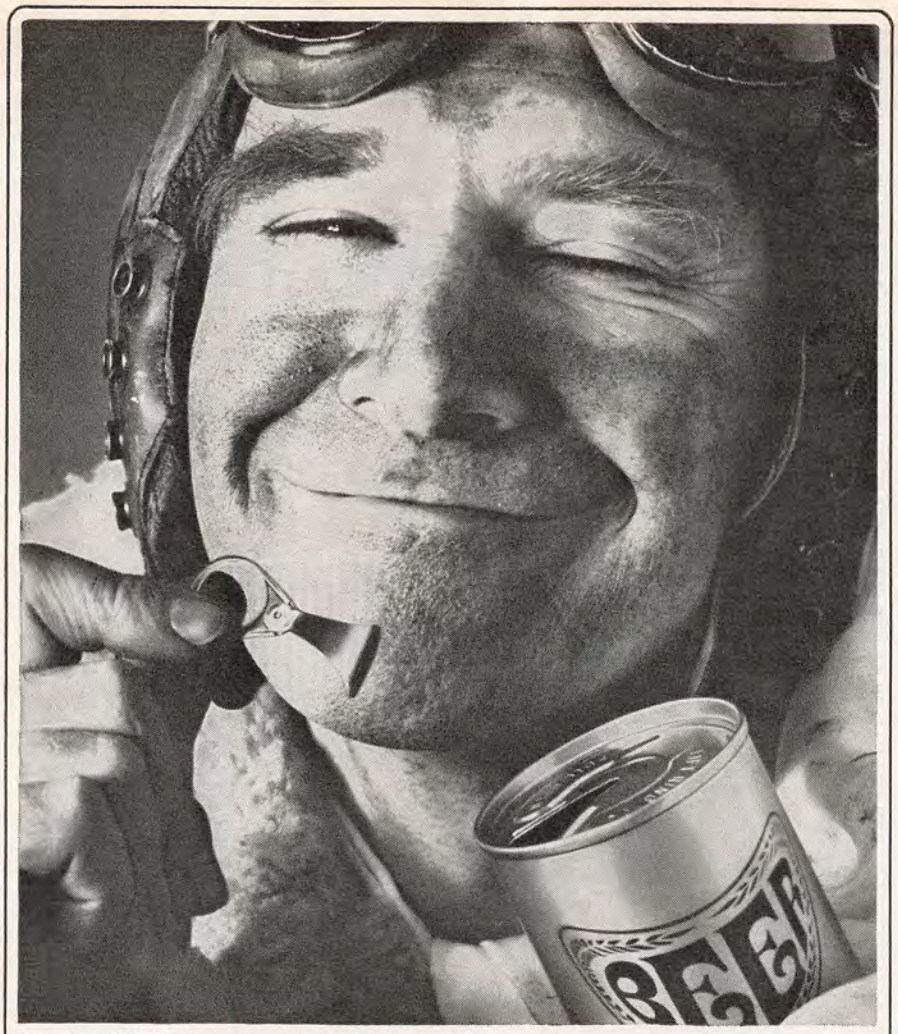


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[*Continued from page* 2]

the one hand, if Doctor Masters conducts his research in the scientific manner he "takes the romance out of sex," and on the other hand, "the findings are biased by the environment." How those inane academics would have gloated if they could just have been able to level the charge of "pornography" against him!

—*Geo. B. Conner*
*San Bernardino, Calif.*

Inasmuch as the sex act is the act of procreation and not meant as a nightly stimulant, any indulgence beyond that intent can only lead to degeneration. The effect on the heart and the pulse indicate the dangers involved in this form of exercise and the need of restraint.

There are other ways for humans to be happy together, for balanced humans, that is. Overindulgence is unbalance in any department of life.

—*M. J. Fritz*
*Pacific Palisades, Calif.*

After reading TRUE's article (August) *The Sex Study That Begins Where Kinsey Left Off,* I chided a prolific friend by telling him that further study was planned for determining the effects of sex activity on the heart.

He retorted, "Who cares? It sure beats snow shoveling!"

—*W. A. Welch*
*Ardmore, Pa.*

### REQUEST

I am very interested in the facts presented in James Phelan's article *The Abandoned American* (TRUE, May 1966). I would like to send copies of the article to a number of persons in the hope that their interest might serve a useful purpose. May I have your permission to duplicate the article for this purpose?

—*Mayor Seaborn Cravey*
*Baytown, Texas*

**Permission granted. Send 'em out!**

### FIND THAT FORT!

*The Devil's Brigade,* in TRUE, July 1966, was fascinating reading, especially to WW II veterans. But the closing paragraphs revealed some lack of knowledge which could very well cause a "Tarheel" to question the author's ability to research his work.

Fort Bragg is still in *North* Carolina, just where it used to be. It is located close to

the proud little city of Fayetteville, whose citizens might very well take serious exception to your reference to "Fort Bragg, *South* Carolina."

Suggest you take a vacation in "Variety Vacation-land," and spend a month or two journeying from Manteo to Murphy, and enjoy the wonderful experiences on the way. In that way you will not only enjoy yourself tremendously, you will also be able to verify that Fort Bragg, North Carolina, has not been moved; further, I am sure that many other "Tarheels" will join me in forgiving your gross error if you do proper penance.

*—Robert G. B. Bourne*
*Raleigh, N. C.*

**Okay, okay—we'll put it back in North Carolina.**

### Alimony Racket

We want to thank you and Max Gunther for doing the nation a public service in writing and publishing the Alimony Jail article in your July issue. Mr. Gunther's article is factual and we (United States Divorce Reform, Inc.) have over 10,000 letters, received from people across the nation over the past five years, to prove it.

The Alimony Jail article obviously has been well received by your readers. Our mail is heavy as a result of being mentioned. Some of the case histories we have received from alimony victims would open the eyes of the most gullible of the uninitiated.

We think the divorce and alimony racket will be resolved someday. It's hard to believe that any system which enslaves as many good people as our divorce laws can forever withstand the wrath of the public.

When the public is sufficiently aroused the most thorny issues can be resolved. You have done a great job over the years in alerting the people to the evils of divorce. When the change comes True Magazine can take a lion's share of the credit.

*—Reuben P. Kidd*
*Sacramento, Calif.*

### New Beer Call

In reference to your comment on the letter from Tom Barton and Mike Lane (BEER CALL, *Truely Yours*, August), I think I know who drank all the beer. I suspect that since the advertisement was for the American Can Company—not Continental as stated—the beer was consumed by the gentlemen *before* they wrote their letter to True.

*—Stephen O. Haselden*
*Upper Marlboro, Maryland*

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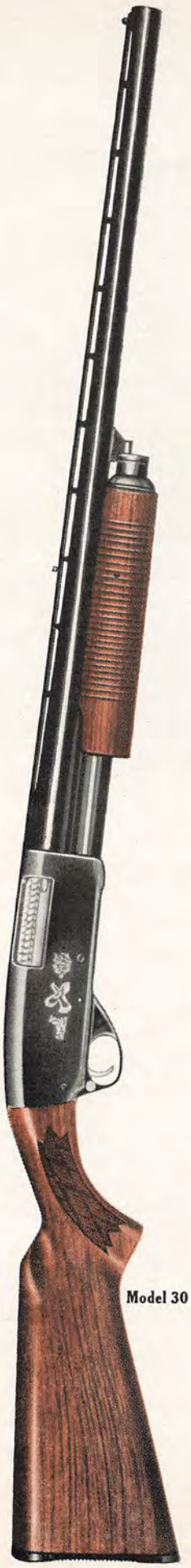

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Bringing down birds isn't the only thing the Savage 30 does well. Try this fine gun at skeet and you'll see it perform with equal reliability round after round. (In 410 gauge the Savage 30 is fine for small bore skeet. It's pleasant to shoot and eliminates flinching.)

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THE MAN'S MAGAZINE OCTOBER 1966

# TRUE

*'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange—stranger than fiction.*
BYRON

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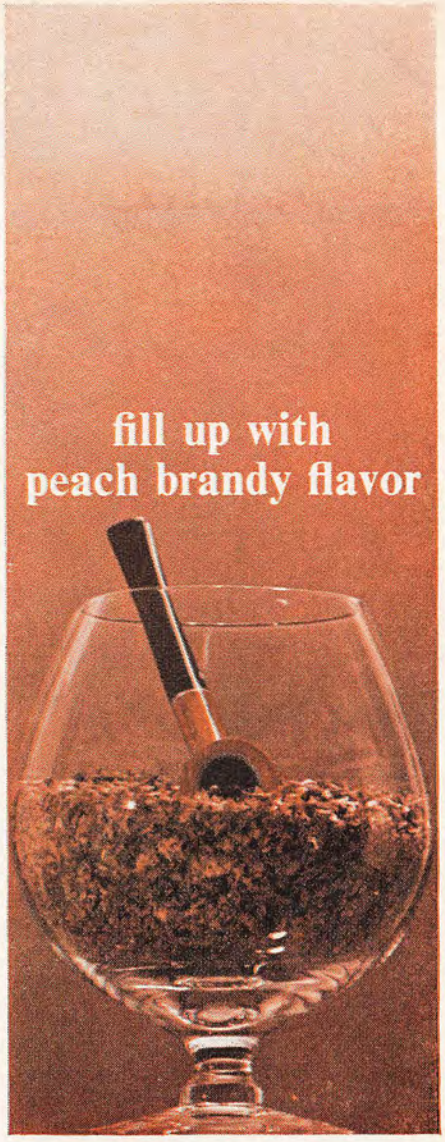


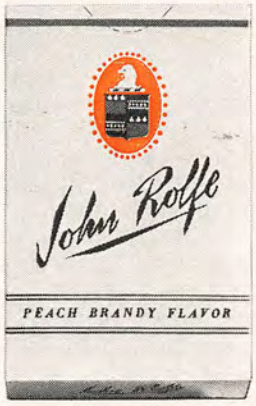


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# TRUEVIEWS: MOVIES BOOKS RECORDS

## MOVIES

**WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?** Easily the best American film of the year. Edward Albee's bitterly comic play works out extremely well as a movie. The tightly packed, intense night when four characters tear themselves and each other apart, under the influence of alcohol and their egos, is compellingly rendered. Richard Burton is magnificent; Elizabeth Taylor, fat and frumpy, gives her best performance to date; George Segal is excellent.

**THE BIBLE.** For openers, let us say that this is unlike the usual spear-and-sandal Biblical epics of Hollywood. Director John Huston has faithfully transferred the drama and the essence of Genesis to the screen. It's worth seeing for the photography alone and some of the fine performances must be counted as bonuses: John Huston as Noah, Ava Gardner as Sarah, George C. Scott as Abraham and Peter O'Toole as an angel. A very good movie.

**THE BLUE MAX.** George Peppard plays a WW I air ace, the only lower-class member of an aristocratic German squadron; status for him means winning a medal and the favors of Ursula Andress. He gets them both before he dies an ironic death, although he has to scheme and cheat to do it. Most of the picture takes place in the air; the blue yonder gets wild and exciting when it's thick with fighting biplanes. On the ground, the movie is absorbing and cynical.

**HOTEL PARADISO.** This 70-year-old bedroom farce is the granddaddy of them all. Alec Guinness plays a shy, sly man who inveigles his neighbor's wife into going to a hotel with him one night. Of course, her husband also goes, as do a whole lot of other people who are acquainted and shouldn't be there, and all hell breaks hilariously loose. Alec Guinness is superb; Robert Morley and Gina Lollobrigida are also first-rate.

**WALK, DON'T RUN.** An amiable, goofy comedy about the housing shortage during the Olympic Games in Tokyo. Cary Grant plays a British businessman who can't get a hotel room; answering a "roommate wanted" ad, he moves in with Samantha Eggar; then Jim Hutton, in the same boat, moves in with Grant who promotes a romance between the youngsters. The script is witty and the actors are fine, especially Grant—who else could ride a bus in his underwear with dignity?

**RINGS AROUND THE WORLD.** There is a special magic about the circus and this film captures it well. It's a grab bag of circus acts from around the world, many of them excellent: a lion tamer who sticks his head in the lion's mouth, trapeze artists, a juggler, clowns, etc. They're all photographed beautifully in color and the camera is often right in there with the performers. Don Ameche's narration is coy and unnecessary.

**MADEMOISELLE.** Take the considerable talent of Jeanne Moreau, add a screenplay by Jean Genet, France's wildest playwright, and you have the recipe for an absorbing movie. But, since director Tony Richardson seems to have undercooked it, someone should send it back to the kitchen. Moreau plays a sexually repressed teacher who sets fires to work off her frustrations. There are better ways.

**THE IDOL.** The only interesting thing about this movie is the fact that it marks Jennifer Jones' return to the screen; her performance is not interesting, just the fact. She plays a woman who falls for her son's best friend, with tragic results. One of the great bad movies of all time.

**BATMAN.** Yecchh! Braack! Ugh!

**HOW TO STEAL A MILLION.** Peter O'Toole and Audrey Hepburn star in a slick, sophisticated comedy about art thievery. It is reminiscent of some of the great screwball comedies of 20 years ago, witty and wacky at the same time; the million-dollar robbery they pull off is a comic gem in itself. O'Toole and Hepburn are flawless, and Eli Wallach and Hugh Griffith also shine.

## BOOKS

**SOUTH OF THE MOON** by Blaine Littell. This is a highly personalized account of a man's odyssey through half of modern Africa. The author tried to retrace Stanley's trail from Zanzibar to the Congo; though he failed, he has succeeded in writing a fine, exciting book: part adventure story, part modern—and disturbing—history. *Harper & Row; $6.95.*

**CLIMAX AT BUENA VISTA** by David Lavender. The brief, confused Mexican War is one of our most shadowy historical affairs. This concise book neatly details the political and military maneuverings that brought Generals Winfield Scott and Zachary Taylor face to face with Santa Anna in 1847, gave us Texas and Taylor the Presidency. *Lippincott; $4.50.*

**BEARS IN THE LADIES' ROOM AND OTHER BEASTLY PURSUITS** by Bil Gilbert. The author is a very funny guy, and this collection of 21 articles on animals and the great outdoors is delightful. He has caught trout with cigarette butts, painted bees, been a pigeonnapper and played basketball with Mexican Indians. Told with wit and insight. *Doubleday; $4.50.*

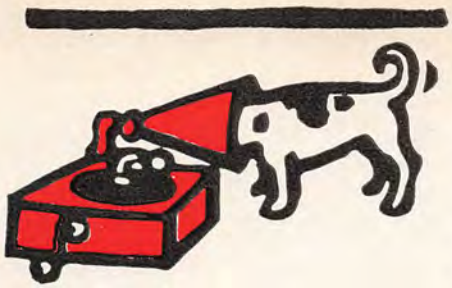
**THE ART STEALERS** by Milton Esterow. A generally interesting, if slightly repetitious, history of a dozen or so art thefts over the years. Each of the accounts is interesting, but there is a similarity of method and motive in art thievery that works against the author. *Macmillan; $5.95.*

**TREE FROG** by Martin Woodhouse. A deftly understated, non-flashy thriller is rare these days, so this novel is welcome. Well-written and wry, it details the troubles of a scientist who is tricked into a dangerous mission with a new aircraft—and finds out the trick too late. *Coward-McCann; $4.95.*

**THE EXTREME OCCIDENT** by Petru Dumitriu. There is something about mid-European intrigue (political, economic and romantic) that is stultifying. Perhaps it's the murky, musky atmosphere; perhaps it's just too symbolic. Dumitriu, a highly regarded Rumanian author, has laid an egg this time. *Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $6.95.*

**THE TRIAL OF STEVEN TRUSCOTT** by Isabel LeBourdais. Do you believe the trial-by-jury system is the best way of obtaining justice? If you do, read this book—it may change your mind. It details the flimsy case against a 14-year-old boy accused of rape and murder; he was convicted and sentenced to death for no other apparent reason than that he was a good suspect. A true, nightmarish bombshell. *Lippincott; $4.95.*

**THE GUNRUNNERS** by John Murphy. A tight, grim, fatalistic novel about a pair of soldiers of fortune who try to sell arms to a former Latin American dictator seeking to regain power. The characters are human, the action is violent, and the writing is a lot better than usual for an adventure story of this type. *Macmillan; $5.95.*



## RECORDS

**GEORGE GERSHWIN REVISITED.** Ben Bagley, a young entrepreneur, has assembled a cast of four (Barbara Cook, Bobby Short, Elaine Stritch and Anthony Perkins) and turned them loose on 13 old show tunes by Gershwin. It's determinedly old-fashioned and nostalgic, quite jolly, literate and irresistible. *MGM.*

**IN MY QUIET ROOM.** Harry Belafonte takes a brief respite from folk singing to offer 10 soft love ballads. Belafonte's velvet voice and the lush-but-unobtrusive arrangements make an excellent, deeply romantic combination. "Summertime Love" and "Try to Remember" are a pair of standouts. *RCA Victor.*

**LSD.** "I kept telling everybody how taking a shower was so groovy," says a giggling coed. "I've taken 33 'trips' on LSD, with no harmful effects," says a boy who broke down on his 34th. "Remember, these kids will be running the government in 20 years," says Dr. Timothy Leary. This fine documentary even records a "trip," showing how frighteningly unnecessary it is. *Capitol.*

**NEW ADVENTURES.** Gale Garnett is a folk singer, occasional actress and songwriter. This album contains a dozen songs; she wrote 10 of them. Some have a western sound, some rock, some are pop—but all are good. Her full-bodied voice is perfect for the songs. A fine disk. *RCA Victor.*

**THE VINTAGE YEARS.** Before he had a rousing success as a straight singer, Nat King Cole did some of his best work with his trio. This album is a representative sampling of that work: "When I Take My Sugar to Tea," "The Frim Fram Sauce," "You're the Cream in My Coffee," and seven more. *Capitol.*

**GREAT LOVE THEMES.** The Cannonball Adderley Quintet, with strings and a wordless soprano chorus, swings its way through nine standards in a variety of moods. Cannonball is a great alto saxophonist and predominates, but his brother Nat, on a trumpet, steals the scene once in awhile as on "The End of a Love Affair." Cannonball's best is "Stella by Starlight." *Capitol.*

**THE MAGNIFICENT MIRIAM MAKEBA.** When Miss Makeba turns her voice loose, it soars like a falcon—and, like the flight of a falcon, it compels attention. Here she sings a number of original tunes and some adapted from African songs. If they're unfamiliar now, they won't be for long. *Mercury.*

**LOUIS.** Armstrong, that is. Sixty-five years old and going strong. Here he romps his gravel-voiced way through a clutch of high-spirited numbers that includes "Mame," "The Circle of Your Arms," and a silly, delightful song called "Cheesecake." Laughing, growling, singing and playing, he has the time of his life—and you will too. *Mercury.*

**HANG YOUR TEARS OUT TO DRY.** Clara Ward could probably sing the telephone book *a capella* and generate excitement; she started in the gospel-singing field and retains the stomping, slamming fever of that style. She rejuvenates "Smile," rocks "Help," wrings tears from "God Bless the Child," and does wild things with "Zip-a-dee-do-dah." Don't miss it. *Verve.*

**MOZART: CONCERTOS FOR FLUTE AND ORCHESTRA.** Mozart hated the flute, but he needed money, so he accepted a commission to write two concertos for a rich amateur. The first is complex and difficult. It quite disconcerted his patron; the second is a transposition of an oboe concerto he'd written earlier. Both are well played by Michel Debost and the Moscow Chamber Orchestra. *Angel.*

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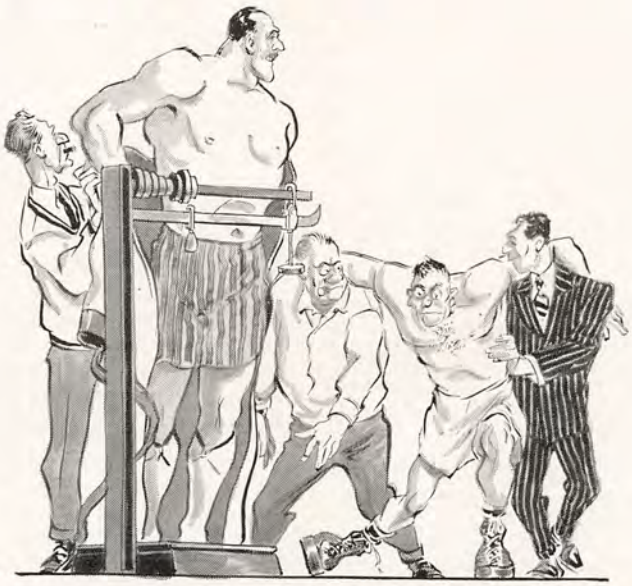
# IT HAPPENED IN SPORTS

**By Jerry Izenberg**



## AN INSTANT OPPONENT FOR PRIMO

■ His name was Primo Carnera and he became the heavyweight champion, but there were people who called him the greatest non-fighter of his time. Still, they cannot deny the legacy. It includes a plaster cast of his huge fist, a brief reign as champion and Irish Pat McCarthy's magic shoes. They are not necessarily listed in order of cultural importance.

On the morning of September 8, 1930, Carnera was riding a string of 13 American knockout victories, a feat which he had accomplished with a maximum of traveling and a minimum of punching. On the same morning, Irish Pat McCarthy, a light heavyweight from Boston, was sitting in a Newark, New Jersey, hotel room waiting for a payday. Destiny and a prudent piece of matchmaking brought the two together that night.

Destiny and prudent matchmaking can do a lot of things. By mid-evening, they had wrought two major changes in Irish Pat McCarthy. He was no longer sitting. He was, instead, stretched out on his back in a Newark ring. Moreover, he was no longer a light heavyweight. Sometime between breakfast and supper, Irish Pat McCarthy had gained 28 pounds.

The trouble began when Willie Gilzenberg, a shrewd matchmaker, had secured Carnera as a main attraction some weeks earlier. In search of an honest, God-fearing, well-behaved opponent, Gilzenberg had contacted a fight manager named Dan Carroll.

Carroll suggested Irish Pat McCarthy, a journeyman who was then in a state of semi-retirement but who appeared to have most of the qualifications. For one thing, his appearance would guarantee the box office that the fight with the Italian Carnera would be an ethnic if not an artistic success. For another, his candidacy had been greeted with shouts of approval by Carnera's board of strategy, a highly sensitive group which looked with acute horror on opponents who did not realize that it damn well mattered how you played the game. The match was made.

But shortly before the call to arms, the New York State Athletic Commission, weary of several days without press notices, issued a statement. Carnera, it said, was not really Carnera at all. He was six-foot-six and weighed 260 pounds. He was Superman. It would be, at the very least, a capital offense to match him with an ordinary man. Henceforth, the Commission decreed, any man foolish enough to challenge him must weigh 200 pounds. This, they named The Dreadnaught Class.

Over in New Jersey they laughed and laughed and laughed until the day before the fight when somebody discovered that New Jersey's Boxing Commission had signed a sort of non-aggression pact with its New York counterpart. The thing, they found to their horror, was reciprocal. John McCutcheon, the New Jersey Comptroller and Boxing Commissioner, picked up the telephone and called Gilzenberg.

"How much does Irish Pat McCarthy weigh?"

"He is," Gilzenberg replied, "a tiger. A man of supreme strength whose. . . ."

"But how much does he weigh? Does he go 200?"

"Certainly," Gilzenberg replied and then he placed a long distance call to Dan Carroll up in Boston and asked:

"How much does Irish Pat McCarthy weigh?"

"He is," Dan Carroll said, "a tiger. A man of supreme strength whose. . . ."

"I know," Gilzenberg sighed, "I have just been through all of that. How much does he weigh? Does he go 200?"

The silence was deafening and then, from a long way off, Dan Carroll said hopefully: "After a big meal, maybe 180."

Now Willie Gilzenberg was a man of great mathematical orientation. He knew for example that he had a 15,000-seat arena called the Newark Velodrome and he knew he was going to sell it out, thereby taking in $25,000 at the box office, a healthy 1930-style payday. He also knew that the gentle people of Newark would not sit still for a postponement. He knew these same gentle people had destroyed at least one arena. Moreover, he knew that some of them were extremely unhappy about what had happened at the Newark Armory on February 6 of that year.

Carnera had dispatched a man named Cowboy Bill Owens that night. It had been Primo's third American fight. The gimmick had been a promise that the world would finally see somebody hit Primo Carnera. This was accomplished in the first round. Cowboy Bill hauled off and punched Primo

in the belly and the Italian giant had turned to referee Gene Roman with soulful eyes and said:

"He hit me."

"Try hitting him back," Roman had gently suggested.

It had ended mysteriously in the second round and Gilzenberg knew that the same gentle people of Newark were unhappy about that. Some of them said they had not seen the knockout punch. Mindful of this and mindful of the $25,000 he was sure to attract, Gilzenberg told Dan Carroll to bring Irish Pat McCarthy down. "Feed him good," he suggested. Then he did the only thing he could do. He prayed.

Fortunately, the Good Samaritan happened along about then. "I can solve the problem," he said. Armed with Irish Pat's shoe size, he left to visit an orthopedic shoe manufacturer. The next morning Irish Pat McCarthy arrived from Boston. He was taken immediately to the old St. Francis Hotel where he sat down on the bed and tried on a brand new pair of boxing shoes.

"These shoes . . ." Irish Pat said. "Something is wrong."

"Certainly," the Good Samaritan smiled.

"I mean they feel heavy."

"Naturally," the Good Samaritan replied. "Each weighs 14 pounds."

In the interest of maximum publicity, the weigh-in was set for the City Department of Weights and Measures. Fortunately, it was in the City Hall building which can be reached by walking down a long ramp. Carnera weighed first. "Bring in McCarthy," somebody shouted.

Clumpety . . . clump . . . clumpety. The world's most courageous feet could be heard dragging through an anteroom. Clumpety . . . clump . . . clumpety. The world's most courageous feet lumbered into view.

Irish Pat McCarthy was hoisted onto the scale, weighed and duly certified a Dreadnaught. That night, wearing conventional boxing shoes, he said good night in the second round and that was that—except for a fussy chambermaid and a careless getaway.

The next morning, a maid cleaning an upstairs room in the St. Francis hotel, moved the bed to sweep the carpet. She noticed a pair of boxing shoes and bent down to lift them. It was not a very loud scream but it was loud enough to summon the desk clerk who cased the situation and immediately called a boxing man named Max Waxman who, in turn, analyzed the problem with much delight since he and Gilzenberg were bitter rivals.

The hoax was exposed. Retribution was swift. The New Jersey Boxing Commission called a full-dress inquiry. It was a delightful meeting. It gave rise to the general opinion that Irish Pat McCarthy must have weighed himself because nobody would admit being within 10 feet of the scale. Meanwhile, Gilzenberg and all associated with the promotion called for courageous and merciless justice. Somebody, they said, had done a naughty thing. They did not say who.

The commission, acting with deliberate speed, recessed. Thirty-four years have passed. Carnera won and lost the title. The Velodrome was torn down and a supermarket stands in its place and the jury is still out on Irish Pat McCarthy's magic shoes.

Sic transit Dreadnaughts.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# TRUE goes shopping

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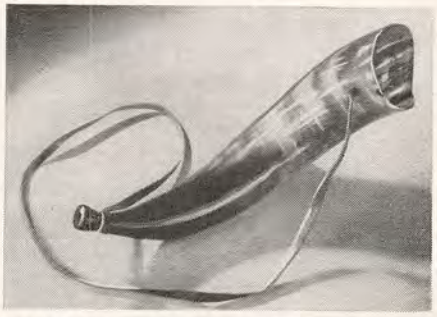

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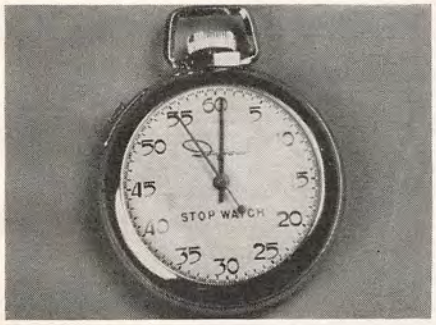
# TRUE goes shopping

LOVE is the answer. "Je vous aime," say 50,000,000 Frenchmen, and "plus qu'hier, moins que demain." "I love you more than yesterday, less than tomorrow." Immortal lines from Rostand's great love sonnet. In Sterling Silver ¾" $3; ⅞" $4; 1" $5. In 14K Gold $12; $14; $16. Inscription on back 10¢ a letter. Jamaica Silversmith, 50-T Delancey Street, New York, N.Y. 10002.

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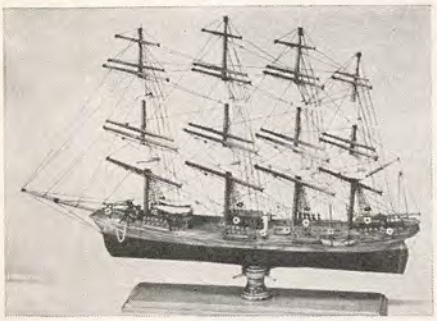

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*For more True Goes Shopping, turn to page 107*

# THIS MAN MAY BE LOOKING FOR YOU

*Ward Howell found 80 men last year and all of them got substantial rewards. So did Howell. He locates executive talent for American industry and if you're on his wanted list, your phone will soon be ringing*

■ It was a Sunday afternoon. Wind-driven rain howled along the streets. The grimy industrial neighborhood by the river was almost deserted. A car was parked outside the high steel-mesh fence surrounding one of the factories, a huge dark building belonging to one of the nation's (indeed, the world's) biggest coffee companies. The same car had been parked in the same place on several previous Sundays. Sometimes it would cruise around the plant. Sometimes the lone driver would get out and walk to the fence and press his face against it, staring at the great wet buildings like a kid looking at toys in a store window. Rain dripped off his hat brim, but he didn't notice it. He would cock his head first to one side and then the other, as though trying to gauge something with his eyes. He would step back and look up at the smokestack, silhouetted against the bleak sky. Then he would climb back into his car and sit there and think.

The man was obsessed by a question. He wanted to know how this company made instant coffee. He was president and chief stockholder of another coffee company—not a giant company but big enough, big and well-known. His company, too, made instant coffee. It was good coffee, but the president didn't think it was good enough. The flavor achieved by his big competitor, it seemed to him, had something extra, an indefinable, delicious something. What was its secret?

He had been trying to get at the answer by studying his competitor's plant, estimating the height of the smokestack and other details. But he knew all the time that this wasn't going to work. He went home that rainy Sunday with a new idea fermenting in his head.

What he had to do, he concluded, was buy a brain. He had to hire the best production executive in the business, a man who knew everything there was to know about instant coffee-making—everything, from designing the equipment to handling the people. It seemed obvious to him that, since his competitor made the best coffee, it must have the best men. He had to hire one.

But how? He didn't know which man to approach or how to approach him. Moreover, he knew that a man of the caliber he wanted had to be in the $25,000- to $50,000-a-year salary bracket. You don't lure away a man in that bracket by offering him a pay boost, most of the gain will only be taxed away. Nor can you easily get such a man to abandon his pension and other benefits in his current job. You can do it if you're a mighty corporation, prepared to offer a "compensation package" in astronomical figures, but not if you're only a company with limited resources.

The obsessed president had only one hope: to take

his problem to a professional big game man-hunter. He spent a few days making discreet inquiries. There were several hundred of these strange specialists, he learned, prowling the industrial centers of America and West Europe. Of them, maybe 20 were big enough to handle this assignment. The name mentioned most often was that of a New York hunter, Ward Howell.

Howell took the assignment. He went to some of his thousands of contacts high in the nation's executive towers. He phoned, wrote letters, arranged meetings in out-of-the-way places. He learned the names of several men who matched his client's specifications. He discovered that the big coffee company was secretly planning a new plant in another state. Not all the executives who knew about it were happy with the prospect of moving. Among those not happy was a man who was largely responsible for the manufacture of the company's instant coffee.

The smaller company got its man. You have since seen and heard its coffee's improved flavor advertised. The president stopped standing around in the rain and Ward Howell banked a fee in high round figures.

Ward Howell is an enormous man. He stands a full six and a half feet tall and weighs something like 250 pounds. His hands are so big that it's hard for a man of ordinary size to shake hands with him. He's 56, has a boyish face, a huge grin and a voice that sounds like that of an earthmoving machine.

Howell and his assistant hunters, all of them mature businessmen who have themselves been climbers on the executive ladder, are known to executives from Maine to California, from the paper industry in Canada to the mining business of Peru. They turn up wherever executives gather: on country-club golf courses, at business conventions, in executive restaurants, at cocktail parties in high-priced suburbs. They also do a lot of work in places where they can't be seen, for theirs is a secret kind of business. They often work at night. They telephone men at home, where jobs and salaries can be discussed more freely than at the office. They arrange confidential meetings in hotel rooms. They know things about companies and men: why Executive A fired Executive B, why C has a thicker rug on his office floor than D, what kind of a man E is and whether his wife behaves herself at company banquets.

They are clever. They have to be. They hunt the biggest game in the world: Man. Not only that, but they hunt the king of the species: The man whose brain contains so much knowledge and experience that people are willing to pay monumental sums like $100,000 to rent it for a year.

Howell and other hunters call themselves executive recruiters. Companies whose top men they have hired away call them pirates. "I call them sonsofbitches," growls one banker who had two of his three top aides hunted out from under him in a single year. But "recruiters" is the official term. They are not employment agents; they work for (and collect fees from) the company that wants the man, not the man who wants the job. It would do you no good to send your name to such a man hunter in the hope that he'll find you a juicy spot. On the other hand, if he's ever handed an order for a man who sounds like you, he'll find you. He's got to. That's what his business is all about.

Howell right now has orders on his books for 96 men who, when found, will be paid a total of more than $3 million in annual salaries. Last year he successfully hunted 80 men, including nine presidents or board chairmen and two dozen vice-presidents, treasurers and others on the next-to-top management rung. He has found key men for the New York Stock Exchange, American Motors, the Columbia Broadcasting System, Continental Can, Celanese Corp.—in fact, for one company out of every five on *Fortune's* list of the 500 top U.S. corporations.

Whether Howell is the "biggest" recruiter, in terms of the number and importance of his quarries, is hard to say. Other big ones are Heidrick & Struggles in Chicago and Hergenrather Associates on the West Coast. There are also management consultants such as Booz Allen & Hamilton (New York) that offer clients a manhunting service. Among the independent recruiters, those that make their entire living from the profession, Howell is certainly one of the three or four biggest, if not the biggest. His name is likely to come up whenever and wherever executives gather to talk about jobs and careers and which company needs new blood. When the late President Kennedy wanted to know how to find high-powered talent for his New Frontier, he called on Ward Howell.

Howell got into this strange business back in 1951, when there were few precedents to lean on, and he helped develop the fee system most hunters use today. While hunting he gets $250 a day plus expenses. If and when he delivers his man he gets 25 percent of the man's total first-year compensation, minus the daily charges paid to date. Except as a favor for old and good clients, he won't normally take on a search involving less than a $20,000 salary, though the hunt may take him among men earning far less. The highest salary he handled last year was a glorious $120,000.

Howell's manhunts usually begin in his half-empty Manhattan office. From here they can spread clear across the world. To watch him on a typical hunt, consider the case of Coors Porcelain Co. This was a company in the small town of Golden, Colorado—not a big company nor a famous one, but an extremely important one to the Pentagon in Washington. Coors was the only [*Continued on page* 18]

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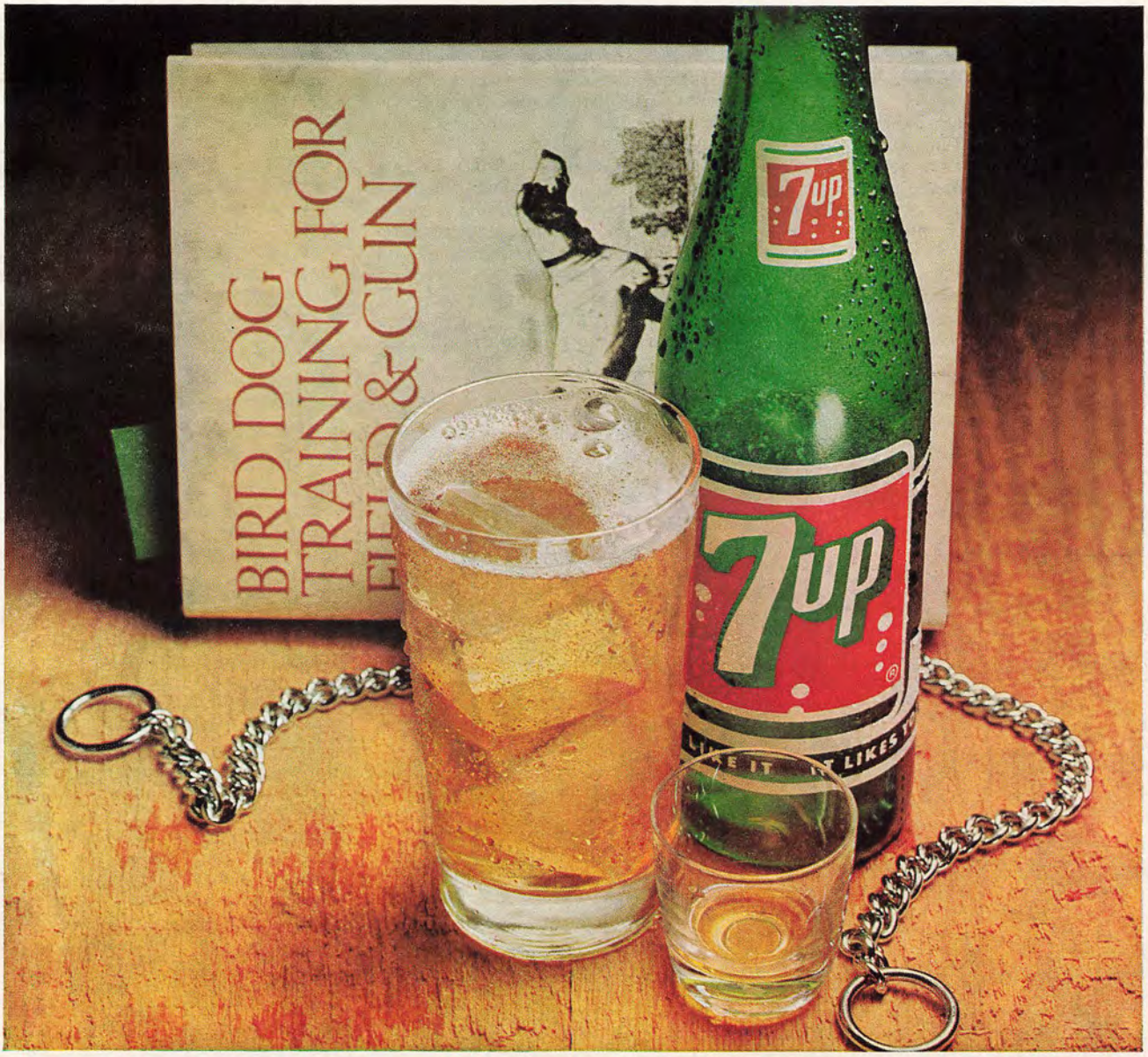


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[*Continued from page* 16]
company in the country that was making a special type of insulating ceramic for jet aircraft engines. After many happy years in this almost depression-proof business, Coors suddenly found itself in trouble. Unaccountably, for no reason that anybody could uncover, Coors' ceramic had begun to crack. Somewhere in the long production process, quality was slipping. Nobody knew where, or how or why. Fighting for his company's life, president Joe Coors took his problem to Ward Howell. "Only one thing can save us," said Joe Coors. "Find us a crackerjack quality-control man—fast."

Howell wasn't about to hurry the hunt. "If you try to go too fast," he says, "and grab the first guy you can grab and shove him into the job, chances are he won't be the best possible man. He'll goof, or he'll quit or get fired. That won't solve the company's problem and it won't bring me any repeat business, either." Howell always moves carefully. He began the Coors case by visiting Golden to see what kind of town it was, what the people were like, how the housing situation looked, what the town's social structure was and how the Coors executives fitted into it. "I wanted to know whether they were martini drinkers or rye-and-ginger drinkers," he says. "It's important to the man and his wife who are going to move in."

Next he went back to New York and holed up in the public library for a week. He read whatever he could find on ceramics, noted parts of the world where ceramics experts might be found, schools that taught the science, professional societies that had ceramics men as members. He went to his office, phoned and wrote to these sources and asked for names of men. He collected 9,000 names. He pruned out 7,000 because they lacked executive experience, or were too young, or had some other obvious disqualification. He sent the remaining 2,000 a letter that talked guardedly about the job without mentioning Coors' name. Some 100 replied, their interest piqued. He sent these a long, tough technical test devised by Coors engineers. Eleven came back with the right answers. Five of these men were in the U.S.

Howell visited each of the five in person. He wanted to know if their personalities, executive skills and other traits were as good as they sounded on paper. Two men passed this final test. But one of them was unlucky enough to have the wrong kind of wife. While Howell was visiting the man, she spent much of the time complaining and gossiping about her husband's superiors and colleagues in his current job. A woman like that could only cause a man trouble in a small Colorado town. The only man left on Howell's list was a production executive from Ohio, Frank Arrance. Arrance went to see Joe Coors, and Coors liked him and hired him. He handily straightened out the quality-control problem.

Other assignments have been tougher. A major oil company once approached Howell and told him it was looking for an ideal president. The board chairman and other executives had put together a description of this ideal man. He would be a man who had traveled all over the world as a child, had both a technical and liberal arts education, could speak French, Arabic and perfect Ivy League English, had actual dirty-hands experience in oil fields and pipeline work, would be equally at home with country-club wives and old lady stockholders and Texas riggers, could make a college commencement address that would get quoted in newspapers, was married to a charming wife who wouldn't needle him about long absences from home, had snow-white hair and was dashingly handsome. The oil company executives didn't believe such a man existed and hired Howell to prove it. He did.

Another company asked Howell to find a sales executive who was 27 to 35 years old, had an I.Q. of 150, had been captain of his college football team, had supervised salesmen, had directed advertising campaigns, was married, had at least two kids—and on and on. The specifications were so narrow that Howell didn't believe this man existed either. To his surprise he found that the man did exist, in multiple copies. He dug up four of them and the company hired three. Today, one of the three is president of the company.

Other companies have odd personal preferences that can make a hunt difficult. One client wanted a president six feet tall. Some companies like Ivy League men; some hate them. One big corporation turned down a man for a vice-president's job because, among other failings, he wore bow ties. Howell also likes to tell about an executive who ate pie the wrong way. He fitted the client company's specifications well and Howell had good reason to think he'd be hired. But when he went out to dinner with the president, he ate his pie by starting at the point and working back toward the crust. "A man of character would start at the crust," grumbled the president later.

"Every company has its quirks," says Howell. "It's up to us to find out what those quirks are, though the company may not tell us about them and may not even know about them. Sometimes, coming in from outside, we can tell what kind of man the company wants better than the company can."

Stocky, white-haired Fran Pratt, one of Howell's associate hunters, recalls being called in by a large manufacturing company that thought it wanted a comptroller. "The company had some financial problems," says Pratt, "and the feeling was that these could be straightened out by a man who was good with numbers. Actually, the company's real problem was a personality clash. Two brothers were running it. One, the president, was a hardheaded, hardworking guy. The other, executive V.P., was a jet-set type who was more interested in running his sports car than in running the business. I could see that what they really needed was a strong man to stand between them and keep the company on an even keel. They didn't really want a comptroller. They couldn't even agree on which man the comptroller should report to."

It sounded like an impossible situation. No man hired for this ill-defined job could conceivably be happy in it. Pratt told the brothers that he didn't want to tackle the assignment. They pleaded with him. "Look," said the president, "we're desperate. We've got to do something. On what conditions would you take this assignment?"

"Only if you and your brother will agree on a complete, detailed description of the comptroller's job," said Pratt.

Several days passed. Finally the president called back. "We'll make you a

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**"Don't comment or she'll break out the movies of her trip to Bali."**

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deal," he said. "*You* write the job description."

Pratt wrote it. It gave the comptroller a lot of power to make important decisions in the company—much more power than the average comptroller has. But the brothers signed it. Pratt then went hunting. He found a tough young executive working for a company in the Southeast, a man who for personal reasons wanted to move out of that part of the country. He took on the comptroller's job, straightened the brothers' company out and today is its financial vice-president.

Another Howell associate, H. Jack Wright, a good-looking dark-haired man who looks big until you see him standing next to Howell, tells of another company that didn't seem to know what it wanted. The 70-year-old president and founder told the Howell organization that the job to be filled was that of assistant to the president. Having started the hunt, the president refused to have anything more to do with it. Wright kept finding men and writing to the president about them, but the president was never available to interview a man. He'd simply say, "No, on paper this man doesn't sound as if he can fill the job. Look around some more."

Finally Wright did some discreet checking on the company. He talked to executives of other companies who knew what was going on in its high echelons. He found that the idea of hiring a president's assistant had originated with the board of directors. The board wanted to develop a successor for the aging president. The president suspected this was the beginning of a move to ease him into an unwanted retirement. He'd obediently gone through the motions of calling in an executive hunter, but he was damned if he was going to let the hunter find a man. As soon as Wright discovered this, he and Howell decided to resign from the case.

In other cases the hunt is made difficult by requirements of the quarry, not the client. "Sometimes a man will fall in love with a particular company, or town or area of the country," says Fran Pratt, "and he won't leave no matter what you offer him."

Executives get into dead ends and personality binds just as often as any other employees and this fact works in the hunter's favor when he's trying to get a man to move. Howell was once asked to find a sales executive at a salary of $40,000. He learned about a man who sounded ideal for the job, except for one seemingly huge obstacle: the man was then earning $70,000. However, the man felt dead-ended and stifled in his current job. He worked under a crusty old president who refused to listen to new ideas. The president didn't even believe in modern accounting machines; bookkeeping clerks still sat on high stools and made entries in old-fashioned ledger books. Howell's man was delighted to get out of this and into the mainstream of modern life, even if it meant a $30,000 pay cut.

But usually a man's reasons for wanting or not wanting a change are far less clear-cut. "You have to give him time to think about it," says Rex Vivian, another of Howell's hunters, a short amiable man and a master of executive psychology. "Maybe he thinks he doesn't want to move at first. All right. Let him chew on it. Call him back in a few days and maybe he'll have changed his mind."

A typical example of Vivian's psychology occurred when a big oil company put in an order for an executive vice-president. One of the specifications said that the man should not be from the oil industry. Vivian talked to some of his contacts and heard about a company treasurer who sounded just right for the job. "He worked for a large corporation," says Vivian, "and he'd been there a long time, and I guessed he'd have so many benefits built up that he wouldn't want to move. I thought about him for a long time. Then I called him at home, at night."

Vivian introduced himself, told the treasurer briefly about the job to be filled and asked, "Would you consider changing jobs?"

"No," said the treasurer, promptly and flatly.

"All right," said Vivian amiably. "Let me just tell you the situation, and maybe you can suggest a man for me. . . ."

Two weeks later Vivian phoned the treasurer again. "Have you thought of anybody?" Vivian asked.

The treasurer was less abrupt this time. He'd obviously been doing a lot of thinking. "No," he said, "but let me tell you the reasons why this job doesn't appeal to me."

Vivian listened, then suggested that the treasurer have lunch with him one day in New York. "I'll elaborate on the situation," said Vivian. The man agreed.

At lunch, Vivian saw that the treasurer's resistance was worn down still more. "Tell you what," said Vivian, "why don't you talk to the oil company's president? He can tell you more than I can."

"Well, I'll talk to him. But I still don't think I want the job."

The treasurer was hooked, though. He's in the job today.

"It's a fascinating business," says Ward Howell. He sits in the big corner room of his office suite, looking out at Manhattan, the biggest gathering place and breeding ground of executives in the world. On his desk are plane tickets that will take him—where? Europe? Brazil? He has just heard from one of his associates who is in Florida hunting for an executive capable of handling real estate. Another associate is virtually beyond communication, far up in Canada's Yukon Territory, looking for a mining specialist. Howell sometimes has trouble believing that he started all this only 15 years ago, in a telephone booth.

Howell was born in Sewickley, Pennsylvania, went to a private boys' school and then to Yale University. "In terms of what I'm doing now," he says, "I think the most important lesson I learned as a youngster was how to get to know people well, quickly."

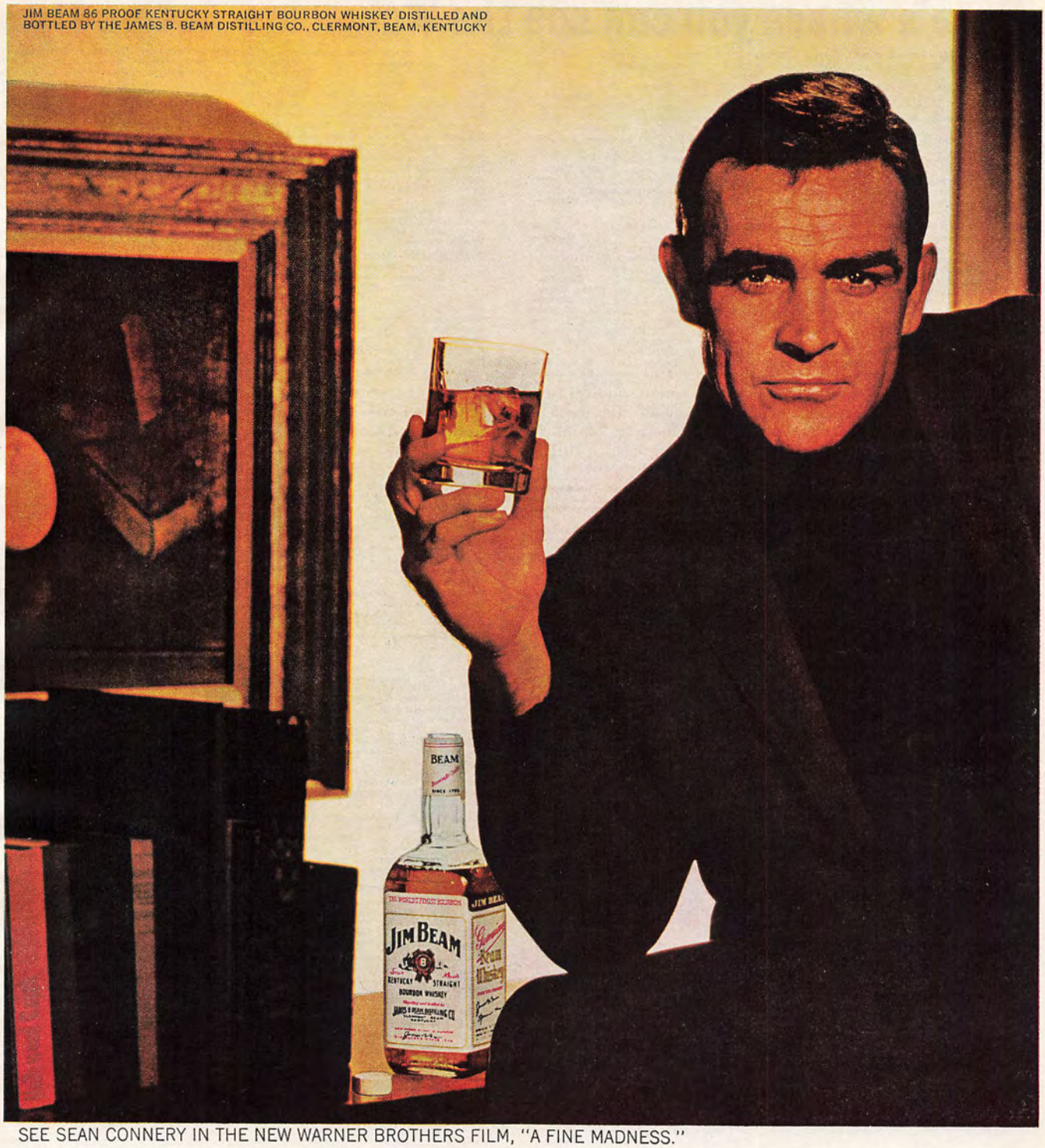
After college he knocked about the business world for awhile. One of his jobs took him to the Middle East, where he performed some espionage work for the U.S. State Department and, among other accomplishments, took a $2,000 pot one night in a poker game with Egypt's King Farouk. Back in the States in the late 1940's, he went to work for the New York management-consultant firm of McKinsey & Co. His job was finding personnel for the firm itself and for its clients. "It was my first taste of executive recruiting. I liked it."

Eventually he left McKinsey when

[*Continued on page* 24]

TRUE

"Did you ever *really* believe this is the root of all evil?"

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***IOWA***—**Albia**—A & A Shoe Store **Algona**—Lenthold-Williams **Alta**—Peterson Co. **Ankeny**—McCleary Shoe Store **Atlantic**—Economy Shoe Store **Audubon**—Bob's Bootery **Bedford**—Dad & Lad Clothing **Bellevue**—Lucke Bros. **Belmond**—Thompson & Ketcher Clothing **Bloomfield**—Vic Miller Clothing **Boone**—Bowman's **Bryant**—Voss Store **Buffalo Center**—Winters Clo. **Carson**—Carson Shopping Center **Cedar Rapids**—Woerderhoff's Shoes **Centerville**—Brown Shoe Fit **Chariton**—Brown's Shoe Fit **Charles City**—Charles City Trading Store **Clarinda**—Art's Shoe Store **Clinton**—Scott's Shoes **Coon Rapids**—Garst Store **Corning**—Turner Clo. **Corydon**—Graham's **Council Bluffs**—Iowa Clothes Shop • Peoples Dept. Store **Cresco**—Vandy's **Creston**—Crest Bootery **Cylinder**—Indland Store **Davenport**—Bowman's **Decorah**—Lang's • McCarty Shoes **Des Moines**—Park Avenue Shoe & Clothing **Dexter**—Evan's Clo. **Donahue**—Keppy's **Donnellson**—McFall's **Dows**—Larsen Clo. **Dubuque**—Al's Shoe Clinic **Dyersville**—The Emporium • Reicher's **Eagle Grove**—Neessen & Reil **Eldora**—Noble's Shoes **Elkader**—Theis Clothing Co. **Essex**—Almquist Dept. Store **Fairfield**—Warner's Shoes **Fonda**—Samuelson's Clo. **Forest City**—Reubens Dept. Store **Fort Dodge**—Larson Clo. **Grand Junction**—Oblinger Co. **Greenfield**—Crook's Clo. **Hampton**—The Shoe Box **Harlan**—Bauer's Shoe Store **Hawarden**—Peterson Family Shoes **Holstein**—Nicklas Clothing **Hull**—Family Clothing **Humboldt**—Lane Clothing **Indianola**—Jones Shoe Store **Iowa City**—Ewer's Shoe Co. **Iowa Falls**—Mikes Self Service **Irwin**—Steenhusen's **Jefferson**—O'Bryan Shoes **Jewell**—Queenland's **Kalona**—Marner's Mdse. Mart **Keokuk**—Irwin Phillips **Kingsley**—M & L Clothing **Klinger**—Klinger Store **Knoxville**—Bloom's Bootery **Le Mars**—St. Clair & Kovaleske • Vollmars Shoe Store **Leon**—Graham's **Lineville**—May's **Malvern**—Wilson's Clo. **Mapleton**—Kraat Co. **Maquoketa**—Sager-Forst Shoes **Marion**—Irwin Shoes **Marshalltown**—Bowmans **Mason City**—Nichols & Green **Melvin**—Jobes Farm & Town **Milford**—The Three Sons **Missouri Valley**—Bradley Clo. **Mondamin**—Iverson's **Monroe**—Bosch's **Mt. Pleasant**—Brown's Shoe Fit **Moville**—Hunting & Son **Muscatine**—Wilson's Shoes **Nevada**—Scudders **Oelwein**—Brown's Shoe Fit **Ottumwa**—Brown's Shoe Fit **Oskaloosa**—Gardner's Shoes **Perry**—Don's Shoes **Pleasanton**—Simpson's **Pocahontas**—Hills Bootery **Rake**—Larsen Clothing **Red Oak**—Brown's Shoe Fit • Family Shoe Store **Schleswig**—Hollander Clo. **Sibley**—Sibley Clo. **Shenandoah**—C & R Bootery **Sheffield**—Sheffield Dept. Store **Sheldon**—Wolff Bros. **Sioux City**—Robinson's Dept. Store **Spencer**—Brown's Shoe Fit Co. **Spirit Lake**—Farm & Home Store **St. Lucas**—Drilling Store **Storm Lake**—Forbes Shoes **Story City**—Charlson Clothes Shop **Strawberry Point**—Kohls Store **Sully**—Boat's **Sutherland**—Sutherland Clo. **Tabor**—Alexander Clo. **Tipton**—Tipton Bootery **Walcott**—Andresen Store **Waukon**—H & H Shoe Store **Webster City**—Westervelt's Shoes • Price Shoe Store **West Point**—Moeller's Shoes **West Union**—Schatz & Schatz Clothing **Whittemore**—Geelan's **Winthrop**—The Emporium **Woodward**—Myers Dept. Store

***KANSAS***—**Abilene**—Robbin's Shoe Store **Atchison**—Hilligoss Shoe Store **Atwood**—Bikes Clo. **Beloit**—James Clo. **Cimarron**—Nicolet's **Clay Center**—Robbin's Shoe Store **Coffeyville**—Dryers Shoes **Colby**—J. M. McDonald Co. **Concordia**—Caldwell Shoe Co. **Council Grove**—Bretz Shoes **Dodge City**—Sam Allen Shoes **El Dorado**—Family Shoe Store **Emporia**—Dryer Shoes **Erie**—Swan's Dept. Store **Goodland**—J. M. McDonald Co. **Hanover**—Schwartz Dept. Store **Hays**—J. M. McDonald Co. **Hesston**—Carol Fabric Shoppe **Hill City**—Wallace's Coast to Coast **Hillsboro**—Groening Clo. **Horton**—Hamel's Dept. Store **Hoxie**—Cooper Dry Goods **Hugoton**—J. M. McDonald Co. **Hutchinson**—Olsen's Western Store **Independence**—Murphy Shoes **Jetmore**—Davis Men's Wear **Jewell**—James Clo. **Johnson**—Arnold's **Junction City**—LaShelle Shoes **Larned**—Standish Men's Wear **Kinsley**—Al's Clothing **McPherson**—Dryer Shoes **Medicine Lodge**—Waller Men's Wear **Minneapolis**—Wallace Shoes **Mound City**—Irwin's Dry Goods **Mulberry**—Jayhawk Clo. **Ness City**—Cooper's Store **Norton**—J. M. McDonald Co. **Oakley**—Curiosity Shop **Peabody**—Keller's Clo. Store **Pittsburg**—Dryer's Shoes • John's Sport Center **Pratt**—Jett's Dept. Store **Russell**—Friesens Store **Salina**—Comb's **Sedan**—Keller Clothing Co. **St. Francis**—E. L. Boardman Toggery **St. Paul**—Mundings Clo. **Tribune**—Tribune Shoes **Valley Center**—Barney's Shoes **Yates Center**—Wood-Perkins Store

***MINNESOTA***—**Albert Lea**—St. Paul Clo. **Alexandria**—Robert's Shoes **Aurora**—Charlie's Shoes **Austin**—Smith Shoes **Balaton**—Somermeyer's **Bejou**—Hallstrom's **Bemidji**—Gill Bros. **Benson**—Comptons **Birchdale**—Nelson's **Blue Earth**—Hanson Shoes **Bowlus**—Kociemba's **Brainerd**—Fieldman's **Breckenridge**—Johnson's Shoes **Browerville**—Luke's **Brownton**—Redmann Lea **Caledonia**—DeWitz's **Chaska**—Kranz Shoe **Cleveland**—Rollings **Cokato**—The Leader **Cook**—Big Dollar • Miller's **Cosmos**—Larson & Peterson **Cottage Grove**—Cottage Grove Merc. **Crookston**—Logans Clo. **Culver**—Larson & Simonson **Currie**—Gardner's **Danube**—Beyer's **Detroit Lakes**—Lakes Sport Shop **Donnelly**—Co-op Store **Duluth**—Clark Shoe Co. • Family Shoe • Ossanna's • Undeen's **East Grand Forks**—Logans Clo. **Elbow Lake**—Carpy's **Elgin**—Sonfal's **Ely**—Mills **Embarrass**—A. Lamppa's **Emmons**—Twito's **Evansville**—Nelson's **Faribault**—St. Paul Clo. **Fergus Falls**—St. Clair & Rovang **Forest Lake**—Bob Johnson Sports **Freeborn**—Gilmore's **Glencoe**—The Temple **Glenwood**—Meyer's **Goodland**—Fred's Store **Grand Marais**—Joynes' **Grand Rapids**—Brier's • Lasker & Upin **Granite Falls**—Moe Shoes **Green Isle**—Nevin Bros. **Harding**—Hayes Store **Hawley**—Bankrupt Store **Hillman**—Gotvald's **Holland**—Taubert's **Houston**—Skilton's **Jackson**—Chozen's **Kasson**—Leuthold Shoe **Kensington**—Kensington Merc. **Lake Benton**—Krick's Skogmo **Le Roy**—Federated Store **Litchfield**—Sandgren's **Little Falls**—Kroll's **Long Prairie**—Seelhammer's **Madelia**—Nelson's **Mahnomen**—Strandemo & Tonneson **Marshall**—Kay's **Marine on St. Croix**—Kuno's **Mayhew Lake**—Esselman's **Melrose**—Angelbeck's **Moorhead**—The Shoe Box **Minneapolis**—Chet's Shoe • Carl Elmquist Shoes • Roberts Shoes **New London**—Big Store **New Ulm**—Eichten's Shoes **No. St. Paul**—Miller's **Odessa**—Kollitz Bros. **Ortonville**—Habicht's **Paynesville**—Zapl's **Pelican Rapids**—Carr & Hanson **Perham**—Skogmo's **Pipestone**—Lee's **Princeton**—Olson's **Raymond**—Essendrup's **St. Cloud**—Weber Clo. **Santiago**—Lee's **Slayton**—Wayne's **Sleepy Eye**—Palace Shoe & Clo. **So. St. Paul**—Marie Ave. Shoes • Rogowski Clo. **Thief River Falls**—Hamilton Clo. • Purdy's **Tracy**—Model Clo. **Trimont**—Temple's **Twin Valley**—Bjorklund Shoes **Two Harbors**—Ray's Shoes **Vermillion**—Kassel Bros. **Virginia**—Alto's **Wabasso**—Leistikow's **Wabasha**—Jos. Meyer **Waterville**—Leuthold & Lenz **Wheaton**—Wheaton Dept. Store **Willmar**—Jensen Shoes **Windom**—Quevli Shoes **Winona**—Baker Shoes **Worthington**—Wolff's **Young America**—Keith's

***MISSOURI***—**Albany**—A. B. Price & Co. **Appleton City**—Brownberger's **Auxvasse**—Coopers Store **Blairstown**—Walls Store **Bolivar**—Arnold's Shoes **Boonville**—Snoddys Store **Braymer**—Brown's Dry Goods **Brookfield**—H. Tooey Merc. Co. **Bourbon**—Summerville Dept. Store **Butler**—Daveson's Shoes **Camdenton**—Farmer's Exchange **Canton**—Mathew's Mens Wear **Carollton**—Williams Clothing **Chillicothe**—Byrne's Shoes **Clinton**—Vincent's Shoes • Simes Shoes **Concordia**—Concordia Shoes **Columbia**—Dryers Shoes **Cuba**—Hay's Shoes **Dexter**—Payne's Shoes **Downing**—Cook's **El Dorado Springs**—Brownsberger's **Elsberry**—Brumagin Clo. **Excelsior Springs**—Flander's Dept. Store **Fair Grove**—Farmer's Exchange **Festus**—Stoll's Shoes **Fulton**—Hams Prairie Store **Gallatin**—Farmers Dept. Store **Grant City**—Gail & June's **Greenfield**—Sider's Shoes **Hannibal**—Baumgartner's Shoes • DeLaPorte Shoes **Hermann**—Greene's **Higgensville**—Harry Smith Men's Wear **High Point**—J. F. Tising's Sons **Houston**—Leavitt's Dept. Store **Humansville**—Camey's Dry Goods **Jefferson City**—Burkel's Shoes **Kahoka**—Fisk Apparel **Kansas City**—Bonds Shoes **Kearney**—Kearney Variety **King City**—Levy's **Kirksville**—Meyers Shoes **Kirkwood**—Cobb's Shoes **La Belle**—Sherwood's Clothing **Lamar**—Robert's Dept. **Lancaster**—Webster Clo. **Lebanon**—Dryer & Loring Shoes **Lexington**—Vincent's Shoes **Licking**—Hamilton's Dry Goods **Lincoln**—Atwood & Henry **Louisiana**—Ray's Shoes **Ludlow**—Slater & Son **Maple Grove**—Ziler Merc. **Marceline**—Murray's **Maysville**—Ballard Clo. **Memphis**—Cook's Men's Store **Meta**—Jaeger's Shoes **Mexico**—Dale's Shoes **Moverly**—Mullen's Shoes **Mound City**—Wilson's Mens Shop **Neosho**—McGinty Bros. Clo. **Nevada**—Davison's Shoes **Norborne**—Harlan Clothing **O'Fallon**—Thro Clothing **Old Monroe**—Gnade Merc. **Orchard Farm**—Meyer Bros. **Oregon**—Worley Dry Goods **Pattonsburg**—Bill's Toggery **Perryville**—Rozier & Co. **Pevely**—Dunn's Sporting Goods **Platte City**—Brightwells **Potosi**—Nickelson Sporting Goods **Republic**—Plummers **Rich Hill**—Heuser's Dept. Store **Richmond**—Wall Dept. Store **Rolla**—Williams Shoes • Blades Shoes **St. Charles**—Robin's Shoes • Thro Clothing **Ste. Geneleve**—Hoogs Shoes **St. James**—Watson's Shoes **St. Joseph**—Fox Dept. Store • Hatfields Sporting Goods **St. Louis**—Nacy's • New-Way Supply • John McArthur Sporting Goods • Mal Murphy Shoes **Salem**—M.F.A. Exchange **Savannah**—The Quality Shop **South West City**—Queen's **Stanberry**—Dollar Clothing Co. **Sullivan**—Davis Shoe Stores **Thayer**—Forschler Bros. **Vandalia**—Mitchell's Clothing • Pearson's **Warrensburg**—Stewart's Shoes **Warrenton**—Kossina's Shoes **Washington**—Gelhart's Shoes **Warsaw**—Family Shoe **West Plains**—Kimberlin's Shoes **Windsor**—Griefe's • Vincent's Shoes

***MONTANA***—**Ahaconda**—Schwartz **Avon**—Geo. V. Davis Store **Belgrade**—Sam Allen **Big Timber**—Robbins & Gust **Billings**—C. R. Anthony's **Boulder**—Gamble **Bozeman**—Wagner Bros. **Butte**—Schiff's Shoes • Miller Shoe Shop — Hennesey Co. **Canyon Creek**—Canyon Creek Store **Chinook**—Leonards **Clancy**—Clancy Store **Clyde Park**—Glens Gen. Store **Columbus**—Anthonys **Creston**—Creston Store **Cut Bank**—Larsen's • Buttrey's **Deer Lodge**—Deer Lodge Shoe Repair **Dell**—Dell Merc. **Dillon**—Wombackers • Vaughn & Ragsdale **Dixon**—Paul's Merc. **Dupuyer**—Anderson Merc. **Ennis**—Valley Trading Post **Fairfield**—Fairfield Shoe Shop **Fishtail**—Fishtail Gen. Store **Fort Benton**—Rudy's Shoes **Geyser**—Joe Petesch **Glasgow**—Killions Shoes **Great Falls**—Buttreys • Schiff Shoes **Hamilton**—Anthonys **Harlowton**—Bains Dept. Store **Havre**—Buttrey's **Helena**—Schiff's Shoes • Jack Holt Shoes **Hot Springs**—Hot Springs Merc. **Judith Gap**—Haynes Store **Kevins**—Peoples Market **Lewistown**—H & K Shoes • Anthony's **Libby**—Don's Men's Wear • Emil Turner **Livingston**—Eastep Shoes **Lonepine**—Hub Supply **Martinsdale**—Martinsdale Merc. **Miles City**—C. R. Anthony **Missoula**—Yandt's • Missoula Merc. **Plains**—McGowan's Commercial **Plentywood**—C. R. Anthony's **Polson**—Sheneman's **Red Lodge**—Trading Post **Rexford**—Fewkes Store **Ronan**—Anthony's **Shelby**—Larson's Clothing **Stevensville**—Anthony's **Troy**—Troy Trading Co. **Turner**—Melvin Jackson **Twin Bridges**—Branks Sport Shop **Valier**—Lloyd's Men's Wear • Wentworth Clothing **Victor**—Victor Hardware **West Yellowstone**—Eagles Store **Whitefish**—Quick Shoe Co. • Whitefish Shoe Service **Whitehall**—Andrew Olson **White Sulphur Springs**—Western Clothier **Willow Creek**—Plums Store **Wolf Creek**—The Dugout

***NEBRASKA***—**Ainsworth**—J. M. McDonald Co. **Alliance**—L. B. Murphy Co. **Auburn**—Redfern Clo. **Aurora**—Morgan's Men's Wear **Bancroft**—Bancroft **Bayard**—Bayard Clo. **Beatrice**—Bauer Shoes **Bridgeport**—L. B. Murphy Co. **Broken Bow**—Bow Booterie **Chadron**—L. B. Murphy Co. **Fremont**—Wolf-Chasen • J. M. McDonald Co. **Gordon**—Saubs Dept. Store **Grand Island**—Stinson's Shoes • Greenberger's **Hastings**—Cuda's Shoes **Holdrege**—Claussen's **Kearney**—Famous Shoe Store • Claussen's **Lincoln**—Lincoln Army Store **McCook**—J. M. McDonald Co. **Mitchell**—L. B. Murphy Co. **Norfolk**—The Fair Store **Ogallala**—Smiths Shoes **Omaha**—J. L. Brandeis & Sons • Arne M. Mattson **O'Neill**—J. M. McDonald Co. **Ord**—J. M. McDonald Co. **Pawnee**—Tom Sawyer's Clo. **Petersburg**—Andre's Store **Randolph**—Gibson Dept. Store **Seward**—Kroeger Bros. **Scottsbluff**—L. B. Murphy Co. **Sidney**—J. M. McDonald Co. **St. Paul**—Jensen-Bryan **Superior**—Troudts **Sutton**—H. K. Griess Clo. **Wayne**—Larson-Kuhn

***NORTH DAKOTA***—**Arthur**—T. J. Ross Co. **Bismarck**—Rolands Family Shoes **Bottineau**—Corby's **Carrington**—Borth & Speidel **Cavalier**—Thoelke's **Cooperstown**—Model Clothing **Crosby**—Fettig Shoes **Devils Lake**—Glicksons **Dickinson**—Lindy-Winky Bootery **Garrison**—Frederick's Variety **Hatton**—Hatton Clo. **Jamestown**—Wehlers Family Shoes **Langdon**—Chaps Shoes **Lidgerwood**—Dallman's **Lisbon**—Sullivan Clo. **Minot**—Samuelsons Shoes **Oakes**—Willie's Shoe Store **Rolla**—Harris Clo. **Rugby**—Kellers Shoes **Valley City**—Anthony's Dept. Store • Sherman Clo. **Wahpeton**—Stern Clo.

***SOUTH DAKOTA***—**Canton**—Wegener Clo. **Chamberlain**—Kramers **Clark**—Clark "V" Store **Dell Rapids**—Brown's **Flandreau**—Bonde's **Gettysburg**—Miller Clo. **Gregory**—Hogrefe Clo. **Howard**—Quinn-Taschner **Huron**—Habichts • Potters Shoes **Madison**—Stans Mens Shop **Miller**—Habichts **Mitchell**—Smalls Mens Store **Mobridge**—Amundsons **Parker**—Koehn's **Rapid City**—Pay-Less Clo. **Salem**—The Clothes Shop **Scotland**—Scotland Bootery **Spearfish**—Spearfish Clo. **Sturgis**—Sturgis Shoe Store **Vermillion**—Korner Bootery—**Watertown**—Kjos Shoes **Webster**—Nerger's **Wessington Springs**—Habichts **Yankton**—Perron's Bootery

***WISCONSIN***—**Antigo**—Pauls Inc. **Ashland**—McDonalds Shoes **Beaver Dam**—Andes Shoes **Berlin**—Hamilton Shoes **Black River Falls**—Gene's Bootery **Blanchardville**—Kings Clothes **Boscobel**—Murleys **Brill**—Whiteds **Brodhead**—Verns Shoes **Brooklyn**—Armstrong Roberts **Columbus**—Webers Shoes **Darlington**—McGreane Shoes **Eagle River**—Spiess Sportswear **Fennimore**—Wagners Shoes **Fond du Lac**—Big Shoe **Grafton**—Hiems Shoes **Grantsburg**—Erwins Shoes **Green Bay**—Rothe's Shoes **Greenwood**—Kebels Shoes **Hudson**—Drolsoms **Kenosha**—Kendalls Shoes **Kiel**—Hankes Shoes **La Crosse**—Hansons Shoes **Lake Mills**—Retzlaffs **Laona**—Mineaus **Madison**—Ragatz Shoe Stores • Arenz Shoes **Marshfield**—Louis Laemie **Mayville**—Uptown Shoes **Medford**—Medford Co-Op Co. **Middleton**—Schwaab & Schwartz **Milwaukee**—Brouwers • Posigs Shoes • Mayer Krom Co. **Minocqua**—Ross Sportswear **Monroe**—Kunderts Shoes **New Glarus**—Waits Toggery **Oconomowac**—Hormanns Shoes **Oshkosh**—Big Shoe Store **Plymouth**—Walcotts Shoes **Pulaski**—Goska Shoes **Racine**—Lathrops Shoes **Rhinelander**—Danner Shoes **Ripon**—Chipmans **Schofield**—Schultzes Shoes **Stevens Point**—Shippy Shoes **Sturgeon Bay**—Dufeks Shoes **Superior**—Seigals Clothing **Tomah**—Peter Johnson Shoes **Viroqua**—Thureen Shoes **Waukesha**—Cohn Shoes

***WYOMING***—**Gillette**—C. R. Anthony's **Newcastle**—Newcastle Mens Store **Opal**—Merc. & Co. **Powell**—Kropriva's Men's Store **Rock Springs**—Kelley's • Miner's Merc. • Nan Thompson Co. Inc. **Sheridan**—N Z Shoes **Thermopolis**—Friedis

(TM)

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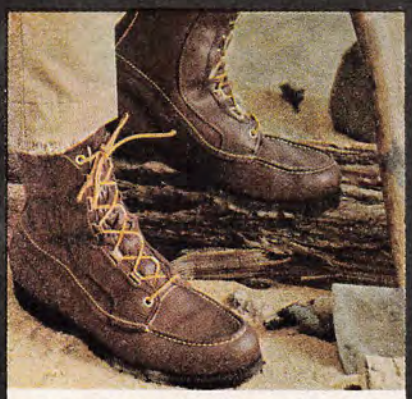
# You're a man of action.
# These are action shoes.



A tough one, this 8″ moc toe boot with speed lacing. Light, highly water-repellent. Ask for style 3833.

Comfortable and attractive. Black dress Wellington with plain toe for work or dress. Ask for style 1960.

Sportsman's favorite. Green rough-out chukka boot with crepe sole, built-in steel shank. Style 3702.

At home in snow, wherever. Plain toe all-purpose boot with warm fleece lining. Ask for style 3737.

Hi-cut sophisticate slips on easily. Made of black, soft leather, looks and feels good. Ask for style 3588.

Meant for action. 9″ boot with moc toe and tough welt construction, durable crepe sole. Style 1000.

Rugged! 7″ sport boot has speed lacing. Lined for warmth and comfort; water-repellent. Style 3844.

They're Wolverine® boots and shoes with everything you want in shoes for sports, work or just plain loafing. They're rugged, long-wearing, water-repellent, and lightweight. With a liberal dose of comfort and good looks thrown in. Isn't it time you matched your shoes to your actions? See the full Wolverine Action Line at stores that care about quality.

(T.M.)

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they decided consulting and recruiting presented a conflict of interests.

Howell by this time was married and had children. He wandered around New York City, looking for another job and one hot day in August, 1951, he founded his recruiting business. He chanced to meet an old friend who was an executive of the International Salt Co. International Salt was looking for a topflight cost accountant who would be willing to live in a Pennsylvania mill town, and was having trouble finding such a man. Said Howell: "Let me try."

He changed some dollar bills for a pocketful of dimes, shoehorned his large frame into a phone booth at New York's Grand Central Station and began hunting. In two weeks' time International Salt had its cost accountant, a man who had been brought up in a small town, hadn't been happy with city life and was delighted to move back among the fields and trees. Ward Howell's business was launched. He moved into a shabby walk-up office, had some stationery printed (expensive letterheads but cheap envelopes, on the theory that only executives' secretaries see the envelopes) and announced to the world that he was in business.

The world didn't care much. At that time the idea of hiring a professional man hunter was new to most big companies, new and somehow sinister. There were a few other hunters around (Thorndike Deland of New York had been in the business since 1926), but most of the big ones familiar in executive circles today were not yet in existence. Howell was down to his last few borrowed dollars when Cerro de Pasco Corp., a big international mining outfit, asked him to find mining specialists who were under 45, had families, spoke Spanish and could live at an altitude of 14,000 feet. Shortly after that, American Safety Razor Co. put in an order for a $30,000 vice-president. Howell collected several thousand dollars in fees, bought some expensive enevlopes (for writing to executives at home) and considered himself established.

There has been no shortage of clients since. Except for a few brief recessions, American business has romped through an almost continuous boom throughout the 1950's and 1960's. New companies are constantly being formed. Old ones constantly find themselves getting too big to be manageable and have to decentralize, in effect creating several outfits where only one existed before. New plants are being built everywhere; new offices are established as fast as the space becomes available. All this has created an enormous demand for executives.

According to the Association of Executive Recruiting Consultants (of which Howell is president this year), the demand now is some 20 percent higher than in the period 1961-63. "As far as we can tell," says an American Management Association official, "it will continue to climb. The shortage looks very nearly chronic."

This could mean an interesting future for you. You have a unique combination of experiences, skills and characteristics, and one day a company may be looking for just such a man. Howell or another hunter may phone your company president and say, "Do you know of a guy who . . . ?"

If you want to prepare yourself for that day, there are a number of things you should do. "If a man asked me how he could get himself recruited, I'd first give him all the corny but true advice about hard work and diligent learning," says Ted Sides, Howell's newest associate, a tall southerner of philosophical bent. After I'd said all that, I'd say: "Publicize yourself within your own company. Get your picture in the company house organ. Seek excuses to talk to the top men, especially if it's a big company where employees tend to get lost. This way the top men will know about you when the recruiter calls."

"Oh yes, top men notice subordinates," says Howell. "You'd be surprised." Many a man in the past 10 years of executive shortage has been recruited from nowhere to the top of the tower. A Connecticut schoolteacher who worked for a chemical company one summer was recently plucked out of the classroom by a hunter and made into a research director—his salary tripled overnight. A young fellow working for an obscure Chicago pump manufacturer, having just the right combination of technical know-how, sales experience and administrative ability, ended as marketing chief of a major oil-field equipment outfit. He swapped $10,000 a year for $28,000, a massive benefits package and a stock option. In times like these, with vast new markets opening on all sides and companies scrambling into them, recruiters must hunt new executive talent in every nook and cranny of the business world.

Further to prepare yourself for the recruiter's call, make sure you have the right wife. The wrong one can finish you. "A man is known by his companions, including his wife," says another Howell associate, onetime Dartmouth football player Carl Ray. "A company proposing to invest a lot of money in a man will often want to meet his wife first. I like to meet her too. I'll play golf with the two of them, if they're golfers, or take them out to dinner." One reason for this interest in a man's wife is that she may have to participate in his executive job by being his hostess. Another reason, vastly more important, is that the relationship between man and wife can affect his performance on the job.

Executive suites are haunted by the ghostly wrecks of careers that foundered because of wives: women who booze, gossip, gripe about a man's working hours, phone him at 11 a.m. with trivial problems and at 5 p.m. to see whether he's sneaking off to a bar with his secretary. Howell recalls finding a man for a big job, introducing him to the client company's president and seeing the two men "click" instantly. "He's great!" the president told Howell later. "Bright, alert, just the kind of man I want around here." But a few nights later the president took the man and his wife out to dinner. It turned out that the woman's presence had a depressing effect on the man. He was silent, glum, inattentive. Something about her made him slump. He wasn't offered the job.

At another, similar dinner, Howell sadly remembers, the client company's board chairman offered the prospective new executive a cigar. The man accepted and was about to fire up when his wife leaned across the table. "You know you've stopped smoking cigars!" she said sharply. "Why start again?" This man didn't get his job either. The chairman felt, quite properly, that a man who would permit a woman to sound off like that had no business trying to run a multimillion-dollar company.

One other thing could stand in your way when the recruiter calls your boss. Your boss might take the attitude that the hunter is raiding the company to steal its good talent, and hence might refuse to give out information about anybody in the company. This happens, though less often than 10 years ago. (Ten years ago, one personnel director threatened to shoot Howell if he was ever caught snooping around the company.) "The attitude toward recruiters has been changing steadily," Howell says. "I'm often amazed by the willingness of top men to give younger men a boost, even if it means losing the younger men to a competitor."

To show how the general attitude has changed, Howell tells a story about a company president who came to him several years ago and placed an order for a sales manager. "I feel bad about this," the president said humbly. "In the first place, I've neglected my duty by not training a man up to this job. In the second place, this means I've got to swipe a man from a competitor."

A year ago the same president came back to see Howell. This time he was looking for his own replacement: a man to be president of the company. "I feel good about this," he said happily. "I'm going to bring a breath of fresh air into the company, and I'm going to give some guy a big opportunity."

There are still many captains of industry who don't see it that way and who guard their companies against recruiters as against malign invaders. But Ward Howell thinks his own position is the more morally defensible. "When a big opportunity comes looking for a man," he says, "there is only one obstacle his employer can justifiably put in his way. A bigger opportunity." **—Max Gunther**

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# IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

*A monthly commentary by TRUE's editors to keep you entertained and informed—and to keep the little woman firmly in her place*

## O REDHEAD

What's so fantastic about a redhead? We were stirred to wonder by some heart-rending copy from a charming public relations girl who lyricized over the flaming tresses of Rhonda Fleming, (shown here) Greer Garson, Rita Hayworth, Arlene Dahl et al., and then let us down with a thud by pointing out that passionate redheads have been superseded by the dark lines of Elizabeth Taylor and Sophia Loren. But a revival, we learn, is under way. Men are being deluged in bars, clubs and restaurants with posters and lapel buttons which ask "Have You Tried a Redhead?" We were not unwilling, but the commodity turned out to be unhuman—a cocktail blending one part Cherry Heering with two parts Courvoisier Cognac. Assertedly, the beverage has the zest of a temperamental redhead. Never underestimate a publicist.

## STOP TEASING VEGETABLES

Any man who submits to psychological tests has two strikes against him if he takes them too seriously. Look for the fun in test questions. Bust into a belly laugh to one-up the psychologist who doesn't know he's funny. He may mope and brood and eventually go into some respectable business. Some actual test questions are ridiculous enough, but even more amusing ones were concocted by a group of fun-lovers who tweaked the udders of the sacred test cow in a journal, the *American Psychologist.* Read them before you have to take a psychological test, if you're so unfortunate, and they'll put you into a rollicking state of mind to beat the game:

Sometimes I am unable to prevent clean thoughts from entering my mind.

When I was younger I used to tease vegetables.

I am not unwilling to work for a jackass.

It is important to wash your hands before washing your hands.

It is hard for me to say the right thing when I find myself in a roomful of mice.

The sight of blood no longer excites me.

It makes me furious to see an innocent man escape the chair.

As a child I used to wet the ceiling.

I am aroused by persons of the opposite sexes.

When I was a child I was an imaginary playmate.

## SAWS FOR HUNTERS

**Elk hunters in the Pacific Northwest are carrying chain saws along with their rifles when they go out for game. So we're told by Omark Industries, Inc., manufacturers of saw chain for—guess!—chain saws. Hunters use the chain saws to dress out their kills of elk and other large game, and to clear away brush for easier carcass removal. Daniel Boone might think it sissified, but it's easier to carry a chain saw than a whole elk slung over your shoulders.**

## DEPOP

The most unusual conservationist we know is G. L. Lundquist who apparently runs the California Depopulation Commission, P.O. Box 964, Ross, California. At least he has written us on a letterhead bearing that name and has got up enough scratch to pay the printer. The organization—Caldepop for short—has a stark program for saving California's vanishing wilderness and wildlife. The major dream is a one-way eight-lane superhighway with no off-ramps, only on-ramps, leading from San Francisco into Nevada, with conversion of all two-way highways over the California border into eastbound arteries. Caldepop warns "don't send money, we can't be trusted," but promises information on request. We thought Lundquist might be kidding us until we remembered that a lot of people take Andy Warhol, Ann Landers and Joan Baez seriously.

## CANFUL OF PEP

**No wonder men get tired. We're shut off from the earth's electrical field by living in apartments, offices, autos and airplanes that act like insulating cages. This, according to Dr. Cristjo Cristovf, a respected scientist who has an Exceptional Service Award from the U.S. Air Force for his work, cuts us off from stimulation that the race has experienced in the course of evolution. To correct this, Doctor Cristovf has invented an antifatigue gadget about the size of a tuna-fish can. Hooked to a battery, it produces an electrical field around the user. If it works, and tests seem to show that truck drivers and airplane pilots are more alert when the device is used, we could carry a can in a pocket to beat that tired feeling. How about building the thing into the instrument panel of a car, doctor?**

## WEIGHT AND MARTINI LIFTERS

Compare a weight lifter who can hoist a 1,000-pound barbell with an ad man who can take three Martinis before lunch, stalk the asphalt jungle, and dance the Watusi with a client's wife. Each man might be staggered by the demands of the other's job. Which man is more physically fit? The question is seriously raised by Drs. Jose C. Montero and Kenneth D. Smythe of Stanford Medical School, who suggest that physical fitness is the ability to function comfortably in a particular environment.

(Continued on page 28)

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# IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

(Continued from page 26)

On that basis, competent weight lifters, ad men or jungle dwellers stalking lions are equally fit. Mere measurements of stamina, strength, coordination, etc., are not total measurements of physical fitness, the doctors assert, and there's no conclusive evidence that exercise leads to longer life or prevents disease. We don't want to let our prejudices show, but we're no damn good at lifting weights.

## BELLY BALLET

**Amateur competition has affected a lot of old professions, including belly dancing. Even some housewives are taking up the art. We thought this a twitch in the right direction until Princess Nyeela, one of a dozen authentic Turkish belly dancers in the U.S., sounded off to us about the 800-odd practitioners from such Levantine cities as Brooklyn and Pittsburgh who have rushed into the navel maneuvering industry without bothering to learn the business. "Belly dancing done right is just like ballet," she told us without batting an eye. "It takes concentration and study. It requires vertical as well as side-to-side muscle movement." It takes years to perfect rotatory, undulatory and oscillatory control, but astonishing side benefits are conferred upon a pro like Nyeela: she can check the flow of perspiration during a performance. Her perspiration, not the spectators'. "Most men don't know how to appreciate belly dancing," she said sadly. We tried to remark that understanding is not what men watch belly dancing for, but she hastened on: "If a girl does the shimmy to Oriental music while wearing a sequined bra and a few veils, most males think they're seeing the real thing." Obviously, men must be trained to lift their sights. We advised Nyeela to apply for an educational grant from the Ford Foundation.**

## HAPPY HOLIDAY

**Norway is by far the most advanced Be-Kind-to-Husbands country. Over there the state gives housewives a four-week annual vacation and furnishes a substitute to perform her duties. Not that a housewife's job is all that onerous. But think of the husband with a four-week substitute.**

## FAIR PLAY FOR DRIVERS

**Crummy traffic courts stack the cards against drivers who want to plead "not guilty." Sure, they can do it by taking a day off from work, appearing in court, making their plea, and receiving a trial date which requires another day off. Innocent motorists often plead guilty to avoid wasting valuable time. An experiment to determine the feasibility of pleading "not guilty" by mail is under way in a New York City borough. We see no reason why some of the time of the court and accused driver shouldn't be saved by a five-cent stamp. Other cities please copy.**

## TIME TO CUT HOSPITAL CHARGES

Some months ago in these columns we wondered how hospitals justify room rent charges of $40 a day and up. Enraged hospital administrators who work their heads to the bone trying to balance their books berated us for our stupidity. Well, it turns out we weren't far off base. Many doctors are now questioning the "hidden profit" system of hospital charges. One of them is Dr. James M. Moss who writes in *Medical Economics* that "it's time to cut these hospital charges." The system robs Peter, who needs only a hospital room, to pay Paul, an X-ray man or pathologist or pharmacist whose money-making departments net a tidy profit for the institution. Their inflated charges cover losses in other departments. So the patient who doesn't need a lot of tests and drugs pays for a share of them in his room rent. And the outpatient who does need X-rays and lab tests subsidizes a bed he doesn't occupy. The biggest profit maker in many hospitals is the X-ray or radiology department, which in one institution near New York City nets a profit of $360,000 a year. Lab tests and drugs furnished by hospital pharmacies are highly profitable too. The cost of an electrocardiogram is one-third of the charge usually made. Often radiologists and pathologists have monopoly contracts with hospitals, so there's no competition and it's easy to inflate fees. Funds for care of charity and emergency cases should come from other sources. Now they're paid for by patients who rent rooms and buy lab tests. What's needed is honest accounting so that patients pay for what they get and not a percentage of what they don't get. The Medicare law which provides that technical hospital charges for lab and X-ray work must be separated from professional fees of specialists may force things into the open. We say speed the day!

## FAR WEST ART

Through the years—nearly 20 of them—Bruce Bomberger has painted about 80 superb illustrations and four covers for TRUE. He is unsurpassed as a painter of Western scenes and we imagine that hundreds of readers have clipped his work from the magazine and hung it where it can expand their souls. The other day our old friend and his charming bride came to town and told us of a project dear to his heart. He has gone into the business of letting the public share his fine paintings of the West. Bomberger spread before our eyes a portfolio of limited-edition prints of Western scenes so vivid that we've been smelling greasewood and leather all afternoon. The scenes are full-color reproductions of oil paintings by himself and Chris Kenyon, but not ordinary reproductions. They're great and not at all high priced. The prints are 16 by 21 inches but make a man's office or den as big as sunset on the plains, the high country, or the water hole amidst the cottonwoods. Anyone hungry for a feast of superb Western art can write for a descriptive brochure to Far West Art, Inc., Box 128, Alamo, California 94507.

**—THE EDITORS**

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# STRANGE BUT TRUE

**By George R. Martin**

**The drinks came fast** at court revels of Britain's merry monarch, Charles II, due to a remarkable piece of sculpture that graced his festive board. A gift presented in 1660 by some of his subjects, it was a golden fountain nearly three feet high artfully honoring wine and women, both of which Charles liked. Lusciously modeled was a nude nymph, holding a snake by the neck. Out of the snake's mouth hissed a spray of wine—through concealed piping from a wine barrel on a balcony above—that bathed the lady and flowed down into shallow seashell bowls around the base. Happy courtiers, dipping up the wine with their beakers, had to drink fast to keep the seashell receptacles from overflowing. Thanks to his golden nymph—possibly the only statue ever sculptured that drove men to drink—Charles's palace parties got swinging with record speed. *By Aaron Heisiger, Des Moines, Iowa.*

**No male beauty contest** has ever been recorded, but for more than two centuries Englishmen could—and did—compete in male ugliness contests. These "grinning matches," as they were called, enlivened country fairs and city holiday celebrations. Grinning meant grimacing, and a match was actually a contest in making faces. For added effect, contestants stuck their head through a horse collar. The prize was often a gold- or silver-laced hat, or other equally valuable trophy. In 1711 an important horse-race meeting advertised "a Gold Ring to be Grinn'd for" as an extra attraction. The nation's leading essayist, Joseph Addison, thereupon grew solemn about the whole idea. It was, he wrote, "an affront to the human species to treat in this manner the Human Face Divine." The grinning match nevertheless went right on being popular at English folk frolics until well into the current century, becoming extinct, by coincidence, just when the horse collar was vanishing from modern civilization. *By L. K. Matthews, Harrisburg, Pa.*

**When John Ericsson** designed the famous Civil War ironclad gunboat *Monitor,* he had a problem to overcome. He solved it by inventing a device that became an important fixture in naval architecture. Schoolbooks don't mention it, however, and even naval historians ignore it. The invention was the below-the-waterline toilet. Previously the only convenience for seamen on ships of that day was a crude set of holes high on the flaring bow or head of the ship—hence the Navy term *head* that still survives. The *Monitor,* a "tin can on a shingle," was different; she had no height at all, her flat wave-swept deck floating only 15 inches above the surface and the rest of her, except for the gun turret amidship, extending 10½ feet under water. The needs of her submerged crew of 45 men were met by Ericsson's clever contraption: a standing pipe in which wastes fell to the bottom, which was kept closed. The relieved user then closed the top, opened the bottom to admit flushing water, worked a pump that forced air in to drive out water and waste, then closed the bottom again, ready for the next time. It took some getting used to. As the *Monitor* steamed south to battle the Confederate *Virginia,* the ship's surgeon opened the bottom end by mistake. He found himself lifted into the air on a column of icy seawater (the month was March) rushing up at hydrostatic pressure of some 600 pounds per square foot. Such mishaps didn't devalue Ericsson's invention, which today is a boon to many a seagoer, from submariner to Sunday yachtsman. *By E. J. Veronda, Lucerne, Calif.*

**A buried treasure that** nobody wants when it is dug up these days is antique butter. In western Europe, notably in Ireland, Scotland, Iceland and Finland, caches of butter have been unearthed that date back from 200 years ago to almost 2,000. What was yellow treasure when it was buried in wooden chests and tubs—butter was then a high-priced luxury—reappears now as grayish-white, brittle, evil-smelling stuff. It was interred because earlier Europeans used that storage method both to safeguard it and to allow a few years' aging which, to their taste, strengthened and improved the flavor. There are still people today who like butter that is elderly, if not antique. Halfway around the world, dwellers in the Himalayan foothills near Kashmir bury butter in the ground and sometimes plant a tree over it to preserve it undisturbed. In 10 or 20 years it turns deep red, acquires a bite and becomes a gourmet's treat. *By Walter Lipscomb, Huntsville, Ala.*

**Modern divorce reform** has nowhere hit men harder than in the Moslem kingdom of Morocco. The Prophet Mohammed decreed 1,300 years ago that a man could rid himself of an unwanted wife by saying "I divorce thee" three times. In 1958 Morocco's liberal king saw fit to change the old rule. Now a husband must utter his triple repudiation not all at once but on three separate occasions, each followed by a waiting period. Though he may still have as many as four wives, he may divorce only one wife at a time, not all together. Finally, a wife can demand a consolation sum, to be set by a judge. Habitual husbands in the coastal cities of Safi and Agadir have been much discomfited. Where yearly a man could marry his legal limit of four wives at the start of the sardine-canning season, when women drew steady wages in the canneries, and divorce them at the season's end, it's now hardly worthwhile, what with 12 divorce pronouncements to be made and little or no profit left in it.

For acceptable Strange But True paragraphs, accurately and briefly written, TRUE will pay $25 each on publication. Readers must state their sources of information when sending contributions. None can be returned. Address George R. Martin, TRUE, 67 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y. 10036

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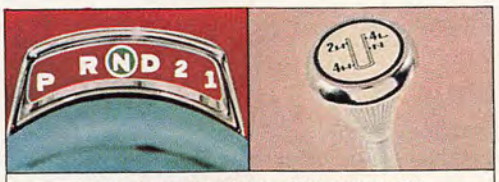


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# A Killer Waits and Hopes...

*When T. Eugene Thompson was convicted of hiring another man to murder his wealthy wife, a ghastly case seemed closed. Now, new twists in the testimony and the attorney who freed Sam Sheppard are sparking an appeal to the Supreme Court*

BY CHARLES REMSBERG

■ When George Barkley's telephone at St. Paul police headquarters jangled again right after lunch, the balding, dour-faced commander of the homicide section regarded it wearily. One more armchair Dick Tracy was going to tell him how to trap the killer. Yet of all the hot leads and inside theories pouring into his ear and onto his desk about this dreadful murder, not one so far held the promise of real investigative meat.

Less than 30 hours earlier, an attractive housewife in the city's most exclusive residential area had been savagely slaughtered. The whole town was stunned, because the victim was vivacious Carol Thompson—popular churchwoman, Girl Scout leader, mother of four, heiress to a million-dollar plumbing fortune and wife of Tilmer Eugene Thompson. A rising criminal attorney, Thompson was prominent in politics and church affairs and recently had been rated by the justices of the Min-

*Thompson's affair with Jackie Olesen went on though husband, right, warned him off.*

*Lawyer Thompson successfully sought shift of proceedings from St. Paul to this Minneapolis courthouse to get a fair trial.*

nesota Supreme Court as the most promising young lawyer in the state.

But this time when Barkley picked up the phone, he heard the deep voice of Ramsey County Attorney William B. Randall. Randall's carefully measured words quickly drew the police officer's full attention.

"A friend of mine in the insurance business just called me," Randall began. "He thinks we've got problems."

"What do you mean?" Barkley asked.

"Well, the insurance grapevine says Carol Thompson was insured for $800,000. At least half of it was double indemnity."

That call was to be the first of a series of keys that would ultimately unlock "the damnedest case" Captain Barkley ever saw. In the months that followed, the Thompson investigation would shape into a modern classic of astounding surprises. At law seminars and police training schools, it would be cited as a textbook example of how a modern police force, working with no more than circumstantial evidence, could unravel what seemed a perfect crime.

To those who ask him about it today, Barkley explains, "Solving a murder like this is not like buying a dozen eggs. You don't start out with any assumptions. You just soak up everything you can, and if some bit of information doesn't fit when you get it, you file it on a shelf in your mind and pull it out when you find a place for it."

The case opened on the snowy morning of March 6, 1963, in the flossy Highland Park section of St. Paul. The Henry Nelson family, listening to the 9 o'clock news at breakfast in their Hillcrest Avenue home, heard a faint rapping at the front door. When Mrs. Nelson opened it she gasped, then stifled a scream. A shapely young woman, blue terry robe gaping to reveal her nakedness, stood barefoot in the snow and sub-zero cold. Her face was masked with blood.

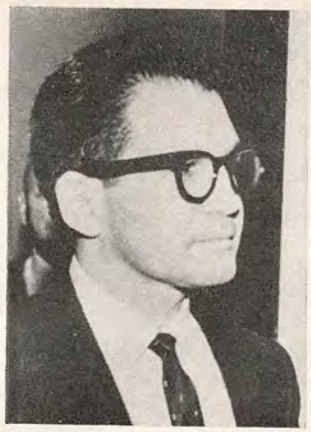
The woman stumbled forward and clutched Mrs. Nelson's shoulder. "Help me," she pleaded. "There's . . . a knife . . . in my throat."

While their son called the police, the Nelsons lowered the woman to the floor and tried to stop the blood that seemed to gush from every pore. Several times they asked her name before they realized that this terribly mutilated human being was their neighbor and fellow church member, Carol Ann Thompson.

"Who did this to you?" Nelson demanded.

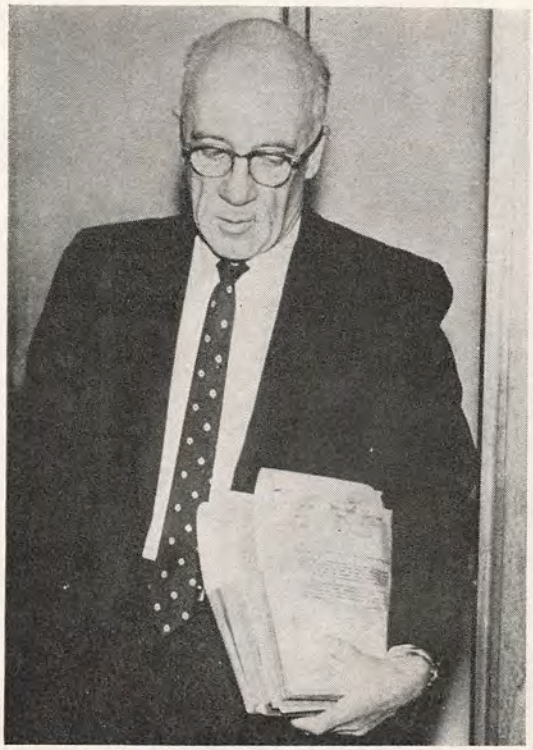
Carol twisted in pain and groaned, "A man." Then she was unconscious.

When the emergency surgery crew took her from the police ambulance at nearby Ancker Hospital, they agreed that Carol had been more savagely



*Norman Mastrian, left, was hired by Thompson as the killer. But Mastrian gave Dick Anderson $2,000 to do the actual job.*

***As the murder drama unfolded the cast of characters grew***



*Homicide Capt. George Barkley followed tips and clues to build up a classic circumstantial case.*

attacked than any other patient in their memory. At least 20 huge gashes laid open her scalp, and her skull was cracked from base to crown. More than 25 stab wounds had slashed her face, neck and hands. When a surgeon made an incision in her throat to aid breathing, his fingertips brushed a hard object lodged in her windpipe. It was the jagged four-inch blade of a paring knife, snapped from its handle.

As the medical men worked frantically to save her, homicide detectives converged on the Thompson home. George Barkley, then a lieutenant, went on to the hospital to talk to Carol's husband, who had rushed from his downtown office.

Barkley had seen Eugene Thompson in court from time to time, a short, bespectacled man with a chubby, boyish face, a dimpled chin, and a faintly irritating egotism. Friends called him "Cotton," a nickname acquired before he trimmed a boll-like blond pompadour down to a crewcut. He was a showman of sorts, often affecting iridescent suits, a homburg, a velvet-collared overcoat and a gold-headed cane as he strutted to and from court.

The son of a turkey farmer, he was only 36, but already making $45,000 a year from personal injury, divorce and criminal cases. He was village attorney for North St. Paul and chairman of the state bar association's criminal law committee, and had been one of four Americans recently granted a special fellowship to Northwestern University's law school. Both the St. Paul police department and the Ramsey County sheriff's office had issued him honorary shields, and the upper-crust Edgecumbe Presbyterian Church, where both he and Carol taught Sunday school and sang in the choir, had elected him an elder.

That morning, however, Cotton Thompson looked no different from scores of lesser men Barkley had seen in his quarter-century on the police force, Barkley remembers, "He was experiencing the kind of shock that can turn the most brilliant guy into a jibbering idiot."

When the lieutenant tried gently to pump him for information outside the emergency room, Thompson seemed at a loss to explain anything. Between crying spells, he said that he and his 34-year-old wife had been married since 1947, when they were students at St. Paul's Macalester College. "In all this time," the distraught attorney sobbed, "I've never met anyone who'd want to harm her."

At 8:30 that fateful morning, just 30 minutes before she appeared stabbed and bludgeoned at the Nelsons', he had called Carol by phone from his office. With the children off to school she seemed in "her usual good spirits." How she ended up a crime statistic was beyond his understanding.

As he and the lieutenant [*Continued on page* 78]

# BIG TROUBLE ON TOBACCO ROAD

*With cigarettes selling for $3.90 a carton in high-tax New York and only $1.85 in no-tax North Carolina, a little import-export business between the two states is only a natural result of the American free enterprise system. The only problem is, it ain't exactly legal*

**BY DALE SHAW**

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD SOREL

■ It is 7 o'clock in the morning, June 9, 1966. An unmarked police car squats beside the Manhattan exit ramp of the Holland Tunnel. In it are three men: George Devol, a plainclothes agent for the New York State Commodities Tax Division, and two New York City detectives. Each man has a pad of truck license numbers in his lap. In his pocket, Devol carries search warrants for trucks matching the numbers on his pad. The warrants are based on the observations made by other commodities-tax men who have watched the trucks being loaded with cigarettes in North Carolina, where they cost $1.80 a carton in case lots. In New York City they cost nearly $4 a carton.

The price difference has created a rich bootleg market. Article 20 of the New York state tax law and a similar city law prohibit sale of non-taxpaid cigarettes. Since all licensed dealers in New York buy from cigarette warehouses in New Jersey, free-lance shipment direct to the big city from the South is considered prima-facie evidence of smuggling, enough for a search warrant.

Such details are not on Devol's mind at the moment. The three men watch trucks grind from the tunnel endlessly. Their heads swivel from side to side like spectators at a very slow tennis match. The morning drags, hot and clear. One of the men goes out for coffee, dodging traffic. The three drink coffee, their heads swivelling as they read more numbers off the backs of trucks.

Suddenly Devol says, "There's one, we got one."

A couple of tenuous threads have been tied into a legal knot. A license-plate number, spotted in North Carolina, was telephoned ahead with a brief truck description. The truck is solid with contraband cigarettes, an extremely concentrated form of wealth. Eight-hundred cases, 60 cartons to the case, bought in a taxless state at $1.80 a carton, worth $3.90 a carton in New York; 48,000 cartons carry- [*Continued on page* 92]

*In locker room after a losing effort against Dallas, Big John talks to reporters. As usual, they give him a rough time.*

BY AL STUMP

# TWO, FOUR, SIX, EIGHT...

## WHO DO WE LOVE TO HATE?

# BRODIE!

*When San Francisco fans yell "Kill the bum," it's their own quarterback they're talking about. John Brodie was the best in the league last year. His reward: after every game, a shower of garbage*

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

■ The crowd drifted into the banquet hall early, built a wall around the bar and stood smoking and drinking. All eyes, however, were on the door. When John Brodie walked in, handsome in a blue silk suit, nothing much was said, but the gay banter fell away; you could feel the mood shift and now there was a heavy, hostile smell to the place. This would be an evening Brodie wouldn't forget.

A couple of hundred pro football fans, members of Northern California's El Camino Sports Club, were topping off the 1965 season with a jamboree last November and John Riley Brodie, quarterback of the San Francisco Forty Niners, was a featured guest. The tall, lithe Brodie throws with such accuracy that last year he led the National Football League in every passing department and broke Johnny Unitas' all-time record for completions in a season—242 to 237. Accordingly, he was to be honored—or at least that's what the Sports Club's advance publicity had stated.

But it wasn't working out that way. Sitting up there at the spotlighted speaker's platform he was taking a cold-blooded, calculated public razzing.

A voice from the crowd started it. "Did you win much from the bookies, Brodie," came the question, "when the Bears beat you by 40 points?"

At another down-front table a fan mocked him: "You're a great golfer, we read in the papers, so why don't ya stick to golf? We wouldn't miss ya."

At one side of the hall a group united to chant, "We want Mira! We want Mira!" For two seasons now John Brodie hasn't pulled on his helmet without hearing loud demands from the stands that young George Mira, his understudy, replace him; however, as the guest of honor he hadn't expected to be hit with it here. The low blows grew lower. Someone shouted,

## Brodie passed for 30 touchdowns but hometown fans still booed

"Think you can get home tonight without hitting a tree?"

I was sitting 20 feet from Brodie and now he was sweating and his fists were clenching. The reference was to a night early in 1963 which he spent sitting around a saloon with friends. Toward 2 a.m. he started home in his Cadillac coupe, crashed into an oak tree and fractured his passing arm. Thirty-five stitches were needed to close his cuts. The accident—with complications which followed—threatened to end his career, and, worse, from the viewpoint of fanatical Forty Niner supporters, it so weakened the team that an entire season was ruined. The "accident" never has been forgiven.

The wisecracks rolled on and by the time the steaks arrived some threw a dinner roll in Brodie's direction. I know John Brodie well: he is a cool, self-assured Irishman who thrives on pressure and his skin is reasonably thick. But now he stood up, shaking, and stalked out of the banquet hall.

"At first," he told me later, "I was going to leave the insulting bastards cold. Then I walked around the block twice, thinking about it. If the fans ever run me out of any place once, it could happen again. I went back in there and sat looking at them, wondering which one would look best with a mouthful of knuckles." Mutual hatred was the keynote of the rest of the evening.

Hating the six-foot-one, 210-pounder is one of the things San Franciscans do best, and they don't care where they do it.

Brodie, in fact, has the cock-eyed distinction of being one of the few performers in sports who gets hissed and hooted at during events arranged for the purpose of paying him tribute. If you ever saw a hero who's a nonhero, he's one.

Big John has an arm like a blacksnake whip and last fall and winter it was good for 30 touchdowns, 3,112 yards gained and a completion percentage of 61.9 percent, easily the best marks in the league. Even while he was passing for 180 points he was booed, cursed and accused of everything from dogging it to crookedness. Some years ago—1960 seems to be the starting point—the public decided Brodie was to blame for the Forty Niners' defects (many) and dedicated itself to his downfall. No pro athlete takes more abuse than Brodie, a bright, breezy, personable 31-year-old, who came out of Stanford University in 1956, a storybook All-American married to a campus beauty queen.

The situation is so paradoxical that recently behavioral-science experts attached to Stanford University became interested. The experts ran some studies and came to the confused conclusion that they only know (a) enmity exists and (b) no analytical technique can explain it. For example, the Forty Niners have won nine of their last 14 games from their traditional rival, the Los Angeles Rams. A nine-year veteran, Brodie has figured big in most of the victories. Last year, in an effort to collar him and stuff the ball down his throat, the Rams poured a defensive-line rush of Deacon Jones, Rosey Grier, Merlin Olsen and Lamar Lundy—averaging six-feet-five and 270 pounds—at Brodie, with the result that he outscrambled the monsters, found narrow alleys down which to zip passes and, in two games, ran up 41 completions, 430 yards gained and six touchdowns. From the crowd reaction you'd have thought the Rams had won twice, not lost. It sounded as if Brodie's brilliant play was an optical illusion. Leaving the field after the home game by way of a tunnel, he was booed and hit with beer cans, bottles and garbage and forced to run for cover.

One "bomb" he couldn't outrun. Taking aim from an overhead railing, a fan dropped a heavy metal lunch box onto his head. Brodie's knees wobbled, but, dazed, he made it to the clubhouse. Team Trainer Linc Kimura, who is a bit of a scholar, bandaged the wound and quoted from the Japanese, "The mob has many heads, all of them an idiot's"—which may be philosophy but is small comfort to Brodie. "Listen, I worry more about him after the last gun goes off than when he's got a half a ton of Bears or Packers piling all over him," says Bob St. Clair, an old teammate.

Big John doesn't help his own plight; a piece of the blame for the unending feud belongs to him. He reacts to crowd attacks several ways and he has been known to give the paid-seat-holders a finger gesture which costs baseball big-leaguers $250 fines. "I don't defend that. I'm dead wrong when I do it. It's punk kid stuff that I'm ashamed of," he admits.

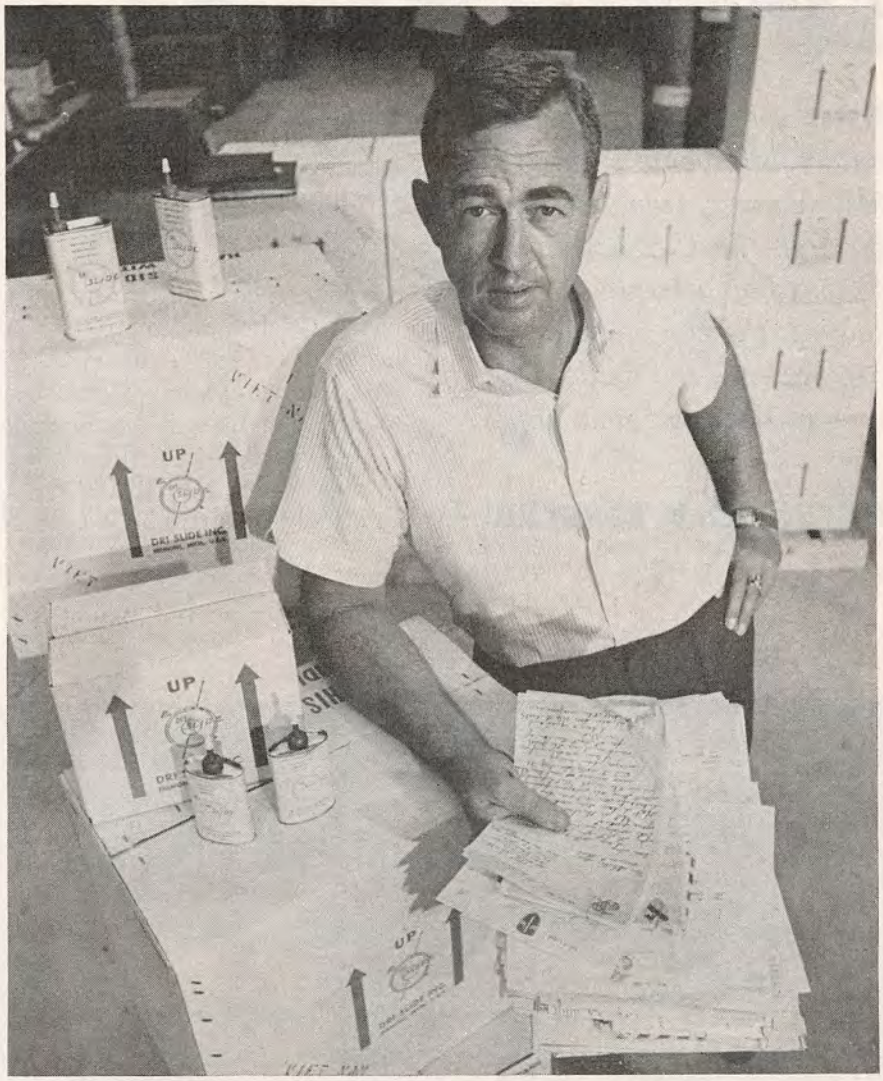
He irritates the hell out of people, too, by a history of temperamental behavior, which has included sassing coaches, staying out too late, kicking his helmet 20 feet high on the sidelines (when removed in favor of another quarterback) and blurting out what he feels. Against Baltimore one 1964 day, he missed on 20 passes out of 34, threw five interceptions and played so miserably that a team official was correct in asking him, later, "What were you trying to do, let the whole town know you didn't give a damn whether the team won or lost?"

"——the fans! I'm up to here with them!" cried Brodie, attracting the attention of sportswriters. "You can take those creeps and——," he went on. When this was printed, San Franciscans turned purple. But he refused a retraction.

Another widely applied rap is that Brodie, unlike others of the quarterback clan, unloads the football just a shade too soon. [*Continued on page* 102]

BY GENE CAESAR

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY LEONARD KAMSLER




*Buck Myers holds letters from combat troops pleading for product Army won't buy.*

# THE STRANGE CASE OF SOME STUFF CALLED DRI-SLIDE

***It's the best damn gun lubricant ever made say GI's in Viet Nam, but the Pentagon won't supply it and a patriotic manufacturer is sending it to soldiers for free***

FREMONT, MICHIGAN

■ L. G. "Buck" Myers is a big 40-year-old ex-Marine who makes lubricating oil that isn't really oil since it's basically a dry lubricant. Every morning, at the little town of Fremont, on the edge of Michigan's Manistee National Forest, he gets letters from Viet Nam like the following, from a first lieutenant of the 18th Infantry:

"Two days ago, a noncommissioned officer told me he had a lubricant that would not wash off in the rain, that it lubricates more effectively than the normal issue oil for weapons, that it would remove and prevent rust and actually renew the bluing. My reaction was to scoff at him, but he gave me half a can of Dri-Slide, and no longer have I doubts. I have been on operations in a saltwater mangrove swamp, and after two days the magazines and ammunition normally become so badly corroded that the magazine malfunctions and even the least corroded rounds fail to chamber. With a simple light coating of Dri-Slide, the magazine functions and the rounds chamber. Your product will assist the men in maintaining that piece of equipment that can mean the difference between survival and helplessness in battle. Please send me 48 cans as soon as possible and bill me at your convenience."

Each afternoon, in response to such requests, Buck Myers' tiny plant sends [*Continued on page* 70]

**NEW MODEL TIME, 1967:**

# Let's hear it for Detroit, car lovers!

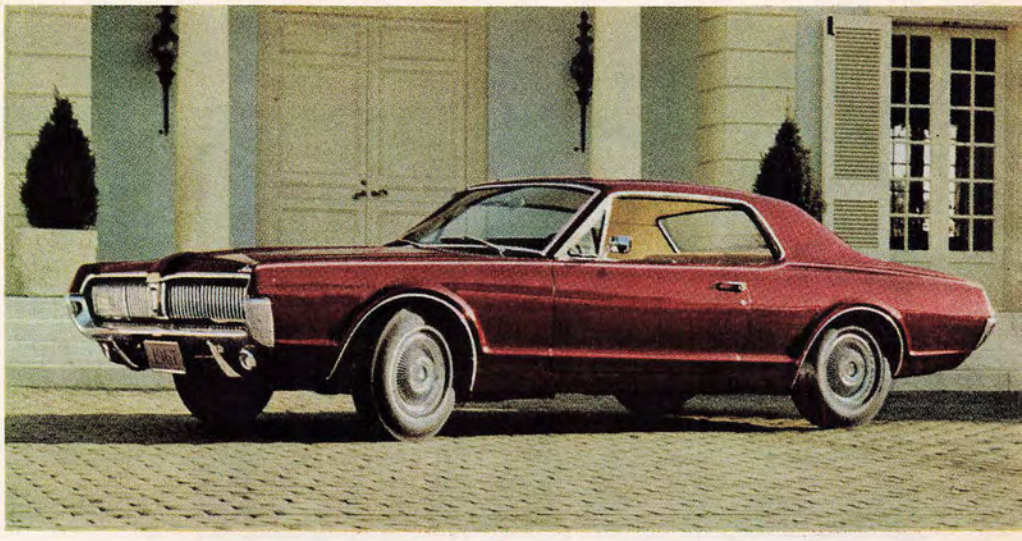
*When the great four-year automobile boom stumbled last summer, tremors ran through the U.S. economy. Now, after a strategic retreat, the car makers are back on the field with new models and new hope*

**BY CHARLES N. BARNARD**

■ The Detroit automobile, a bride the American male has never left standing at the altar very long, is about to be given a most penetrating scrutiny in the mirror-mirror-on-the-wall. Looking to see who is the fairest of them all will be a suddenly safety conscious U.S. government and a perenially beauty conscious U.S. public. As far as the 1967 models are concerned, the government will, for the moment, find all its requirements satisfied and more so. More important to an economy in which the health of the auto industry is vital, is the question of whether Americans will like the new cars well enough to go in hock for another $25 billion to buy nine-or-so million of them in the next year.

As ever, buyers will be looking particularly for "what's new"—and, in most cases, they'll find enough styling changes to make their 1966 cars look a year old. They'll also discover [*Continued on page* 96]

*After a delay of two years, G.M. now has a car to compete with Ford's Mustang—the Chevrolet Camaro.*



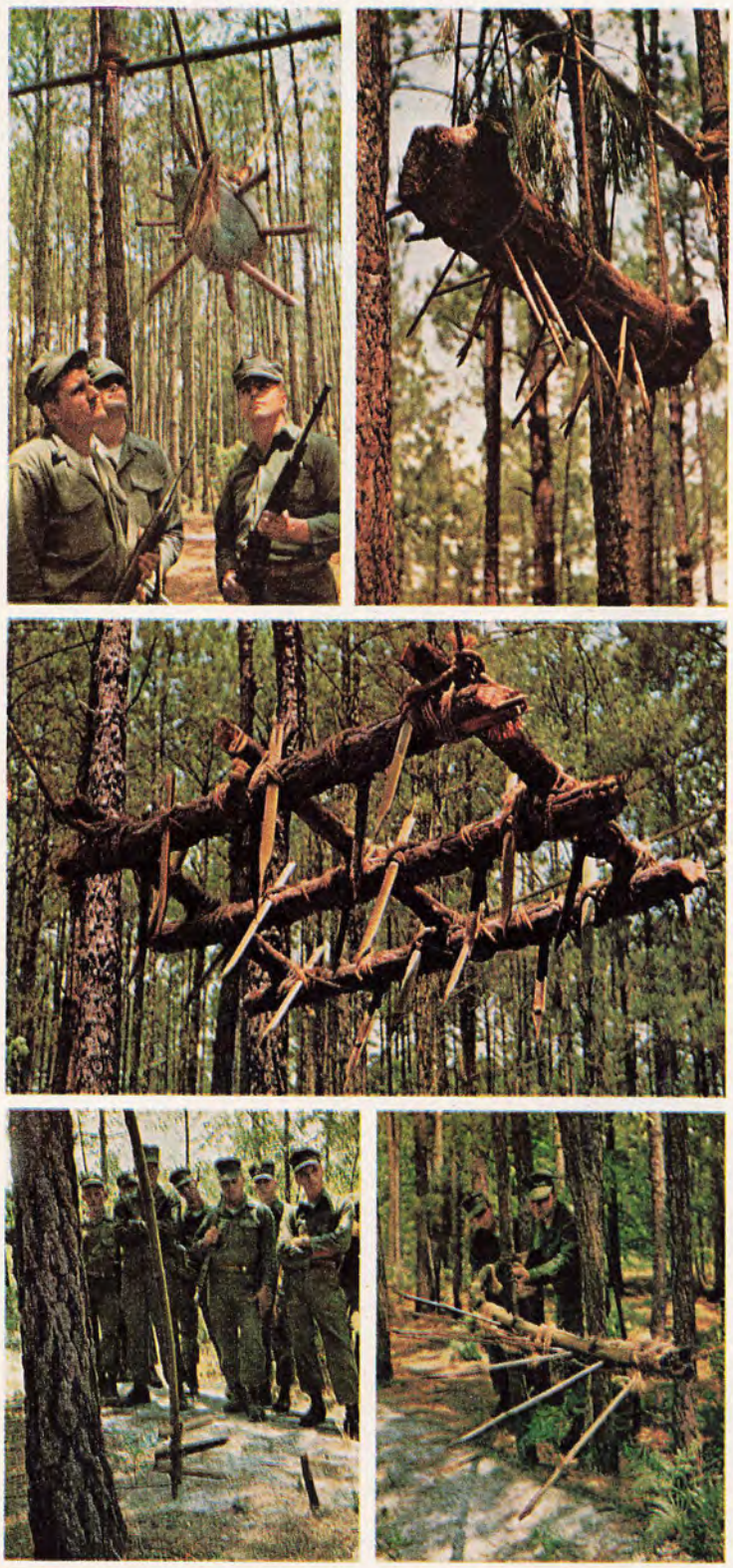
*Another competitor for Mustang is the larger Cougar, Ford-built and sold by Lincoln-Mercury. It will cost about $150 more than its popular cousin.*

*Imperial begins a new generation as a luxury car in 1967 with a model only slightly smaller than its predecessors. Chrysler hopes change will bring bigger volume.*

*Buick Wildcat typifies much 1967 styling with Coke-bottle shape, fastback roof and W-angled front end. Influence of Riviera is apparent in this and other G.M. cars.*

*Dodge Charger is the biggest and most powerful of current sporty cars. Seats four or five and offers up to 425-horsepower with race-famous Hemi V8 engine.*

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY HANS KNOPF



Trip wire across a trail activates these swinging, falling devices. Modifications of centuries-old traps used to snare small animals and to kill tigers, they are, clockwise from top left: the mace, deadfall, overhead swing gate, Malaya gate and pig trap. All of them are armed with sharpened bamboo stakes that can trap, injure or kill unwary troops.

# DEVIL WEAPONS OF THE VIET CONG

■ U.S. troops shipping out for the war in Viet Nam have a pretty clear idea of the "booby-trap war" Malcolm Browne describes in his on-the-scene report. All services have increased special training to show their men what they'll be up against in this guerrilla war. The pictures on these four pages were taken at the Second Marine Division's counter-guerrilla warfare course in session at Camp Lejeune, N. C. By year's end, 15,000 Marines, members of rifle companies, will have been through the two-week course. Many graduates are in Viet Nam now, reassigned to replacement units. The course is designed to instill in each Marine the "senses, suspicions, reflexes and reactions" that will help him to recognize and avoid Viet Cong guerrilla traps.

Nearly 100 such traps and harassing devices have been set up at Lejeune by Marine veterans of Viet Nam. Both officers and enlisted men pass on to stateside Marines their experiences and their insight into Viet Cong tactics and methods.

PAT GRAVES

## REPORT FROM VIET NAM

BY MALCOLM W. BROWNE

*Study them carefully, buddy. Far from the training camp, these devices are part of a deadly and ingenious enemy arsenal that has made Viet Nam "the war of the booby trap"*

SAIGON

■ "All of Viet Nam is one big booby trap. You better learn damn quick the difference between a vine and a trip wire, or you'll go home in a box."

The speaker was a combat officer friend of mine. He was summing up the most important lesson our ground troops have to absorb. They can use all the preliminary training and practice they can get because this is a strange battleground for Americans, one that may well go down in military history as the war of the booby trap.

There were booby traps in World War II and Korea, too, but they never played nearly the role they do here in Viet Nam. In those earlier wars, mines and booby traps were mainly left behind by retreating forces to harass the enemy's advance. But in Viet Nam the words advance and retreat are meaningless, since there's no front line and no territory that can be truly said to belong to either of the opposing sides.

It's a war the Viet Cong have no hope of winning with pitched battles. Instead they rely on terror and surprise and seek to fulfill their goal of "bleeding the Americans white" with unconventional tactics.

This philosophy is grimly reflected in casualty statistics. Roughly 100 Americans are killed and another 500 to 1,000 wounded during an average week in Viet Nam. Exact records of types of wounds and how they were inflicted are not available, but the overwhelming majority of American casualties in Viet Nam are from mines and booby traps, or gunshot wounds, generally inflicted by enemy snipers.

The Viet Cong have introduced no revolu-

Ingenious Viet Cong will booby trap anything laying around loose. Objects that have souvenir appeal for Americans are often rigged, as are attractive foods. Coconuts at top are really mines; basket of fruit and vegetables holds a satchel charge. Split cucumber shows lethal charge. Booby traps are behind sign ("Go Home Marines") and at base of enemy banner pole.

**S**imple, effective killers brought from Viet Nam are crossbow and poison dart device, with poison in cup, which are ancient hunting weapons. Below: trip wire activates springs of bamboo gun, drives barrel containing shotgun shell onto firing pin in base.

## Wire, bamboo and stolen explosives are the VC's favorite tools of destruction

**T**here are nearly a dozen foot-impaling displays in the counter-guerrilla warfare course. Ankle trap, left, is covered with brush and pivots inward to close around ankle of unwary Marine who steps on it. Sharpened bamboo *(punji)* stakes are fixed in stream beds or rice paddies where they are concealed by water and plants.

**U**nsuspecting troops can be caught by barely concealed devices above. Left is man-trap. As infantryman steps on camouflaged, pivoting cover, he is dropped onto *punji* stakes in hole. Foot pressure on bullet mine, center, forces round down bamboo tube onto firing pin. And weight of a man crossing bridge completes an electrical circuit, thus setting off demolition.

tionary inventions in their booby trap warfare. They merely think in terms of booby traps in everything they do, and the most innocent object in Viet Cong eyes is a potential weapon. It's plain old common sense well mixed with the lore of the jungle learned over a lifetime.

The Viet Cong use psychology when they plant their lethal surprises.

The VC know, for instance, that Vietnamese government troops are interested in any food that would vary their humdrum diets. Many a time, while trudging along with a Vietnamese unit, I've seen fresh killed pheasant laid out invitingly near trails. There's always a hidden string or wire leading to something unpleasant, of course. The same tactic is often used in orchards; a bunch of bananas hanging from a tree often conceals a grenade with a hair trigger.

On the other hand, the Viet Cong know that the better fed American troops will ignore food but are ever on the lookout for souvenirs. The most spectacular souvenir is a Viet Cong flag. The VC banners usually are made of finely dyed and sewed silk, blood-red on top, sky-blue on the bottom, with a golden star in the center. They make fine wall decorations.

So the Viet Cong, being practical killers, actually set up a factory in the Mekong River Delta to make fancy parade VC flags—not to fly in pride, but as booby-trap bait for the GI's. The flags turn up on innocent-looking masts along roadsides, on haystacks, tacked to the walls of huts, and any place else where a soldier or Marine is likely to see them, grab and set off a hidden explosive.

Young delinquents in America start their lives of crime using ice picks, crude daggers, and whatever can be adapted to killing and maiming. Then they graduate to crude firearms, often using barrels made from the hollow steel tubing of automobile radio antennas. And as the young hood becomes more proficient, he eventually manages to capture first-class weapons from gun shops or even police officers. [*Continued on page* 66]

**M**ortar-shell mine, top, is detonated when a trip wire is stretched; its effective killing radius is 15 yards. Capt. R. L. Fischer, officer in charge of course, shows bamboo mine attached to village fence. Grenades fastened to poles with trip wires strung between are set off by landing helicopters.

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TREASURE DIVERS USE SUCTION DEVICE TO SEARCH WRECK.

The eight amateur treasure hunters could barely tell a silver coin from a ballast stone. But they pooled their talents and went to work. The result was a

# GOLDEN JACKPOT FOR A GREENHORN GANG

■ The sea was rough and the wind brisk and bone-chilling cold on the morning of January 8, 1961. One look at the angry, frothing whitecaps convinced me it would be a foolish venture to nose our homely, 40-foot boat, the *Sampan*, out to sea.

But when you're sure in your heart there's a fortune in sunken gold and silver just a few hundred feet offshore, reason is often easily persuaded to give way. Treasure hunters are eternal optimists and no matter how bad conditions look, "things are always sure to clear up soon."

"Let's give it a try, Kip," Harry Cannon pleaded, as we surveyed the treacherous breakers crashing unmercifully over barely concealed, sharp-edged rocks in the narrow inlet at Sebastian, Florida, about halfway between Daytona Beach and Miami. Many a boat had run aground trying to navigate through the shallow channel in seas a lot smoother than the ones we were facing.

"Hell, the water's clear out there and once we get past the inlet we'll be all right," Harry prompted. "We can wait till high tide, then nudge her through, easylike."

I looked around at the others—Del Long, Dan Thompson, Erv Taylor and Lou Ullian—all partners with me in the quest for buried riches. I could see they were siding with Harry, but they would respect my decision.

I was against it, but I figured I owed them something. After all, they had broken their backs with me all during the long 1960 diving season, moving countless tons of ballast stones on the ocean floor by hand, and all we had to show for our efforts were a dozen or so silver wedges. They wouldn't begin to pay for the thousands of dollars we'd invested in diving and salvage equipment, and the endless, frustrating days we had spent on the search.

Despite the overall lack of success, our group of eight durable team members had stuck it out, heartened somewhat by the late season find of wedges and hopeful this year would bring us the elusive pot of gold we knew had to be out there.

During the previous summer, we had worked another wreck site and I was sure at the time, though I dared not tell the others, that we would find little, if anything, on it. The 245-year-old bones of

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COINS ARE DISCOLORED WHEN FOUND, GLEAM WHEN POLISHED.

**BY KIP WAGNER AND L. B. TAYLOR, JR.**

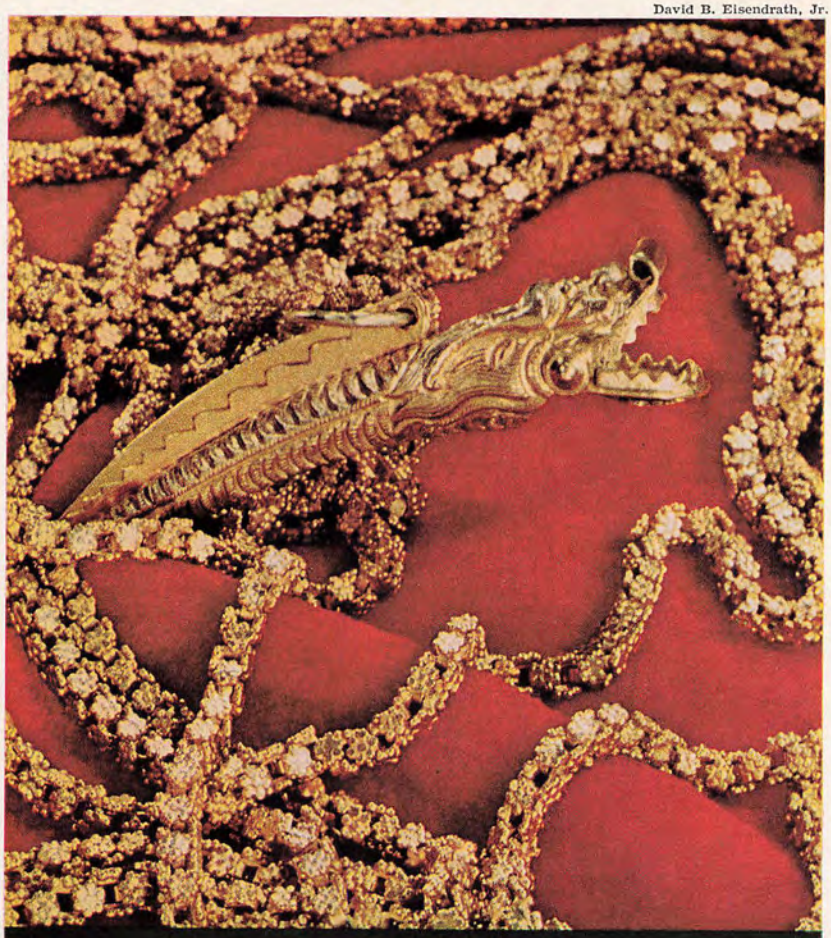
Condensed from the book *Pieces of Eight: Recovering the Riches of a Lost Spanish Treasure Fleet*, to be published by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. Copyright © 1966 by Real S Co., Inc., and L. B. Taylor, Jr.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY DAVID B. EISENDRATH JR.

COINS LIKE THIS MINT-CONDITION GOLD DOUBLOON MAY SELL FOR UP TO $1,000.

SILVER REALES WERE FOUND IN LARGE QUANTITIES. GOLD ESCUDOS WERE RARER.

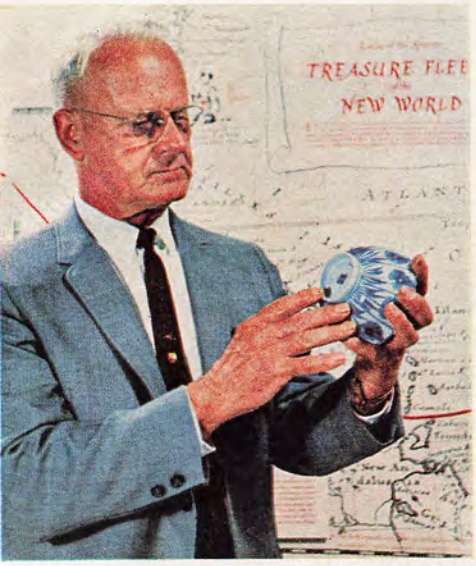
David B. Eisendrath, Jr.



FINELY-CRAFTED GOLDEN CHAIN HAS 2,176 HANDMADE LINKS AND DRAGON PENDANT. FOUND ON BEACH, IT IS VALUED AT $75,000.

MANY ITEMS, LIKE THIS DELICATE GOLD PENDANT, ARE NOW ON DISPLAY IN REAL EIGHT MUSEUM AT SATELLITE BEACH, FLA.

David B. Eisendrath, Jr.




CHINESE PORCELAIN FROM WRECK IS HELD BY AUTHOR WAGNER.

**Golden jewelry, pieces of eight, silver bars—the treasure was worth millions**

that ship had long been picked clean.

I also knew the wreck site we were headed for this morning would yield a far better chance of harvesting treasure, but I hadn't gone here first because I had wanted to test the men. We had formed rather hastily as a group over the winter of 1959, and I hardly knew the crew when we were ready to begin diving in the spring of 1960. I needed time to "separate the men from the boys," so I led them to the barren wreck site first to see who would stick and who would quit. To their credit, not one cracked under the strain of long hours, exhaustingly hard physical labor and one exasperating incident after another, with virtually nothing to show for it. The team made it through that miserable summer intact. Now we were ready, and I decided to lead them to this new site as soon as the water cleared up.

We spent the fall and winter months of 1960 preparing our diving gear and repairing our 40-foot converted Liberty launch. Then, when the weather broke in January, everyone suggested slipping out to the new site for a look-see; a scouting run to make plans for the coming diving season.

I had agreed, and here we were. But looking at that fearsome Sebastian Inlet on this raw, windy day, I questioned my judgment. I did owe them something, however, and I must admit I was damn sure itching to explore the new site myself, so, reluctantly, I agreed to go out—but just for a short spell and only at high tide.

We eased the boat slowly and gently through the narrow channel, edging dangerously close past jagged layers of coral, surprisingly without incident. Once we were a few hundred feet offshore, bucking a 15-knot wind, we turned south.

I had pinpointed this wreck site some years before—after finding dozens of silver coins on the adjacent beach front—by paddling out on an old inner tube and peering down into the waters through a homemade face mask. I knew there were cannon lying on the bottom, and telltale ballast stones, but it had been some time since I'd last covered the area, and I couldn't help feeling some concern [*Continued on page* 113]

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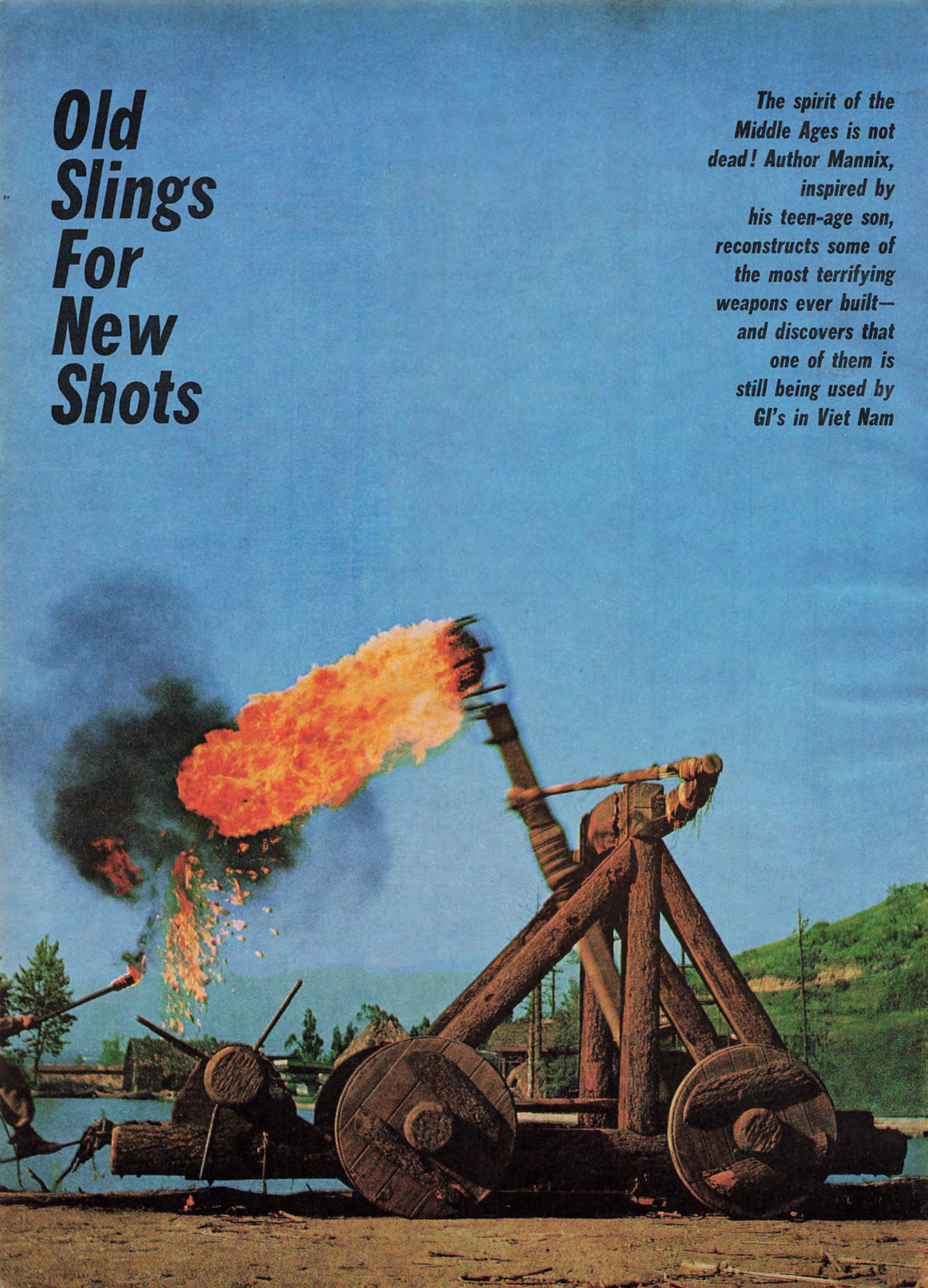
SILVER CRUCIFIX WAS ENCRUSTED WITH MULTICOLORED SHELLS.

# Old Slings For New Shots

***The spirit of the Middle Ages is not dead! Author Mannix, inspired by his teen-age son, reconstructs some of the most terrifying weapons ever built—and discovers that one of them is still being used by GI's in Viet Nam***



**BY DANIEL P. MANNIX**
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY BOB GRANT

■ There's been a lot of talk lately about disarmament. Frankly, I don't think it is necessary. Sitting in my backyard at this moment is a contraption so lethal that I expect it could make wars impossible. All we have to do is figure out some way of persuading the Chinese to experiment with the damn things. After a few attempts, I can guarantee they'll become peace-loving people.

This ultimate weapon is simply an overgrown slingshot—a youngish sounding subject that I recently found old and deadly. My knowledge on the subject started when I was only a kid. On one occasion, I got a local farmer right in the seat of his pants at a good 30 yards using a rubber band I'd filched from around the family Bible and a steel ball bearing.

Since the days of my youth, slingshots have become commercialized. There is even a National Slingshot Association in San Marino, California, where the members, after warming up on the target range, go hunting rabbits, squirrels, and pheasants. But the club constantly reminds the nation that the slingshot is by no means a child's toy.

A good slingshot can put a ball bearing through ⅜-inch plywood and there are even repeating slingshots made which feed the loads into the sling from the handle. They are also used to herd cattle and train dogs. Falconers use them to throw lures into the air for their hawks. However, the maximum pull of a slingshot is about 40 pounds—about equal in impact to that of a light air rifle—so in its simple form it can hardly be considered the maximum weapon.

Not long ago, however, I discovered that my 17-year-old son Danny and some of his friends had found a way to get more power out of this ancient principle. The lads had started building a device which was capable of hurling 30-pound cannonballs. Dan explained that it was a catapult and he had gotten the idea from studying history. It was quite a project, requiring logs dragged from a nearby woods. When finished, the catapult was expected to have a range of half a mile.

As a taxpayer and a law-abiding citizen, I developed a sudden interest in catapults, especially their range and destructive qualities. A quick check of the available literature on the subject convinced me no catapult has a range of half a mile but even so they are surprisingly effective weapons. A catapult can be built that will throw a 200-pound stone 350 yards. If you prefer, you can hurl an incendiary pot full of naphthol some 400 yards (as demonstrated in the Universal film *The War Lord* on the facing page). You could also lob a dead horse over a 50-foot wall and into your enemy's water reserve.

An early student of catapults was Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey, a Victorian Englishman. Sir Ralph, in addition to being nutty as a fruitcake, was also a gentleman of ample private means. He amused himself building working models of catapults, ballistas, trebuchets and other forms of ancient artillery, some of which weighed three tons. Sir Ralph used these machines to make life interesting for his neighbors, and as he was a baronet, no one dared to protest.

Catapults, Sir Ralph found, were first developed by military engineers around 1000 B.C. The oldest reference to such devices is in II Chronicles 26:15; King Uzziah of Juda (800 B.C.) used "engines invented by cunning men to shoot arrows and great stones." Uzziah's cunning men didn't invent the engines; they were probably first developed by the Assyrians. Through their use, warrior kings like Tiglathpileser were able to destroy the hitherto impregnable walled cities of the Middle East and conquer the known world.

The earliest form of catapult was simply a powerful bow mounted across a frame. A long, spoon-shaped arm was mounted at right angles to the ground between the bow and the string. Several men hauled back the arm—bending the bow—until it caught in a release catch. Then a stone was put in the bowl of the arm, everyone stood clear, and the gunner pulled a rope releasing the catch. The kick of this taut slingshot machine sent it back 20 feet. If it was tied down to prevent the recoil, it had to be mounted on a gun platform—otherwise it dug itself into the ground.

The basic design of a catapult didn't change until the Greeks. In the third century, a Greek named Dionysius developed a machine-gun catapult that could fire 20 bolts in 39 seconds. The bolts—blunt-headed arrows—were fed into a trough by an automatic dispenser while a crank attached to an endless chain pulled back and released the string. Then Ctesibios of Alexandria, who also invented the water clock and the pipe organ, produced a catapult so powerful it had to be cocked by pistons which he invented for the purpose. When Roman legions besieged Syracuse, Archimedes smashed their ships with catapults which, it was claimed, could throw stones weighing 1,800 pounds a distance of 800 yards, although no one before or since has ever been able to devise a catapult nearly that powerful.

The Romans themselves never carried the art of artillery to such proportions but each Roman battalion did have a catapult on wheels. The Roman GI's called them either "Scorpions" because of the sting thrown by their spoon-shaped tails or "mules" because of the kick recoil. Large catapults used to besiege cities were built on the spot, the troops taking along only the metal braces and the sinew-skein "slings." At the siege of Jerusalem (70 A.D.) Titus, the Roman general, had over 200 catapults that threw 60-pound rocks 450 yards. Realizing that the besieged Jews could see his white stones coming and duck, Titus painted them black and made them more deadly.

Seeing that my son was already interested in the subject, I decided to have him help me build a copy of the Roman Scorpion. Because this engine was mobile and therefore considerably smaller than the stationary catapult Dan had started [*Continued on page* 105]

Photographs by Thomas Defeo

*Student Center is hub of the controversial Iowa college which has grown from an enrollment of 212 to almost 5,000 in 11 years.*

# A KOOKIE COLLEGE GROWS TALL IN THE CORN

*While critics accuse Parsons College of everything from a "dime-store approach to scholarship" to being a haven for dropouts, a hard-driving president has made it the biggest private liberal arts college in the land—and a money-making one as well. Now some dazed observers believe it may even be the educational wave of the future*

**BY WILBUR CROSS**

■ On a breezy day last March, bystanders at the dusty airport in Ottumwa, Iowa, were treated to an unfamiliar burst of activity. Down from the sky came a flock of 11 planes, and onto the landing strip stepped Gov. Warren Knowles of Wisconsin, other top Wisconsin politicos, educators, business leaders and an eager horde of reporters and photographers.

The out-of-state V.I.P.s and newsmen, some 70 in all, were met by a caravan of station wagons and whisked 24 miles through corn country to the little city of Fairfield and to Parsons College (pop. 4,700 then, but proliferating at the rate of about 1,000 a year). There they toured a unique campus sprawled across 233 acres of rolling woodland in southeast Iowa, 50 miles west of the Mississippi River and 90 miles from Des Moines on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad.

The buildings they saw were mostly new—clover-shaped clusters of hexagonal dormitories, a large Student Center with an upswept shell roof, a brick-and-glass field house—giving the college an architectural look which one dazed visitor described as "motel modern." From the amount of bulldozing, cement-laying, welding and pounding still in progress, it looked as though this might be some kind of academic Levittown under construction.

In a sense it was. A busy governor and high-echelon brass do not, however, trek

*The old Parsons can still be found in a few traditional buildings.*

*New Parsons hums with changes planned by Dr. Roberts (l.).*

200-odd miles to spend a day looking at buildings they might just as well study in pictures. They were lured there—like so many others before and since—because Parsons has a special attraction. After many years of abject obscurity, it has become the focal point for some of the most hotly argued educational debates in the U.S. today.

For one thing, Parsons is a college that actually makes money. It shook the nation's academic fraternity —to whom deficits are as normal as breathing—by announcing an "excess of income over expenditure" of $1,893,000 for fiscal 1965.

Parsons has the rare distinction, too, of having swung effectively (and, of course, profitably) into the trimester system, maintaining about 90-percent capacity in the summer period. Most colleges which have tried it have lost heavily, limping along with only a 35-percent enrollment or less in the summer trimester.

Among assorted other matters which Governor Knowles and his delegation wanted to look into were: the Parsons "team-teaching" plan, which has come under heavy bombardment from educators; a radical streamlining of the curriculum; the widespread acceptance of dropouts from other schools; astonishingly high faculty salaries which range in some cases to $40,000 a year; the "raiding" of top professors from other campuses; and a building program in which squarefoot costs are less than half the national average. Moreover, there were complaints from townspeople of "wild parties, hard drinking, dangerous driving and minor thievery," which newspaper reports said added up to more questionable behavior than usual even in today's uncloistered campus surroundings.

Last and hardly least, the Wisconsin visitors wanted to see for themselves the man who unquestionably is the most controversial character in college circles: Parsons' president, Dr. Millard George Roberts.

After the day's tour, the group returned home some-

*President goes over pending matters with aides. He runs school like a business. Last year Parsons had almost $2 million profit.*

what shaken by the experience. They "exhaustively laid to rest" the question of trying the trimester plan, panned the building program as too cheap to meet Wisconsin's high standards, announced that the number of courses in public institutions would be increased rather than weeded out, and decided that Wisconsin professors had long enjoyed "decent salaries" and that they valued their "traditional freedom" more than being committed to a desk eight hours a day.

Thus the visitors officially shied away from what two assemblymen called "a dime-store approach to higher education." Nevertheless, there are dissensions in Wisconsin academic ranks that did not exist before the Parsons trip. The dissenters, along with many others who look, envy and want to copy, hold that the school is not only a revolution, it offers a laudable formula for success.

Even with the publicity—good, bad and atrocious—that Parsons and Dr. Roberts have been getting in recent months, most people are astonished to be told that Parsons has become the biggest private liberal arts college in the country and it is swamped with applications for admission.

Eleven years ago, when Roberts took command, the campus had only 212 students, mostly from the local area. Under the wing of the Presbyterian Church, Parsons had an annual budget of $311,000, a debt of more than one million dollars and a plant valued at less than the debt. The college was then 80 years old and for the preceding 28 had limped from one commencement to the next, leaving behind an ever-broader trail of red ink.

The arrival of Roberts presaged no momentous changes. At 37, he was short, pudgy and squinty. Five-feet-eight and weighing 190 pounds, he looked about as impressive as a middle-aged shoe clerk. His selection for the job, though hardly acclaimed as a triumph, did come as a relief. By [*Continued on page* 88]

*Roberts expects all new dormitories to pay for themselves in three years.*

*Relaxed Roberts joins students in cafeteria.*

*Spot check of student meals, which also turn profit.*

© 1965 WALT KELLY

# THE MAN FROM POGO

BY BOB ABEL
ILLUSTRATED BY WALT KELLY

■ Over the past year, at airports around the globe, an imposing figure has been descending from the skies—via jet liner, of course—in pursuit of the truth about what's going on in this battered old world of ours. Is it Clark Kent? Batman, without Robin for a change? 007? Napoleon Solo? No, it is the man from *Pogo*—a tall, bulky ("impressively flabby," he says), brown-haired, bespectacled, hard-living legend whose unsuspecting parents named him Walter Crawford Kelly, Jr. That was almost 53 years ago, and Kelly has been running his own race ever since. Today, at an age when most successful laddies are contemplating slowing down and playing a lot more golf, Kelly is running harder than ever.

It's not a matter of money. As creator and owner of the comic strip *Pogo*, Kelly is at the very top of his field. *Pogo* appears in more than 600 newspapers here and abroad, earning for Kelly a handsome six-figure salary. Furthermore, he has two new books in preparation to add to the list of 26 *Pogo* titles whose total sales are in the distinctly affluent neighborhood of 3,000,000 copies. No, it isn't high finance which drives Kelly to fly high, wide and often.

Meet Walt Kelly, hard-living champ of comic-strip iconoclasts, whose irreverent inkpot gave birth to the possum with a political punch

Despite his *Pogo*-built fame, Kelly has always regarded himself as a newspaperman. That's why he has been traveling so much, with typewriter as well as drawing pen at hand, operating, in a manner of speaking as a one-man press corps.

*Kelly and his cast of Okefenokee players. Clockwise starting at the top: Beauregard the Dog, Pogo Possum, Porkypine, Albert the Alligator, Br'er Walt, Pogo, Churchy La Femme, Howland Owl, anonymous bugs, Rackety Coon Chile, Pogo . . . and Pogo.*

"Today we have a lot of people who want to forget about the issues, who don't *want* to be reminded," he says in a typically charged outburst. "I feel that anyone who *can* should get to Viet Nam and see what the hell the score is."

So Kelly went to Viet Nam, where he rode with the Air Force on flare patrols, talked with GI's in bars and barracks, visited villages and, overall, came away strongly impressed with our troops' determination and sense of purpose. His travels also have carried him on fact-finding safaris to Burma, Australia, New Zealand, Hong Kong, Kenya, Turkey, Czechoslovakia and Berlin—East and West.

Kelly's odysseys are not only self-starting, they are largely self-financed. His dispatches, under the title *The Wall to Wall War* and each accompanied by at least one illustration, appear in 450 or so newspapers and are distributed by the Hall Syndicate which also handles *Pogo*.

Even if *Pogo* isn't your cup of printer's ink, and you haven't read any of Kelly's dispatches, or heard him speak (he's done a lot of it), or watched him carry on on television (lots of that, too), it won't be earthshaking news to hear that Walt is not exactly a bland character. Someone once asked him

if *he* were Pogo, and the cartoonist, always grateful for a straight man, chirped back: "Can you turn lead into gold?" But that's begging the question. Just as the adventures of Pogo and his fellow residents of the Okefenokee Swamp (a real swamp, incidentally, in southeastern Georgia and northeastern Florida) can get pretty complicated sometimes, so, too, with *Pogo's* artist, writer and guiding muse.

Kelly is an elusive, complex gent. He shares with Pogo some of that gentle creature's shy reserve, but he's also a throwback to the great saloon talkers, offering a line of gab that stretches from Ben Jonson and Will Shakespeare to the late Wilson Mizner. His speech is pungent, appropriately raw and irreverent, but laced with cackles of laughter and the instant gags of a natural comic. Kelly much prefers to talk about *Pogo* than to talk about Kelly, but he has a built-in Dew Line response to any suggestion that comic-strip artists should be seen—via their strips—but not heard.

When Kelly first entered the comic strip field slightly over 17 years ago, the only artist around who spoke his piece—both at the drawing board and away from it—was Al Capp, the ever-exuberant creator of *Li'l Abner*. Kelly, for his part, decided right from the start to create a strip that was decidedly different and do what he damn well pleased with it.

"If you ever try to please everybody," he said a few years ago, "you are dead, or at least you are not really living and that's the same thing." Today the advanced wisdom of passing years has rendered Kelly's basic philosophy into something more defiant. "Pogo," he says, "*his* business is to make you laugh and to make you think." But as for Kelly: "My business is not one of staying in business, it's saying what I please."

Many editors, on the other hand, expect comic-strip artists to behave like complacent pussycats, there to be seen, admired but not heard from. Kelly's insistence on making noises not of a complacent nature has resulted in a small history of comic-strip crises. At this writing, at least (no man dareth predict *Pogo*), the most recent hassle of any consequence involved the 1964 Presidential campaign. During a four-week period before the election, more than 90 U.S. newspapers offered *Pogo* readers a sequence dealing with the injustice of using girls' names for "hooricanes," the out-of-season employment problems of Easter bunnies and other pleasant, but lightweight, subjects. Meanwhile all the other *Pogo* papers were dishing up stronger fare: Br'er Kelly was running his own Presidential sweepstakes.

Among the distinguished candidates, there was Pogo himself, a number of his animal chums and the New York Mets. There was also a character named Typo, and only a reader with 20-4,000 vision could fail to discern Typo's more-than-accidental likeness to Senator Barry M. Goldwater. And of course the editors and publishers of those 90-plus newspapers found that likeness too lifelike and the *Pogo* political campaign too political or "too partisan."

Actually, Kelly's involvement with the Goldwater issue sprung not from any steadfast political affiliation (he views politicians of all shades with natural, nonpartisan distrust), but from a conviction that the Arizona Senator represented "an unfortunate occurrence" in American life. Goldwater had appeared as part of the satirical cast in *Pogo* early that summer, but Kelly was undecided about how far to go with the character. Then, he recalls, "All of a sudden young Lochinvar from Arizona looked strong, so I decided to do something about it. Not that *he* was such a bad guy, but he'd been captured by those pygmies, the Jack Acid Society" [Kelly's comic strip name for the John Birch Society].

As it developed, the controversial sequence was more a mockery of the Birchites than of Goldwater, but Kelly knew from past experience that a number of editors and/or publishers are bound to yowl any time he uses *Pogo* to treat subjects which are traditionally the province of the front and editorial pages.

This time, however, he prepared an alternative sequence both to help out "a few nice guys" who are editors on less than liberal papers and to avoid having past, familiar episodes of *Pogo* substituted for the political sequence. What Kelly didn't anticipate, though, was that a number of pro-Johnson papers would choose to carry the innocuous substitute strips. It was the same old tired story, Kelly found, of newspapers not disagreeing with what he had to say so much as disputing his right to say it on the comics page. Not surprisingly, his patience with such defenders of our freedom of speech has by now worn a little toward the thin side. "These people are hardly ever swimmers in the business of being alive," he says with undisguised, ungrammatical scorn. "Anybody who worries about what a comic strip says worries about who their mothers are!"

Perhaps it should be pointed out here that the fact that Kelly is very much alive himself owes little thanks to his own concept of clean living. About 11 years ago he suffered a heart attack. If you ask Kelly how bad it was, you'll receive a typically kidding reply: "Pretty bad. I didn't enjoy it." At the time, Milton Caniff, an old comic-strip (*Steve Canyon*) buddy of Kelly's, predicted that the heart attack would either slow Walt down completely or not at all. Caniff was right the second time. Kelly has never learned to go tiptoeing through life, and having managed to reach a well-documented middle age —he has also suffered from diabetes over the past seven years—he's not about to start now.

"Walt's the only man I've ever known," says Joe Barnes, an old friend who is a senior editor at Kelly's book publishers, [*Continued on page* 74]

# TOGETHERNESS ON THREE WHEELS

Only one man steers, but both men drive in wild European motorcycle/sidecar races. Like a hiked-out crewman on a heeling sailboat, the extra rider is human ballast whose every move makes the difference between staying upright or plowing the nearest field. See how it works.

TURN PAGE →

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY BILL HOMAN

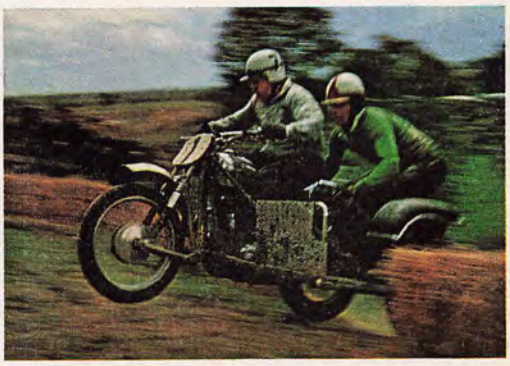
*Crowd watches start of race in a light drizzle—merely an annoyance to them but an added danger to racers.*

**Both members of the racing team have to have tranquil nerves, iron bottoms and the balance of a gyrocompass to make it over 40 miles of rugged dirt course**

*Hazards of the hill. If the steep descent just begun in the photo below is taken too fast it could mean a head-over-heels somersault at the bottom. On bouncy ascent, right, a sidehack takes to the air as the team strains forward to avoid a backward flip.*

■ In the U. S. motorcycles with sidecars are rare. Throughout Europe, however, sidecars provide some of the most exciting racing since chariots went out of style. One sidecar event with a growing popularity even in Iron Curtain countries is called the "moto-cross." In this, the tri-wheelers bounce across rough one- to 1½-mile cross-country courses, usually racing a total of 30 laps in two sessions. Tight turns and rugged terrain keep the speeds down to an average of about 32 mph, but it feels like 90. The kind of wild driving called for is shown in the photos on these pages, taken at the International Moto-Cross held in Clebrou, France. The prize money in these races isn't too big, but the competitors are tough, dedicated and talented. Riding rigs they've modified or built themselves, most sidecar teams stick together over several racing seasons. The driver gets all the glory, but his "ballast," as the mostly anonymous passenger is called, plays a key role. By leaning out at the right moment he helps speed the sidecar around curves and also keeps it from flipping—sidehacks not being the most scientifically balanced vehicles. In fact, if the ballast is lost overboard, as sometimes happens, the driver has to drop out since it would be impossible to negotiate a course without the balance his passenger provides. But even if no mishaps occur, plenty of liniment is required after a race for a bottom-sore driver and a thoroughly battered ballast.

*Precarious lean holds wheel down on curve. For speed's sake most "ballasts" weigh under 140.*



*Speeding uphill with weight too far back often lifts front wheel, as in this British model sidecar.*

*At new Olin-Kodensha plant (above) near Tokyo over-under shotguns are produced largely by hand for critical U.S. market. Most workers are young graduates of trade schools.*

*Made entirely in Japan, Winchester Model 101 has clean lines in its French-walnut stock. Some owners say there is a subtly Oriental look to hand engraving on receiver.*

BY SID LATHAM

# GUNS OF THE RISING SUN

■ There is a shrine in a garden on the way to the test range and everywhere there are flowers—even on the workbenches in the factory. Posies in a *gun* factory? Sure, this is Japan and Kipling was off the beam when he wrote: "East is east and west is west, and never the twain shall meet." For this is an American-Japanese enterprise at Tochigi City, about 50 miles north of Tokyo, and the products are shotguns for sale both in Japan and the U.S.

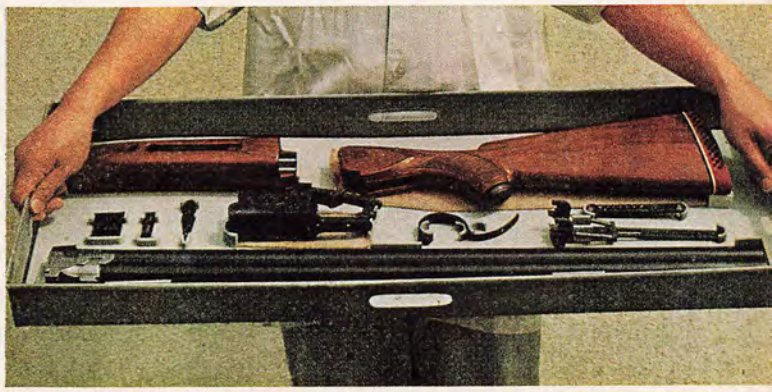
Isn't Japan a bit far for an American company to go to have a gun made, you may well wonder. It is indeed, but the Winchester people had searched the world before deciding on the Land of the Rising Sun. The problem was to produce an over-and-under quality shotgun to sell here for around $300. "Double" guns—whether an over-and-under or a side-by-side—require a considerable amount of painstaking handwork. For one thing, the barrels must be "regulated," that is, manipulated somewhat by trial and error, so that each shoots to the same impact point. Winchester does make a double gun in the U.S. (its Model 21) but because of the extensive handwork the starting price is $1,000.

So it was that Olin's Winchester people approached the makers of the Nikko over-and-under recently, one of Japan's three producers of fine sporting guns. The new firm of Olin-Kodensha was formed and a refined version of the Nikko 12 gauge became the Winchester Model 101, soon to be available in 20 gauge models also.

The other Japanese makers are S.K.B. Industrial Company, gunmakers since 1855 and oldest of the three, and Miroku. Ithaca began importing S.K.B. over-unders and doubles this year. Miroku has a full range of doubles which it sells in the U.S. under the Charles Daly label. Tourists in Japan can buy all three makes in local gun stores.

A visitor to the Olin-Kodensha plant north of Tokyo is struck by the youth of the gunmakers. Many of the workers are graduates of technical schools, however, with the same painstaking skills that have brought Japan's optical products worldwide acclaim in recent years. The place hums with quiet efficiency, with step-by-step inspections by Japanese supervisors and some Americans. One examines the finished product to detect an Oriental influence, but every shotgun has the Yankee look of other Winchesters, even if this model did originate almost in the shadow of Tokyo's Ginza.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY THE AUTHOR



*For quality control, a gun's parts remain together to finish.*

*Some typical Japanese-mades, from left: S.K.B., two Mirokus, S.K.B., two Nikkos, Winchester.*

## DEVIL WEAPONS OF THE VIET CONG

[*Continued from page* 47]

Viet Cong weaponry has evolved in much the same way. A booby trap need be nothing more than a sliver of bamboo about 10 inches long, sharpened at one end and stuck at an angle in the ground. There is nothing subtle or clever about a bamboo stick (or "punji stick," as it's generally called here) planted in this way. Anyone who looks at the ground can see it sticking up, and can break it by stepping straight down.

On the other hand, a man, running across a field in which 10,000 or more of these sticks have been planted, is likely to miss spotting one, especially if he is under enemy fire at the time. And one is all it takes. Even wearing heavy GI boots, a soldier who runs into a punji stick will almost certainly get a painful and dangerous foot wound. The stick may have been soaked in tetanus-infected buffalo urine, which makes matters dangerously worse.

The ever-present bamboo is a wonderful material for making all kinds of things —even gun barrels. A bamboo gun barrel is good for only one shot, of course, but that's enough to kill. Furthermore, a guerrilla can fashion thousands of these weapons at practically no cost

Making a bamboo cartridge trap is tricky, though. The first step is to take an ordinary rifle cartridge and file away enough of the metal percussion cap that a light tap will fire the remainder. This work can and does result in Viet Cong casualties. But once the cap has been properly filed (without being accidentally set off) it is an easy matter to complete the trap. The cartridge is inserted in a length of bamboo about eight inches long. Over the base of the cartridge, which protrudes slightly from the bamboo, a fairly tight fitting wooden cap is placed. A nail has been mounted in the center of this cap, aimed exactly at the percussion cap.

The gadget is then buried in the middle of a trail or some other likely place, with the bullet pointing up and with about a quarter-inch of the bamboo barrel protruding above the ground. If someone steps on the muzzle, however lightly, the cartridge will fire. At best, he will get the bullet through his foot. At worst, it will kill him.

The strength and hardness of bamboo make it an ideal substitute for metal in many jungle traps. One particularly vicious application is the Viet Cong's "jungle bomb." The bomb is nothing more than a heavy weight, studded with bamboo daggers and suspended in treetops over the jungle floor. It is triggered to fall on anyone tripping over a line concealed on the ground underneath. The weight generally consists of heavy logs lashed together or a huge lump of clay dug from a jungle water hole, but the Viet Cong also delight in using captured American cement to make concrete for the weights. A jungle bomb ordinarily weighs more than 500 pounds, and even without the bamboo daggers is lethal.

There are thousands of variations of pit traps and spikes, some described in Viet Cong field manuals found on captured guerrillas. These manuals are written out in longhand, dictated by field instructors with combat savvy.

In the better VC pit traps the metal or bamboo spikes are movable instead of fixed. In some, the spikes are hinged slanting upward and pointing toward each other, able to impale a leg from opposite directions. In others, spikes are hinged slanting downward so a leg will slip into the pit easily, but will be impaled when its owner tries to step out. There is also a concealed spike lever board which has caused many casualties. It works on the principle of the rake left in the backyard with the tines pointing up. You step on the tines and the handle smashes you in the face. But the handle on this "rake" has a dagger in it.

Excellent hardwood grows in Viet Nam's forests, and some of it is ideally suited for making powerful bows. Mountain tribesmen here have hunted for many centuries with tiny but fantastically powerful crossbows. (A specimen I own is only a little over two feet across but has a pull on its leather draw string of about 150 pounds. It fires a thick bamboo arrow about one foot long, fletched with palm leaves. Tribesmen kill elephants with similar models.)

These little crossbows are murderous at short range but will not carry far. They therefore make ideal Viet Cong traps. A crossbow can be pre-aimed to hit a victim just as he steps on a trigger wire. He'll probably never know what hit him. Crossbows can be so effective in jungle warfare that some Americans have been making variations themselves to fire against the VC. (See *Old Slings for New Shots*, page 52.)

The Viet Cong, though, are just as clever with 20th-century weaponry as medieval gadgets. Who would have guessed that rubber used for making tennis shoes could have the same explosive power as TNT? The Viet Cong did, and got themselves a huge stock of high explosives, thanks to an innocent-seeming U.S. aid project.

The E. I. DuPont de Nemours Co. makes a synthetic rubber product called Unicel-100 that works well for tennis-shoe soles. Under a U.S. Aid Mission program, tons of the stuff were sent to South Viet Nam for the use of Vietnamese manufacturers, who turn out combat shoes for government troops. Enough Unicel-100 was shipped to make eight or nine million pairs of shoes, but someone discovered that only about half-a-million pairs had been produced.

An investigation was launched, and the U.S. Naval Ordnance Laboratory discovered that Unicel-100 has roughly the same explosive qualities as TNT under the right kind of impact. Shipments to Viet Nam were instantly stopped by a special order from Secretary of State Rusk himself. But the damage probably has been done. Millions of shoe soles sifting into VC hands undoubtedly have made a lot of bombs and booby traps.

The Viet Cong, in fact, have never been too proud to use American equipment. The American Claymore mine saw combat for the first time in Viet Nam, and it was only a matter of weeks before the Viet Cong were capturing and using the new devices.

A Claymore mine is a horseshoe-shaped steel affair with two legs that can be jammed into the ground, leaving the mine standing a foot or so above the surface. On the top of the mine are aiming sights, with which the device is pointed at the exact spot where an enemy is expected to walk. It's exploded electrically by a man in a foxhole or bunker 100 or so feet away.

The secret of the Claymore's lethal qualities is its shaped charge—a high explosive molded in a curve. Ordinary blocks of explosive fly off in all directions with equal force but explosives that curve inward produce directional blasts. If the inner curve of the explosive is loaded with ball bearings, the resulting explosion produces a beam of deadly shot.

The Viet Cong liked this gadget so well

[*Continued on page* 70]

**"Another unidentified flying object sighting. Isn't it your turn to poo-pooh it?"**

BY SID LATHAM

# GUNS OF THE RISING SUN

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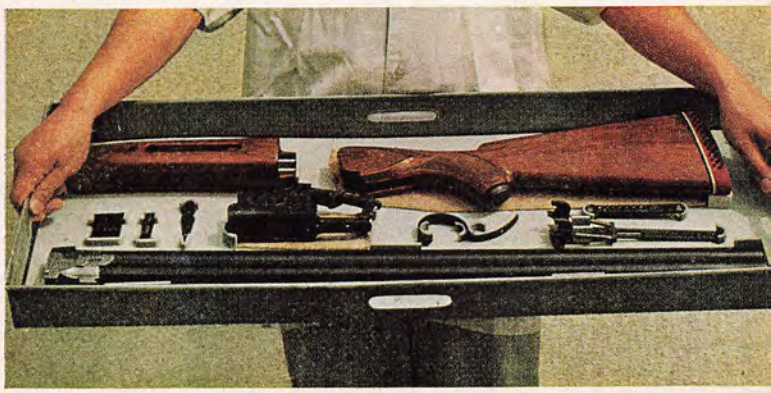
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY THE AUTHOR



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On the other hand, a man, running across a field in which 10,000 or more of these sticks have been planted, is likely to miss spotting one, especially if he is under enemy fire at the time. And one is all it takes. Even wearing heavy GI boots, a soldier who runs into a punji stick will almost certainly get a painful and dangerous foot wound. The stick may have been soaked in tetanus-infected buffalo urine, which makes matters dangerously worse.

The ever-present bamboo is a wonderful material for making all kinds of things —even gun barrels. A bamboo gun barrel is good for only one shot, of course, but that's enough to kill. Furthermore, a guerrilla can fashion thousands of these weapons at practically no cost

Making a bamboo cartridge trap is tricky, though. The first step is to take an ordinary rifle cartridge and file away enough of the metal percussion cap that a light tap will fire the remainder. This work can and does result in Viet Cong casualties. But once the cap has been properly filed (without being accidentally set off) it is an easy matter to complete the trap. The cartridge is inserted in a length of bamboo about eight inches long. Over the base of the cartridge, which protrudes slightly from the bamboo, a fairly tight fitting wooden cap is placed. A nail has been mounted in the center of this cap, aimed exactly at the percussion cap.

The gadget is then buried in the middle of a trail or some other likely place, with the bullet pointing up and with about a quarter-inch of the bamboo barrel protruding above the ground. If someone steps on the muzzle, however lightly, the cartridge will fire. At best, he will get the bullet through his foot. At worst, it will kill him.

The strength and hardness of bamboo make it an ideal substitute for metal in many jungle traps. One particularly vicious application is the Viet Cong's "jungle bomb." The bomb is nothing more than a heavy weight, studded with bamboo daggers and suspended in treetops over the jungle floor. It is triggered to fall on anyone tripping over a line concealed on the ground underneath. The weight generally consists of heavy logs lashed together or a huge lump of clay dug from a jungle water hole, but the Viet Cong also delight in using captured American cement to make concrete for the weights. A jungle bomb ordinarily weighs more than 500 pounds, and even without the bamboo daggers is lethal.

There are thousands of variations of pit traps and spikes, some described in Viet Cong field manuals found on captured guerrillas. These manuals are written out in longhand, dictated by field instructors with combat savvy.

In the better VC pit traps the metal or bamboo spikes are movable instead of fixed. In some, the spikes are hinged slanting upward and pointing toward each other, able to impale a leg from opposite directions. In others, spikes are hinged slanting downward so a leg will slip into the pit easily, but will be impaled when its owner tries to step out. There is also a concealed spike lever board which has caused many casualties. It works on the principle of the rake left in the backyard with the tines pointing up. You step on the tines and the handle smashes you in the face. But the handle on this "rake" has a dagger in it.

Excellent hardwood grows in Viet Nam's forests, and some of it is ideally suited for making powerful bows. Mountain tribesmen here have hunted for many centuries with tiny but fantastically powerful crossbows. (A specimen I own is only a little over two feet across but has a pull on its leather draw string of about 150 pounds. It fires a thick bamboo arrow about one foot long, fletched with palm leaves. Tribesmen kill elephants with similar models.)

These little crossbows are murderous at short range but will not carry far. They therefore make ideal Viet Cong traps. A crossbow can be pre-aimed to hit a victim just as he steps on a trigger wire. He'll probably never know what hit him. Crossbows can be so effective in jungle warfare that some Americans have been making variations themselves to fire against the VC. (See *Old Slings for New Shots*, page 52.)

The Viet Cong, though, are just as clever with 20th-century weaponry as medieval gadgets. Who would have guessed that rubber used for making tennis shoes could have the same explosive power as TNT? The Viet Cong did, and got themselves a huge stock of high explosives, thanks to an innocent-seeming U.S. aid project.

The E. I. DuPont de Nemours Co. makes a synthetic rubber product called Unicel-100 that works well for tennis-shoe soles. Under a U.S. Aid Mission program, tons of the stuff were sent to South Viet Nam for the use of Vietnamese manufacturers, who turn out combat shoes for government troops. Enough Unicel-100 was shipped to make eight or nine million pairs of shoes, but someone discovered that only about half-a-million pairs had been produced.

An investigation was launched, and the U.S. Naval Ordnance Laboratory discovered that Unicel-100 has roughly the same explosive qualities as TNT under the right kind of impact. Shipments to Viet Nam were instantly stopped by a special order from Secretary of State Rusk himself. But the damage probably has been done. Millions of shoe soles sifting into VC hands undoubtedly have made a lot of bombs and booby traps.

The Viet Cong, in fact, have never been too proud to use American equipment. The American Claymore mine saw combat for the first time in Viet Nam, and it was only a matter of weeks before the Viet Cong were capturing and using the new devices.

A Claymore mine is a horseshoe-shaped steel affair with two legs that can be jammed into the ground, leaving the mine standing a foot or so above the surface. On the top of the mine are aiming sights, with which the device is pointed at the exact spot where an enemy is expected to walk. It's exploded electrically by a man in a foxhole or bunker 100 or so feet away.

The secret of the Claymore's lethal qualities is its shaped charge—a high explosive molded in a curve. Ordinary blocks of explosive fly off in all directions with equal force but explosives that curve inward produce directional blasts. If the inner curve of the explosive is loaded with ball bearings, the resulting explosion produces a beam of deadly shot.

The Viet Cong liked this gadget so well

[*Continued on page* 70]

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FAR LEFT: Carolina short coat, $11.95; brush pants, $11.95; and cap, $1.59, all by Hettrick Mfg. Co. Oneida boots by Red Ball, $20. Superposed Lightning, Grade I, shotgun, by Browning Arms, $400. Safety heater, Model 30C, by Therm'x, $27.95. Duck decoys from Abercrombie & Fitch, $7.25 each. Shells from Federal Cartridge.

CENTER: Men's deluxe skeet-shooting jacket, by Winchester, about $35. Cactus Casual jeans by Can't Bust 'Em, $5.95. Wood-N-Stream boots by Weinbrenner, $20.95. Model 1400 automatic skeet gun by Winchester, $194.95. Skeet training trap from Abercrombie & Fitch, $30. Porta-Pak kit with vinyl case and two matching bottles, $8, and quart Sportsmaster kit, $25, by Aladdin.

LEFT: Viet Nam camouflage coveralls, $13.50, and cap, $3.50, by Game Winner. Dingo boots by Acme, $12.95. Model 700 .22-250 caliber rifle by Remington, $149.95; K4 scope on rifle by Weaver, $45. Varmint Scope, 10x40, by Tasco Sales, $39.95. Sleeping bag by H. Wenzel, $32.00. Coleman catalytic heater, about $30. Safari Lite, plug-in and/or battery-operated, by Burgess Co., $29.50.

PRODUCED BY RON BUTLER

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY BEN SOMOROFF

[*Continued from page* 66]
they began making their own Claymores. The design of the VC Claymore is a little different; it looks like a pie tin mounted on end. But the principle of using a shaped charge was well learned. The VC killed more than 40 people in one terrorist explosion in Saigon alone using a homemade Claymore.

Claymores obviously make wonderful booby traps in jungles. But even better in some situations is the "Bouncing Betty." Long used by the armies of many nations, the Bouncing Betty is a mine that is seated in a cartridge with a small powder charge, and buried under foliage. When triggered by a trip wire, the cartridge fires the mine straight up. The mine explodes at a height of six to eight feet, spreading shrapnel over a much wider area than a surface or underground mine, and casualties are usually very heavy.

The United States has supplied huge numbers of Bouncing Bettys to the Vietnamese army, but recently a whole arsenal of the deadly mines somehow fell into the hands of the Viet Cong. Since then, American Bouncing Bettys have been killing and maiming U.S. Marines by the scores. Marines in Viet Nam are pretty bitter about this because they all know where those Bettys came from.

Communist Chinese military hardware also sometimes lends itself to making enemy booby traps and mines.

There is a lightweight Red Chinese rocket launcher unit, for example, that can be loaded and pre-aimed from a concealed mount at a road or canal to destroy tanks or ships that may pass by later. It may be operated by a Viet Cong guerrilla with a firing magneto, or rigged as a mine to be triggered by a trip wire. The VC often adapt captured U.S. bazookas for the same purpose.

Probably the most common booby trap explosive used by both sides in Viet Nam is the ordinary M-26 hand grenade. To rig the booby trap, a can has to be found that will fit fairly snugly around the grenade and its firing handle. One end of a trip wire is anchored to the base of a tree and the other is tied to the can. The grenade is placed in the can and fastened by a second trip wire from its neck to another tree. The safety pin is then carefully removed from the grenade.

When a foot hits the trip wire anywhere between the two trees, the grenade is pulled from the can. This releases the firing handle, and six seconds later the war has another casualty. The beauty of this type of booby trap is that it can easily be disarmed by passing friendly troops merely by putting the safety pin back in the grenade, and reactivated after the last man has gone safely through.

Unfortunately, the Viet Cong has captured enough M-26 grenades to last them for years. The enemy is also liberally supplied with dud or captured howitzer shells and aerial bombs, which also lend themselves to making fine booby traps and mines. Making a booby trap out of an unexploded 500-pound bomb is painstaking and extremely dangerous work. You never know, for one thing, whether or not the U.S. Air Force may deliberately have timed the thing to go off two days after dropping. But no one goes into the VC expecting an easy life.

Camouflage is a key part of Viet Cong procedure in everything, including booby traps and mines. In the cities, the Viet Cong often builds its bombs into innocent-looking loaves of bread. In the countryside, bombs are installed in cucumbers, pumpkins and lengths of rubber radiator hose that can be stuck into holes.

The arsenal of Viet Cong booby traps is practically endless, and is constantly being added to or changed. One friend of mine thought until recently he had seen everything the Viet Cong could dream up. Then, on patrol in the jungle 40 miles or so east of Saigon, one of the men in his platoon hit a trap wire with a new kind of explosive at the end—a hornets' nest. The angry insects gave the platoon a very bad time for about 15 minutes. If the men had been under enemy fire at the time, the hornets might have made the difference between winning and losing the fight.

"I don't need to tell you what VC booby traps and mines are doing to us," a senior Marine Corps officer told me. "They and the snipers are cutting us up."

He didn't have to tell me because back in 1962 I got one of those Viet Cong bamboo dagger traps through my left foot, and I still sometimes limp a little. It's no consolation to me now that American servicemen are being killed and wounded by similar missteps every month. **—Malcolm W. Browne**

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## THE STRANGE CASE OF SOME STUFF CALLED DRI-SLIDE

[*Continued from page* 41]

another portion of its output to Viet Nam—shipped prepaid, with no bills submitted. He has been doing this since the start of the year. And in return for his efforts, the U.S. Army has attempted to deprecate his lubricant, while actually trying to duplicate it.

This strange situation was set off late in 1965 by "Operation Michigan Christmas in Viet Nam," a crash program to ship a special package to each of the state's servicemen in the battle zone. Gov. George Romney made a personal appeal for useful gift items, and Buck donated 7,000 cans of his Dri-Slide, which is labeled a "multi-purpose maintenance tool" and suggests guns as just one of 10 possible uses. He was understandably pleased, on Friday, December 31, when his firm got a letter signed "Guys from 3rd Platoon."

"Used the oil on Operations Harvest Moon and Starlight," they wrote. "We were out in the field for 10 days, and it rained constantly, and your oil did a marvelous job. There was no evident rust. We would like to purchase a case a month. . . ."

On Monday, a half-dozen similar letters arrived, and a still larger batch the next day. "I received a Christmas package from the people of the state of Michigan and inclosed was a can of your product, in witch myself and a couple of my buddys tryed on our rifles," wrote a fellow more concerned with combat readiness than spelling. "We found for this kind of weather, witch is either dry or dusty or wet and damp, that your product worked better than anything we have used yet. We would like you to send us five or six cans and we will send the money nessary. We would eppericate a answer from you as soon as possible."

None of the GI's was asking for further donations of Dri-Slide. All wanted to buy it, usually by the case. But Operation Michigan Christmas hadn't been organized to promote products. So Buck Myers called Governor Romney's office and asked what to do.

"I know pay grades have gone up some since I was in," he explained, "but I still can't see charging these kids for gun lubricant."

The Governor was beginning to get letters, too. Servicemen's wives and mothers had heard about there being a better gun oil than the Army supplied and were angrily demanding it for their husbands and sons. Governor Romney patiently explained to them that "the Armed Forces of the United States are federal forces, and therefore not under the jurisdiction of my office." He could only forward the letters to Buck Myers and advise him to make his own decision. Buck's decision was to send out Dri-Slide, but accept no money from servicemen.

Still, the problem seemed certain to solve itself soon. Families of soldiers were also protesting to Senators and Representatives. By mid-January, with the Defense Department receiving the first of a reported 16 separate Congressional inquiries, Brig. Gen. J. M. Kenderdine of the Defense Supply Agency was hurriedly obtaining samples of Dri-Slide. He promised Buck Myers "prompt attention and action" and added "I believe you have a very fine item, and I am sure it can very definitely be of great service."

What had Buck done to cause so many soldiers to beat a mail-order path to his door? Essentially, he'd taken a dry lubricant known as molybdenum disulfide ($MoS_2$), previously used chiefly in heavy industrial greases and oils, and made it work in light penetrating additives and solvents that dissipate to leave a dry, slick surface.

Back in high school Buck nearly flunked a chemistry course, and he steered clear of the subject in college. But in 1959, he left a well-paying job with a forklift company and gambled on a notion he'd had involving chemistry.

"The compounds we used on the lifts were breaking down," he explains, "and the molybdenum disulfide was getting blamed. I just had a hunch it was the greases and oils that were causing the trouble."

He finally found the right combination of additives on his own. One day during the 1961 deer season, a local sporting-goods store owner tried Buck's formula on a semiautomatic rifle that was jamming, and a new market gradually began developing. A number of hunters dis-

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*Photographed in Kentucky at the Old Taylor Distillery*

People in the know, know Old Taylor—and prefer it. People in the know always have.

Old Taylor's timeless flavor stems from a 19th-century secret. Taste it—enjoy the secret with us.

In 1887, Colonel Edmund H. Taylor, Jr., built this castle of native Kentucky limestone to house his distillery. Here he created a Bourbon so smooth, so rich, so rewarding that today's moderns—who go all out for the best in taste—make it their own. Shouldn't you?

## Everything's old fashioned about Old Taylor except the people who drink it

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, 86 proof. The Old Taylor Distillery Co., Frankfort & Louisville, Ky.

covered the stuff and soon were swearing by it. Gene Misner of the Ohio State Skeet Association used Dri-Slide on a Remington 1100 autoloader, then put 50,000 shells through it without cleaning or disassembling it. Even so, Buck Myers was still thinking chiefly in terms of fork-lifts and trucks and heavy machinery, right up until the unsolicited testimonials started streaming in from the jungles, rice paddies and swamps.

The letters came from company commanders formally requesting price lists, and from fellows like the Marine corporal, stationed near Da Nang, who wrote: "When we see action, I find myself trying to bury myself in the sand. When I come up for air, my rifle, with regular oil, is packed with sand and unable to fire. I have found that Dri-Slide does not attract sand and keeps me ready at all times. . . . P.S. Ask any beautiful secretaries you might have, who would like a pen pal, to write."

Buck is a businessman as well as an ex-serviceman. He saw opportunity as well as obligation in this display of consumer demand. After all, House Minority Leader Gerald Ford had commented that "in view of the many GI's clamoring for their relatives in Michigan to send them Dri-Slide, I can only conclude that they are dissatisfied with the present standard lubricant." Secretary of the Army Stanley Resor had assured Ford that "the Army is always interested in new ideas and new materiel" and promised both prompt tests at the Rock Island Arsenal in Illinois and review "of the requirements for lubricants in Viet Nam." Governor Romney had written that he was hopeful "that Dri-Slide soon becomes standard equipment for our fighting men." Buck's free shipments seemed the best investment possible.

"Nobody could have sounded more eager than the Army people then," he recalls. "I was told testing would be completed by the first of March, and I'd be invited down to discuss the results."

But by mid-March, he had heard nothing. And when he finally phoned Rock Island, he was curtly told that Army Materiel Command had taken charge of the matter and that no one at the Arsenal could discuss it. All through April and May, his queries to Materiel Command brought no information.

The first semblance of a report that he saw was in a newspaper, and it was a stunning slap in the face.

Dri-Slide, the Defense Department asserted, had a "flash point" considered "too low for safety," and "the Army discourages the use of any item supplied through private channels which does not meet reasonable safety standards."

Since few Congressmen have the foggiest notion of what a "flash point" is, this statement naturally brought visions of rifles "flashing" in soldiers' faces when fired.

"A 'flash point' means the temperature at which a solvent releases vapors that could conceivably be ignited," Buck Myers explains. "And this is a legitimate consideration, especially if large amounts are stored with little ventilation. But our tests show a point that meets the Army's own standards. We've never had a report of a flash-point problem, in all sorts of heavy industrial situations. But since we blend two solvents, we could raise the flash point easily—if the Army would just tell us their method of testing or let us see the actual test results. They admit the results aren't classified, but they say they will be classified if there's any pressure from Congress."

This puzzling furtiveness, coupled with the flash-point scare, raises a certain inescapable question. Army Secretary Resor has written, "We have been interested in dry lubricants similar to Dri-Slide (that is, lubricants containing molybdenum disulfide) for some time." Legislative liaison officer Col. J. L. Blackwell has admitted that "between the standard VV-L-800 lubricant and Dri-Slide, the actual firing tests with two weapons showed that sand grains were more easily shaken off with Dri-Slide and, as a result, gun stoppages were minimized." He further admitted that steps are being taken "to enable procurement of a product with the above-mentioned characteristic, should a requirement develop." Buck Myers doesn't have a patent on his product. He didn't invent molybdenum disulfide; all he did was make it work. There is nothing to prevent Army chemists from analyzing Dri-Slide, making some changes in solvent blend to suit their tests, and then coming out with their own brand.

Myers has had some help with his unique problem. American Legion and V.F.W. posts and various individuals have purchased and shipped an estimated 7,000 cans of his product to Viet Nam. He has even had something of a partial vindication. His old outfit, the U.S. Marines, conducted separate tests of Dri-Slide at the big Quantico Base in Virginia and recently reported the lubricant "equal in performance in all critical areas" to standard oil and "significantly more effective" under sandy or muddy conditions.

Yet the Marine report looks toward a source other than Buck Myers to supply the stuff in the future, recommending that Dri-Slide be purchased only as a "supplemental lubricant" and that its procurement "be terminated when a molybdenum disulfide weapons' lubricating oil enters the supply system." Since Dri-Slide lasts many times longer than oil, there is little possibility that profits from temporary Marine Corps use will balance Buck's losses. He has already donated more than 13,000 cans, spent more than $1,000 on postage, and the letters are still coming in.

"Have had much better results with it than any other lubricant I have used in over 17 years in the Army," writes a master sergeant who shared his supply with his men. "With oil, you must clean your weapon at least once a day. I just finished checking my weapon and all I had to do was brush it. The last time I cleaned it was seven days ago with Dri-Slide. Sir, we do not wish a free can for each of us. We would like to buy a case from you."

Buck Myers shakes his head. "I still can't see selling these guys gun lubricant!"

But even though he can't afford to keep on the way he's going much longer, he can't see refusing them either.

—Gene Caesar


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## THE MAN FROM POGO

[*Continued from page* 60]

Simon and Schuster, "who goes home after a night of heavy drinking, takes off his coat and goes to work." And Al Capp, probably Kelly's closest friend in the comics field, regards him as the last larger-than-life character in the business.

"Walt goes back to the days of Billy DeBeck and Bud Fisher [creators, respectively, of *Barney Google* and *Mutt and Jeff*], gargantuan guys who have now passed," Capp says. "He's not a businessman—Walt's of another era, the era of the prima donna cartoonist. But he's a prima donna on matters of principle, rather than business; the rest of us worry about our corporate taxes."

Capp's estimate, to be sure, takes in a lot of ground, but the one thing he doesn't mention is that Kelly is more fun to be with than a barrelful of Jackie Gleasons. Actually, Kelly does have a large streak of Gleason in his makeup. Like Gleason on screen, Kelly off it keeps switching characters, moving at whim from the shy and retiring to the outrageous.

One day he was being interviewed by a writer he had never met before at a favorite bar over a bottle of 12-year-old Scotch. Deftly parrying questions about himself, Kelly talked about Australia and the 1956 Olympics, Joe Louis' left hook, Irish ballads of the last century (which Kelly, true to myth, learned at his mother's knee), American funeral customs, American political inanities (no connection there), Capp and Caniff, the joys of 25-year-old Scotch, Jack Dempsey's left hook and several hundred other topics. Just when the writer, whose notes were beginning to resemble an action painting, thought the conversation finally would turn to Walt Kelly, *Pogo's* creator entertained with an imitation of Floyd Patterson against Sonny Liston.

Now it was time to be introduced at length to the bartender.

Then along came Jerry, a grizzled, elderly Navy veteran of several wars, for whom Kelly obviously has much affection. "When you died," Kelly greeted Jerry, "someone sent me a letter." Jerry knew the routine. "Yeah," he responded, "and you know who put the stamp on—I did!" A round of laughs and a round of drinks.

By now 5½ hours had passed, a smattering of lunch had been consumed, Kelly had suggested forgetting all this note-taking nonsense in order to get down to some serious drinking, and the writer—this writer—was several sheets to the wind. This was the first pleasant clue that Kelly wasn't going to be a great deal of help to anyone anxious to learn about Kelly, and that things are pretty much as his good friend, William Baggs, the editor of the Miami *News*, described them when he observed recently: "Trying to capture the immense and portable person of Walt Kelly is somewhat like trying to rearrange a face on Mount Rushmore from a swinging trapeze."

Still, certain facts about the man remain stationary, perhaps only because they are part of the half-century behind him and he can't kid them out of existence. You won't hear it from Kelly, but it hasn't been the most serene half-century anyone ever lived.

He was born in Philadelphia, where his father worked as a theatrical scene painter for minstrel shows, but the family moved to Bridgeport, Connecticut, when Kelly was quite young. There he grew up in a truly mixed neighborhood—one in which he says, "the name Cohen had the constitutional ring of Washington"—and so Kelly learned tolerance as well as more unusable expressions in foreign tongues than most world travelers learn in a lifetime. For their part, his father taught him to draw and his mother taught him to sing, evidently loudly, for that's how he likes to sing. "We had a piano and Gramophone and violin and sister peeing in her pants and dog yowling," Kelly recalls. "We were a busy family."

At 10, Kelly was stricken by a form of paralysis which, he says, has never been fully diagnosed, although it is believed to have resulted somehow from a diphtheria antitoxin injection he received in his back. This condition has continued to plague Kelly to this day. When it hit him as a child it lasted two years, reducing his grammar school education to six years. Fortunately he was able to enter high school and—by his account—"studied French and the French teacher" in addition to serving as editor and cartoonist on his school paper. After graduation, he went to work at the Bridgeport *Post* as a reporter and part-time artist. However, the Depression "interested" him, Kelly says, and he left the *Post* and worked for the local Welfare Department until his ambition overcame his social conscience and he went to New York to learn how to become a famous and successful cartoonist.

What he promptly learned was to do without food. Kelly can remember the night of the Max Baer-Joe Louis fight vividly because he was living in midtown Manhattan "starving to death." But a few free-lance jobs came his way and in 1935, when he was 22, he went out to Hollywood on a trial basis to work as an animation artist for Walt Disney.

Ward Kimball, today one of Disney's top animators, remembers Kelly as being very thin, with a moustache, rimless glasses and in general looking "like 'John Q. Public.'" Kelly was fond of dark suits, a vest, strange-colored shoes and, according to Kimball, drew Mickey Mouse differently from anyone else at the studio. Kelly was also drawing other things than Mickey Mouse. "At the slightest little happening around the studio, Walt Kelly would draw a little gag," Kimball says. "I have a whole book full of these gag drawings . . . and, you know, they're just as funny today as they were 25 years ago."

Kelly was getting the real art education he was looking for at Disney's. He'd also married in 1937, and might have stayed with Disney a long time if in 1941 he didn't have to return East because of illness in the family. "Someone was needed to take charge," he says, without elaboration, but then illness has dogged Kelly all his life.

Quite apart from his own afflictions, two of the eight children from his two marriages (the first ended in divorce in the late '40's) are dead and another child suffered damage—in the motor area of the brain—at birth. Kelly himself was kept out of World War II because of another bout with his childhood ailment, but he went down to Washington and worked as a civilian employee of the Army's foreign language unit. He also did free-lance illustrations for children's books and comic books, and it was somewhere along here that Pogo first showed up, as a spear carrier for Albert The Alligator, in a comic-book feature. In 1947 *Pogo Comics* began appearing and in May of the following year Kelly was invited to join the staff of the soon-to-be-born New York *Star*. He accepted like a hungry man invited to a banquet.

The *Star* was a bright-eyed liberal

TRUE

**"It wouldn't be bad if it wasn't so hard to get parts for."**

paper that attracted an impressive segment of New York's top newspaper talent, but few advertisers. It was, however, rich with Kelly artwork since he was all over the place, functioning as the paper's art director, comic strip editor, star *Star* comic-strip artist and political cartoonist. In this last capacity he created one of the most famous political cartoons of the time with his "Mechanical Man" caricature of Republican Presidential candidate Thomas E. Dewey as an adding machine robot on roller skates, cranking himself along a railroad track.

Unfortunately the *Star's* financial fortunes were no more solvent than Governor Dewey's political ones, and the paper expired, after only eight months of life, early in 1949. *Pogo,* however, had proved very popular. "For a while we thought it could save the paper," says Joe Barnes, who had given up the foreign editorship of the *Herald Tribune* to help run the *Star,* "but nothing could." So Kelly was out of a job, and so was *Pogo.*

At first Kelly had no luck selling *Pogo* to a syndicate, but the Post-Hall Syndicate—later the Hall Syndicate—took the possum to its corporate bosom and began distributing a selection of the *Star* strips in May 1949. *Pogo* appearing when a majority of new strips were either knee-deep in soap opera or hip-deep in dangerous adventures, took off like a rocket, landing in 126 papers its first year of syndication and another 100 its second year. Flushed with success, Kelly began looking around for uncharted territory. He found he was surrounded by it.

In 1952 Kelly cocked his eye on a noisy Washington investigation and decided to take a stand in defense of freedom. "Things being what they were," he has said, "this was the year that I decided to put my own copyright back on the strip, to bet the Yankees and to vote early and often. I thought that if we were becoming a nation of chalk eaters, sure-thing bettors and middle of the roaders, then I would join, if I were allowed, the only thing it's safe to join—The United States of America."

Kelly's response to the Fearful Fifties, among other gestures, was to create a character named Simple J. Malarkey, a wildcat with a bad case of 5 o'clock shadow and a night-rider approach to problems great and small. Simple J., to be sure, was a brilliant caricature of the late Sen. Joseph McCarthy, whom Kelly considers "one of the all-time comedians . . . he wasn't pretending for a moment." Today, over a decade later, Kelly feels that the McCarthy-Malarkey episode has been blown up out of proportion but even his best friends won't agree with him in this instance.

"Walt was in there at the height of the McCarthy scare, before Murrow and the others," says Joe Carter, former Sunday Editor of the New York *Herald Tribune,* and a longtime friend of Kelly's. Moreover, Capp, who himself turned to "domestic comedy" during the early 1950's because "No one would print you if you got too vigorous," confesses with chagrin that he's often singled out for praise that rightfully belongs to Kelly. "All the laurels go to Kelly," Capp says. "He launched a frontal attack on McCarthy at a time when no part of the newspaper was anti-McCarthy. He suffered a great deal from it . . . it was whispered around that he was subversive."

While Kelly, for his part, will deny that he "suffered" very much, he has nothing against being "subversive." As a matter of sober fact, to Kelly being subversive is exactly what enough cartoonists are not. "Good cartoonists are subversive," he insists. "They are against things—they're out to upset the status quo."

In 1962 Kelly's tilting with the status quo prompted an international incident when papers in Canada and Japan dropped (or replaced with old strips) a *Pogo* sequence featuring two characters—a pig and a goat—who looked suspiciously like Russia's Nikita Khrushchev and Cuba's Fidel Castro. By the time the board of directors of Tokyo's English-language *Asahi Evening News* held a summit meeting to consider the anti-*Pogo* protests of the Soviet Embassy in the Japanese capital, the Cold War sequence was almost into its third week. However, the board still decided to temporarily suspend *Pogo* because of the paper's policy not to use caricatures of heads of state "if they are in bad taste," but not—it was emphasized—"just because the Rus-

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sians said so." At the time, Kelly remained distinctly unperturbed by the events in Japan. "I'm just glad they read it as far as they have," he said, "but I understand their position—they are so near Vladivostock." However, when the Toledo *Blade* dropped the strip, sending the Hall Syndicate what Kelly recalls was a very angry letter stating that "heads of state should not be made fun of," Kelly immediately wrote back: "What else are heads of state for?"

By now Kelly has learned to live with cancellations, especially since no one stays away for long (no paper has ever permanently dropped *Pogo*).

Quite apart from his own independent Irish temperament, one of the things that sustains Kelly in the various hassles he gets Pogo into, and vice versa, is the fact that he does control his strip. "This puts you in the position of owning your own union," he quips. "If *you* don't draw it, no one does."

Then, too, in addition to owning his own union, Kelly derives enormous satisfaction from the legions of *Pogo* fans, perhaps the most fervent breed in all comicdom. *Pogo* has always been a special favorite of college students, but it isn't just the sophomore set which has Pogophilia.

"When a paper cancels *Pogo*," Milton Caniff told me, "the letters come in on president of university stationery, delicately scented stationery, bank president stationery. Editors are impressed with this kind of mail, and the strip comes back in soon enough." Joe Barnes, who originally brought Kelly to Simon and Schuster, thinks that *Pogo* fans must be "almost a fraternity of people." They use *Pogo* language in their letters, Barnes says, and when the firm gets back the referendum cards which ask why readers bought a certain book, the *Pogo* cards read: "Because I own every Pogo book!" Kelly has even gotten mail addressed to "Pogo, New York City."

However, the most astonishing demonstration of *Pogo* fandom took place back in that election year of 1952. Early in the year Kelly began receiving about 100 letters a week, many of them from college students, urging Pogo to declare himself for the nation's highest office. Kelly responded to this ground swell by making Pogo the victim of a genuine draft. The pacifist possum, who would have much preferred to go fishing, soon found himself at odds with "all kinds of extremists," including, Kelly points out, "the extreme right, the extreme left, and the extreme middle." It was an exciting campaign all right (Pogo kept running—away), and loyal readers will recall that Mr. Eisenhower came in ahead of both Mr. Stevenson and Pogo. Still, the Hall Syndicate filled requests for over a million "I Go Pogo" buttons, and there were reports on Election Day of write-in votes for Pogo. Moreover, Kelly had proved an important fact: only in America can a possum grow up to run, however reluctantly, for President.

Of course hordes of fans mean hordes of fan mail, and Kelly also gets a flotilla of requests from persons who'd like to see their name on the side of Pogo's flat-bottom boat. "Every status seeker in the U.S. wants to get his name on that boat," Joe Carter told me. "Kelly turns down adults' requests, but he does get children's names on the boat, and for their birthday yet!" Kelly also likes to surprise his friends with a boat named after them.

To be sure, Kelly has quite a number of friends who have never made the S.S. Pogo, but his generosity toward them in other areas is almost legendary. During the 1962-63 newspaper strike in New York, Kelly evidently supported half the Newspaper Guild. "I shudder to think how much he gave during the strike," Joe Carter says, "and when people came around to repay him, he wouldn't take their money. He told them instead to help someone else on his uppers."

Kelly is also a great one for trying to advance the careers of friends whom he considers neglected. He once, for example, took a magazine editor to lunch with Bill Vaughan of the Kansas City *Star*, on the theory that the editor should give Vaughan a contract to write a regular feature. Kelly wined and dined the editor and then, according to Vaughan, "leaned back and prepared to broach the subject. As he did so, he bit down on the damp end of his cigar and it shot across the table like a missile, striking the editor in the shirt front. The editor jumped up, mumbled some excuse, and has never been heard of since, at least by me. In Kelly's manner that day there was, as there frequently is, a suggestion of W. C. Fields. I think there was once some talk that Kelly would play Fields in a film. Or maybe it was the other way around. . . ."

If Kelly can be said to ever have had a favorite hangout, it probably was Bleeck's (now known as the Artists & Writers Restaurant), a midtown retreat for newspaper and magazine people. Kelly had met his great good friend, the sportswriter and columnist, John Lardner, there and Lardner introduced Kelly to a back-room organization known as the Formerly Club. It had been formed, naturally, to pay homage to the place that was formerly Bleeck's.

Each Saturday afternoon, Kelly, Lardner, columnist John Crosby, TV sports producer Hugh Beach and several other Saturday afternoon sinners would assemble to have lunch, drink, bet on horses, play the match game, sing, kid each other and not talk about business. Kelly's special role was to lead the group in revival songs, many of them based on schmaltsy current lyrics. He also excelled in singing the menu, bringing to the *a la carte* listings the same loud, stentorian tones he would use when warbling "Shenandoah, I Love Your Daughter."

Kelly also used to enjoy the distinction of being one of the world's greatest train-missers. Whenever he had a train to catch, he would sit in Bleeck's and miss

TRUE

**"Comrade, I'd like to have a talk with you."**

trains from noon to midnight. One evening Kelly insisted he *had* to catch the next train, at 8, then proceeded to drink and talk until closing time. The group moved elsewhere and continued drinking and talking throughout the night. At 7 a.m., Kelly finally departed, reminding the group as he left, "Well, I told you, didn't I, that I had to catch an 8 o'clock train!"

The Formerly Club broke up, or more accurately, simply fell apart when first one favorite member, and then Kelly's closest friend, John Lardner, died. Lardner was a quiet, brilliant man who'd usually have the last, and best, line in any repartee. He and Kelly, during their years of friendship, often traveled together, sharing many, many laughs and fifths of Scotch. But Kelly, too, has his deep, quiet side and Hugh Beach, who sometimes went south to baseball spring training with the two men, recalls that they would all ride for hours without anyone breaking the shared silence by speaking. "Being with each other was enough for them," Beach says, "and being with them—well, it was a strange experience, but a happy one."

The chief difference in Kelly's life, now, is the absence of Lardner and some other old friends, good and true. What has never changed in Kelly's life—regardless of other commitments and the varying state of his health—is his fealty toward Pogo Possum and the rest of the Okefenokee crowd. When Kelly travels these days, *Pogo* often travels with him, although of course Kelly much prefers to work on the strip on a less peripatetic basis. For one thing, while it's no problem for Kelly to be commercial, that is, funny, it's not easy to be commercial and significant. "I don't work until I'm ready," he explains. "It may take a week of thinking. It may take much longer."

Until two years ago, Kelly used as his studio a large, comfortable room with a skylight in the brownstone apartment he shares with his second wife, Stephanie, an attractive woman about 10 years his junior, and three of their four children. (Kelly's oldest son, Peter, attends the University of Colorado.) This studio, which is lined with books, framed originals from other cartoonists and a lot of memorabilia, finally became so crowded that Kelly took a second studio nearby, leaving home base to his assistant, Henry Shikuma, whose main task is to ink in the elaborate lettering Kelly has created for *Pogo*.

Of the really successful members of his profession—those who can afford all the help they want—Kelly is one of the rare birds who draws the entire strip by himself. Some comic strips today are produced almost on an assembly-line basis, but Kelly doesn't go the mass production route. "I don't believe in a big staff," he says. "Drawing is so important and," heartfelt pause, "most cartoonists can't draw their ass!"

Kelly works on *Pogo* now in his second studio, a bright, modern place which overlooks New York's East River. With his drawing board alongside a large window, he can see the tugs and hulking barges churning by, and he will reveal to an interested visitor an impressive knowledge of river lore.

He'll be doing more traveling, he said recently, because there is still a lot he wants to know about the world situation. "I don't trust anybody—AP, Reuters, UPI —I got to go and look, to find out for myself." Hopefully his reports will end up as a book, but a great deal of work must be done before he'd consider them eligible for hard covers. "Walt cares as much about his writing as his drawing," Joe Barnes once said. "He polishes words as though they're going to be carved on gravestones."

Naturally enough, his wife worries about his health—"He's always so busy he never has a chance to catch up, get his wind"—but Kelly is pretty satisfied. "When I look back at my work, I'm still proud of most of it," he says. "With millions of readers your work should be meaningful, so give 'em anything you want to give 'em, poetry or philosophy or whatever. That's the measure of the man."

One of these days, therefore—perhaps by the time you're reading this—the two leading adversaries of the world will be appearing, either doing a duet or operating solo, in the Okefenokee Swamp. "I think Mr. Johnson deserves to be in there," Kelly says, indicating at the same time that he has equally satiric plans for LBJ's biggest potential problem, Comrade Mao Tse-tung.

In other words: what else are heads of state for? —Bob Abel


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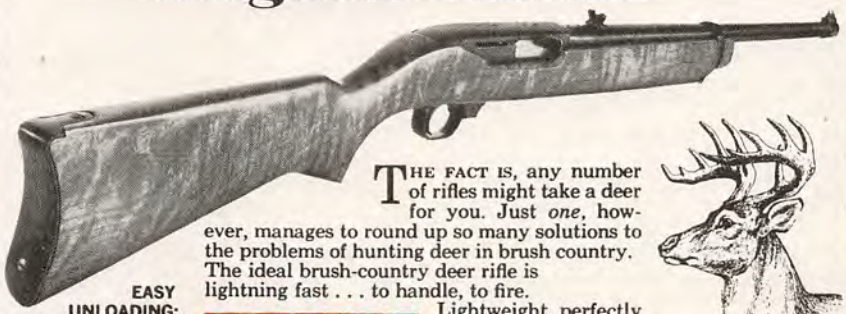

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**A KILLER WAITS AND HOPES . . .**
[*Continued from page* 35]

talked, Thompson suddenly remembered that he'd been keeping $4,400 in a bedroom drawer. When Barkley telephoned the house to check, detectives looked and told him they couldn't find the money. Maybe, Thompson suggested, a burglar had attacked Carol.

Maybe, Barkley agreed. But he had found violence and house prowlers a rare mixture. Perhaps an angry client of Thompson's had wreaked his revenge on Carol and then stolen the money. At Barkley's request, Thompson ticked off a roll call of everyone he had defended in recent months, but in every case he tearfully insisted the association had been strictly professional and that to a man his clients were satisfied.

"Is there anyone else—not necessarily a client—who hates you so much he might attack your wife for spite?" Barkley asked.

Thompson thought for a long moment. "Well," he said slowly, "I suppose I should tell you this: one night last January I got home late from a village board meeting and found a note from Carol pinned to my pillow. It said, 'Ron Olesen called and said you should stay away from his wife or he would take care of you.' "

Olesen was a truck driver who had married a girl named Jackie, once Thompson's secretary. Before the marriage, Thompson admitted, he and Jackie had mixed dictation with dallying. Months ago he had told Carol about the affair and broken it off. But Olesen, when he learned of it, was furious. Later, Jackie had decided to divorce him, and Thompson had taken her case. This development worked like gasoline on Olesen's blowtorch temper and apparently prompted his threat.

At 12:58 p.m. that fateful March day of 1963, Carol Thompson died on the operating table. When the doctors broke the news, Thompson became hysterical.

Barkley left him to their care. On his way out of the hospital the lieutenant took a moment to telephone the young attorney's office. Yes, the receptionist there assured him, Mr. Thompson had arrived early and called home about 8:30 that morning. She had placed the call and had talked briefly to Mrs. Thompson.

At the $38,000 Thompson home, Barkley soaked up more information, seeking a focus for his attention.

The front vestibule was as bloody as a slaughterhouse, and Ted Elzerman, the criminalist in charge of the police crime laboratory, explained that the brunt of the attack had obviously erupted there. In one crimson pool lay the handle of the knife blade that had been found in Carol's throat. Nearby were three live cartridges and two pieces of carefully carved, black-and-white laminated plastic. Fitted together, they apparently formed a pistol grip.

"A gun butt probably caused her head wounds," Elzerman said. "The killer must have beat her so hard the grip broke in half and fell off. But if he had a gun, why didn't he shoot her?"

Another puzzle surrounded a chain lock at the front door. Bloody footprints in the snow showed it was through this door that Carol staggered to the Nelsons. Elzerman discovered that the screws of the chain-lock plate had been freshly pulled part way out of the door frame. This condition suggested that Carol must have "yanked like hell on this door with the chain in place, trying to escape."

He had found a pair of glasses on her bed upstairs, and neighbors had told him that without glasses Carol could easily have missed seeing the chain. Significantly, she would not have expected the chain to be in place. Everyone knew the Thompsons never locked their doors.

"But," Elzerman asked Barkley, "did you ever hear of a burglar who locked the door of a house he was in?"

Upstairs, the burglary theory took another blow. The drawers of several cabinets in the master bedroom had been pulled out, but instead of being dumped to scatter the contents in the normal burglar fashion, they were stacked one atop another. Why?

In the bathroom down the hall, Elzerman showed Barkley a sink smeared with blood, a nightgown crumpled on the floor and a tub partly filled with water. The criminalist speculated that the attack began there as Carol was preparing to bathe, and that she fled downstairs, only to be trapped by the chained door.

Behind the bathroom door, the investigators picked up a two-foot length of thick red rubber hose. "Where does this fit in?" Barkley asked. Elzerman shrugged.

After a little checking, Ron Olesen's threat began to look like a hot lead. He and Jackie had had a reconciliation, and on the murder morning, he had driven her to work not far from the Thompson home. But then he had been alone and apparently without an alibi for a significant gap of time. Moreover, when Barkley first questioned Jackie, a gorgeous, raven-haired girl in her 20's, she freely admitted that her husband carried a deep grudge against Cotton Thompson.

Although she volunteered little about her shadowy love affair, there was something in the way she talked about Thompson that made Barkley think the liaison had been intense. Before he could explore the matter further, however, County Attorney Randall called with the

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"Now, once again. Cleopatra was bitten *by* an *asp*."

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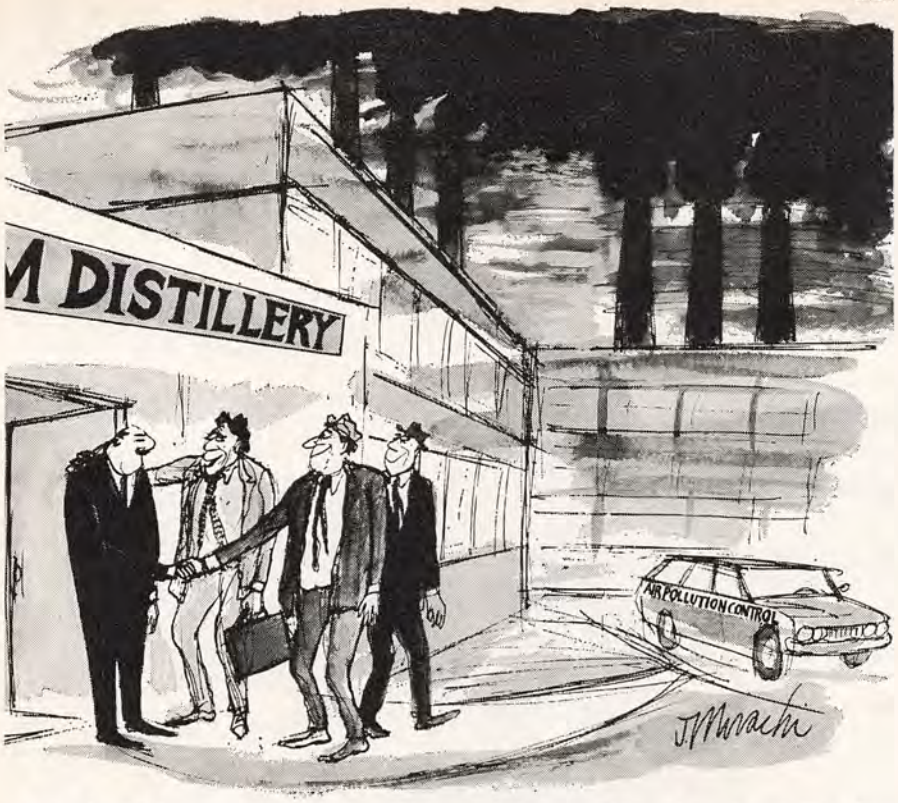


**"We don't like to make a fuss. See if you can do something about it, will you?"**

tip about the heavy insurance on Carol, and Barkley had to shift his investigative attack temporarily.

Within a week his case file was brimming with peculiarly related facts. In a canvass of St. Paul insurance agencies, detectives learned that from February, 1962 —13 months before the murder—Thompson had been on an insurance spree. With what one agent called "a sense of urgency," Thompson had bought Carol nine separate policies totaling not $800,000, but $1,055,000. Barkley wrinkled his brows as he read the report. Money was always a great motive—but Thompson also carried $460,000 insurance on his own life. Yet it was odd that Thompson, as several agents recalled, had specifically arranged for his wife to sign blank applications so that she would not know the value—or the nature—of the policies he was acquiring. About two-thirds of the coverage was of short-term accident type—worthless had Carol died of natural causes.

Barkley himself probed further. One salesman told him that while he and Thompson were discussing insurance at the St. Paul Athletic Club about a year ago, Thompson had suddenly blurted that he'd felt a "premonition" Carol would meet with some tragic accident.

"I bet him the biggest malted milk in town nothing would happen," the agent said.

When mid-February of the next year passed uneventfully, Thompson paid off —just three weeks shy of the day Carol died a most unnatural death.

Filing the details of the insurance policies on a shelf in his mind to pick up later, Barkley returned to his earlier line of inquiry. But this time when he headed out to Jackie Olesen's apartment he wanted to know a good deal more about her extra romance. For some time she stuck to her story of a casual affair; then, after a series of persistent visits, Barkley pried loose a more interesting view of the situation.

Jackie had first met Thompson in 1957, when she appeared as a witness in a divorce case he was handling. Later she took a job in his office for a few months. There had been the usual prelude of night-club dinners and jeweled gifts, building to a seduction scene one wintry night in the shuttered summer cottage of Carol's parents at nearby Forest Lake.

As the affair deepened, Jackie admitted, Thompson had offered to establish her as his mistress in a deluxe apartment overlooking the Mississippi River, and another time he had proposed depositing $10,000 in her bank account. But whenever she mentioned his leaving his family for her, he stalled. When she began dating Ron Olesen early in 1962, the trucker bluntly warned her that Thompson never intended to do more than just string her along.

"I told Cotton this," Jackie went on as Barkley listened intently, "and he begged me to give him time to make his family financially secure. He said, 'Just give me a year.' "

As nearly as Jackie could remember, Thompson had made this implied promise in February, 1962—about the time he began to buy large amounts of insurance, and little more than a year before Carol was murdered.

Though Jackie married Olesen anyway in June, 1962, she and Thompson continued to meet, and she openly admitted to Barkley that she still loved him. Not long ago he had remarked to her over lunch, "Jackie, if I am ever a widower, I'll come and get you."

While Barkley was dragging these memories from Jackie, other homicide detectives had been checking into the backgrounds and activities of Thompson's recent clients. About two weeks after the murder, Barkley settled down to the reports from taverns, restaurants and nightclubs—and ran across a notation that aroused a glimmer of interest.

At a St. Paul supper club called McGuire's, Thompson had been seen drinking a few weeks before the murder with one of his past clients, a curly-haired ne'er-do-well named Norman Mastrian.

At one time, Barkley knew, Mastrian had been a promising young boxer—a Golden Gloves contender in the Twin Cities—as well as a brilliant journalism student at Macalester College, where the Thompsons had gone. But now, 40-ish and a floater, he had degenerated into a two-bit hoodlum. Early in 1962 he had been arrested in connection with the murder of a St. Paul café owner, but was released for lack of evidence. That summer an old college friend sent him to Cotton Thompson with the suggestion that Mastrian sue for false arrest. Thompson took the case, but nothing had developed.

The thing that bothered Barkley about Mastrian was that Thompson had stated emphatically he knew his underworld clients only professionally, not socially. What was so professional, Barkley pondered, about drinking at McGuire's? Did heavy insurance, an illicit love and an association with a tough thug go together?

Barkley launched several discreet inquiries. In a log book kept by the switchboard operator at the legal offices Thompson shared, Barkley discovered that between August, 1962, and Carol's murder, Norman Mastrian had made more than 30 calls to the lawyer, often leaving a message to meet him at some night spot.

Furthermore, Barkley's men tracked down several Macalester alumni who knew both Thompson and Mastrian. One disclosed that he'd heard Mastrian recently unloaded on Thompson some stock in an anemic manufacturing outfit called Telostat Corp.

When Barkley called Randall with this news, the county attorney obtained stock transfer records from the company and checked them over. Five months before the murder, Thompson had paid Mastrian $5,250 for 3,200 shares of stock. At that time, Randall learned, the stock had been worth roughly 28 cents a share, or about $900. A few weeks later Thompson sold the securities at a $4,450 loss.

Could the purchase from Mastrian, Randall suggested, have been a cover-up for what otherwise might seem a suspicious transfer of a considerable sum from Thompson?

Barkley absorbed that idea as two more scraps of information worked their way onto his mental shelf.

In going over the Thompson neighborhood, detectives had learned that six weeks before the murder, to Carol's pub-

licly expressed distress. Thompson had asked an animal hospital to find a good home for Schatzie, the family's pet dachshund and a barker of renown. Schatzie, Thompson had complained to others, had never been properly housebroken and he didn't want the dog ruining their new carpet.

Several neighbors also reported that an upstairs extension phone had been removed from the Thompson house shortly before the slaying, leaving only a kitchen phone in use. Indeed, on the day Carol died, the extension had been seen on the back seat of Cotton Thompson's car. But again, Barkley's men found a reason—Thompson claimed he was turning in the extension for one of different color to match the house's new décor.

A month had passed since the murder, and Barkley was still trying to fit together his facts when Ted Elzerman walked in from the crime lab. "Remember those two pieces of carved plastic gun grip we picked up at the Thompson house?" the criminalist asked. "Well, we glued them together in the lab and matched them against the butts of the guns in our weapons file." He laid a pistol on Barkley's desk. "The grip fits this model, a 7.65 Luger."

"A Luger," Barkley repeated. "Maybe that's why Carol was stabbed instead of shot." If, during the struggle in the Thompson hall, her attacker's Luger had jammed, as automatics sometimes do, he might have grabbed up the knife.

Three days later, after newspapers and TV stations had carried pictures of the police weapon with the distinctive grip attached, a traveling salesman from Minneapolis appeared at headquarters. He said he had carved the grip to fit a Luger his father had given him, but he had no idea where the gun was now. "It disappeared last Valentine's Day when someone burglarized my apartment."

That night, Barkley showed the police Luger to key officers through the Twin Cities' area and asked them to contact their underworld informants for word of a similar gun.

In four days the move paid off. A Minneapolis detective inspector phoned Barkley that an old stoolie had mentioned seeing three young fellows in a Minneapolis bar last February, trying to sell a typewriter, a TV set—and a Luger pistol.

"He thinks one of them was Willard Ingram," the inspector said. "I read about a week ago that he and two other guys were pinched over in St. Paul for a tavern holdup. I think they're in your jail right now!"

The inspector was one-third right. Two of the trio, Richard Sharp and Henry Butler, were already out on bail, but Bill Ingram was still behind bars. The moment Barkley stepped into the prisoner's cell, he sensed that something was eating Ingram. The lieutenant played on it by repeatedly mentioning the Thompson case while apparently asking about the tavern job. Ingram soon realized that he might be in much worse difficulty than he thought. He began to talk.

He was sore over the disappearance of $10,000 in gems from the trunk of his car, the proceeds of a jewelry store bur-


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glary. He suspected that a sometime fence with whom he and his partners had been negotiating had heisted it.

"At one of our meetings in Minneapolis with this guy," Ingram said, "he asked if I was interested in a 'hit' for $2,000. He said, 'It's out of the city. It's a woman.' I said I didn't want anything to do with it."

To Barkley the moment seemed crucial. He pulled out the police Luger with the glued-up carved grip. Ingram reluctantly admitted taking a gun like it in a Valentine's Day burglary. His buddies, Sharp and Butler, had given it to the fence two days before the Thompson slaying.

"Who is the fence?" Barkley asked.

"Norman Mastrian."

Before dawn on April 19, police kicked in the door of Mastrian's suburban home and took him into custody, then picked up Henry Butler. Richard Sharp had left town. Mastrian only snarled profanely, but Butler spoke freely when questioned.

Mastrian had also approached him to kill a woman, but like Ingram he turned the proposition down. However, he and Sharp had given the stolen Luger to Mastrian as a favor.

The day after that meeting, March 5—the day before the murder—Butler had driven the fence to the apartment of a man named Dick Anderson. Mastrian and Anderson conferred privately in a bedroom, and Anderson emerged holding the Luger with the hand-carved grips. Butler guessed Mastrian had found a killer.

A few hours later, the burglary trio discovered their jewelry had been filched, apparently by Mastrian, the only other one who knew its hiding place.

Barkley sent a query on Richard W. C. Anderson to Minneapolis, where Deputy Sheriff Larry McMullin considered it with especial interest. He knew Anderson, a handsome chap of 35. During the Korean War Anderson had won the Silver Star after being twice wounded. He had suffered severe psychological damage, and even after treatment he often awoke screaming. Lately he had been working as a salesman for an aluminum siding firm.

The deputy hustled over there, but the boss informed him that Anderson had disappeared. "Damn good salesman, but he takes off every now and then on a booze binge," the employer commented. "He'll call me. Always runs out of bread to get home on."

"If he does," the deputy said, "have your secretary tell him you're not in and find out where he is."

Late that afternoon, through a chain of phone calls, word reached Lieutenant Barkley that Anderson was in the Tropics Motel in Phoenix, Arizona. Minutes later, at Barkley's request, the Phoenix police grabbed the man.

Like Mastrian, Anderson wouldn't talk. But by midnight the Phoenix police surprisingly had made a second catch.

When Barkley had learned of Richard Sharp's involvement with Mastrian, he had sent out a general "wanted" message. The Phoenix police, making a routine check of their records, found that a man of that name had received a traffic ticket a few days before—just after arriving from Minneapolis. His local address was his sister's home, and the police had simply gone and got him.

"Say, Fred, I've hit a snag. How do you go about it when they want to pay now?"

Sharp admitted his identity and alleged that Mastrian had offered him, too, the chance to kill for pay, describing the intended victim as "a church-goer with four kids and a bunch of insurance." But Sharp claimed he had done no more than pass Mastrian the stolen Luger.

Back in St. Paul, with the news out, Cotton Thompson broke a long silence and told reporters he was "very pleased" to hear of the day's arrests. "I pray the guilty parties in my wife's murder will quickly be brought to justice," he added.

In a separate talk with the press, Barkley remarked, "The big fish is yet to be caught."

Just whom he had in mind, he didn't say. Privately he toted up the evidence. Cotton Thompson had a double motive: accident insurance and a mistress, both with million-dollar figures. Some of Thompson's recent behavior, such as disposing of the phone and the dog, whatever his asserted reasons, was suspect. But beyond this point Barkley could prove only that Thompson had entered into a peculiar stock transaction with a man who later went shopping for a killer to knock off a woman whose vague description fit Thompson's wife. Hardly enough, the lieutenant sighed, to put away one of the most prominent young men in Minnesota.

A few days later a former Minneapolis cab driver named Sheldon Morris walked into Barkley's office. An underworld bounty of $4,000 had been placed on his head, Morris explained, without explaining why, and he wanted a cell and the police protection that went with it. He got both, because the 34-year-old Morris had been named as Mastrian's chauffeur during the hunt for a killer. But at first Shelly Morris would say nothing about murder.

Then the first week in May, during a long session with Randall and Barkley, he nervously spilled out several missing pieces to the puzzle.

He'd been present when Mastrian propositioned Sharp, Ingram and Butler for the "hit" contract, Morris admitted, but he'd missed the closing of the deal with Anderson. However, on March 6, just 45 minutes after Carol Thompson staggered into the snow bleeding from 50 wounds, he and Mastrian picked up Anderson on a St. Paul street. They drove north to rural Elk River, where they ditched some bloody clothing and a Luger Anderson carried. Later, Morris stated, he delivered $2,300 from Mastrian to Anderson. He thought that most of the money came from a Twin Cities lawyer named John Connolly.

Quickly Randall called Connolly as a witness before a grand jury. Under questioning, the lawyer acknowledged he'd got the money from Cotton Thompson, an old friend. Just two weeks after Carol's death, he recalled, Thompson had handed him 25 $100 bills to be relayed to Norman Mastrian. Thompson claimed this was the retainer Mastrian had paid him to handle the old false-arrest suit. Because the suit never materialized, he was returning the money through Connolly, who was representing Mastrian on other matters.

The suspected alliance between Thompson and Mastrian appeared to be coming clear. To Randall and Barkley it seemed likely that when Thompson had investigated Mastrian's 1962 arrest, preparatory to the contemplated false-arrest suit, he had unearthed enough damaging information to feel able to ask the man to commit murder. After a down-payment on the job disguised as a stock purchase, Thompson filled out his insurance policy list. But Mastrian then decided to sublet the contract, probably because he had been concerned with a previous murder probe. After the slaying, Thompson sent along the final payment via Connolly.

A few days after Morris' statement, searchers recovered a rusty Luger pistol and a pair of bloody pants bearing Dick Anderson's laundry mark from a swamp near Elk River. Screwed to one side of the gun butt was the counterpart of the broken carved grip found in the Thompson home, and still clinging to the gun's surface were threads of hair which crime lab technicians later matched with samples from Carol Thompson's head.

Dick Anderson held out until June 20. Then, faced with the evidence, he confessed. Mastrian had offered him $2,000 to kill "a woman named Thompson," with $1,000 bonus "if it looked like an accident."

The death plan was borrowed, in part, from an old Hitchcock thriller, *Dial M for Murder*. Before dawn, Anderson was to slip into the Thompson basement and wait for the kitchen phone to ring at about 8:30. When Mrs. Thompson answered it, he was to creep up to the kitchen and clout her unconscious with a piece of thick red rubber hose Mastrian had given him. Then he was to strip her, place her in a tub of water in the second-floor bathroom and drown her. A not uncommon bathroom accident would be blamed. It was to be a perfect crime.

According to Anderson, Mastrian promised that "Mr. Thompson" would facilitate matters by chaining the front door against casual friendly callers, leaving the back door unlocked for Anderson's entry, drawing water into the tub and placing the cue call from his office.

On the murder morning, Anderson, wearing surgical gloves and fortified with Benzedrine pills and vodka, crept into the house while the family slept. But on his way to the basement he noticed the steps creaked. Afraid Carol would hear him coming, he waited until after the telephone signal and attacked her as she lounged upstairs on her bed, reading.

One blow of the hose knocked her out. But as he was lowering her into the tub, she came to. "With the surgical gloves wet, she slipped out of my grasp," Anderson recalled. When Carol, instinctively modest, paused to grab a robe rather than run outside naked, Anderson caught her.

His Luger failed to fire, so he pistol-whipped her as she fled downstairs toward the front door. Trapped by the chain, she fell to her knees as the blows rained down. "Please stop!" she screamed. "My husband is a criminal lawyer! He'll protect you from the police!" Then she collapsed.

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The grip on the Luger had broken and several shells had spilled out. Frantic, Anderson darted into the kitchen and grabbed a paring knife. He stabbed Carol until the blade snapped. Then, thinking her dead, he dashed upstairs, pulled out the bedroom drawers to simulate burglary, and fled. Moments later, Carol came to and made her way to her neighbor's house.

While the last details of the confession were being filled in, the law began to operate. Capt. Vern Phillips of the Ramsey County sheriff's office, an old acquaintance of Thompson's, headed out to the summer cottage at Forest Lake where the attorney had been staying since the murder. When Thompson returned from a nightclub, he found Phillips waiting for him, with a warrant charging first degree murder.

In December, 1963, after a sensational murder trial, Thompson was sentenced to life in prison, the maximum penalty in Minnesota. Later, Mastrian and Anderson, too, were tried and given life.

Thompson continued to profess his innocence through an appeal to the Minnesota Supreme Court. In 1964, for another reason, it appeared he might be vindicated. In a letter to the governor from his prison cell, Dick Anderson recanted his confession and insisted he had killed Carol during a burglary. He had implicated Thompson only because of police pressure, he said. He repeated this version to Thompson's attorney of the time. But when Anderson was transferred to another prison, he rejected the new story and said Mastrian and Thompson had threatened him into fabricating it.

Thompson's appeal to the Minnesota high court was turned down in early 1966. But more surprises may lie ahead. Thompson is now asking the U.S. Supreme Court to hear the case, claiming, among other things, that he did not receive a fair trial.

That contention does not impress County Attorney Randall. On hearing of the new appeal, he said, "In no respect were any constitutional rights violated. I feel Thompson is guilty. He's where he belongs."

—Charles Remsberg

# MAN TO MAN
# ANSWERS
**from the staff of TRUE**

**John Sigmund stops for chow during 1940 record 288-mile swim down the Mississippi.**

Vacationing in Florida, Mike Caplan of Atlanta, Georgia, witnessed one of the annual four-mile ocean marathon swims made by Jacksonville Beach volunteer lifeguards. Impressed by the total exhaustion of the swimmers as they stumbled ashore, he wonders how much the human body can actually take in the water. Who holds the record for the longest nonstop swim ever made?

The longest recorded swim covered a distance of 292 miles. The record was set in July, 1940, when John V. Sigmund, a 30-year-old, husky 6-foot, 3-inch butcher, swam from his hometown of St. Louis down the Mississippi to Caruthersville, Missouri.

The swim took almost four days. Sigmund remained in the water continuously, moving his arms almost all the time because strong currents and whirlpools made floating impossible. Because of the tremendous amount of energy required for heavy swimming, Sigmund was fed such foods as cream and ground steak every hour from one of ten boats which followed him. He took pills to restrain his biological functions.

During the swim, Sigmund's body was covered with heavy grease, less for warmth than to prevent waterlogging. Without protection, continued exposure in water causes pores of the skin to open, resulting in extreme irritation. He was also covered with a second coat of whale oil—an old seaman's remedy for warding off fish. Catfish in the Mississippi weigh up to 125 pounds and can be nasty when attracted to a possible open cut or wound. Because a bathing suit would eventually rub away the protective oil and grease beneath it, Sigmund swam naked.

With the help of donations from friends, Sigmund financed the swim himself. Twenty-five people, from a doctor to lighting technicians, were on the four-day payroll. Sigmund neither received nor sought any financial gain from the feat. Marvin Pike of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* verified the time.

When Sigmund completed the swim, he erased the previous distance record of 288 miles set a year earlier by Clarence Giles in the Yellowstone River between Glendive and Billings, Montana. Sigmund's swim also set the record for the longest consecutive time in water—89 hours and 42 minutes. That record had previously been held by Myrtle Huddleston of New York, who, in 1931, paddled about in the comparative safety of a swimming pool for 87 hours and 27 minutes.

Last year, with his 27-year-old son, John, Jr., swimming beside him, Sigmund, now 56 and semiretired, again challenged the Mississippi. They swam from St. Louis to Crystal City, Missouri, in eight hours, a distance of 30 miles. He plans to repeat that swim again next year, "just to keep in shape."

Long distance swimming has had other remarkable performances in addition to Sigmund's record and those of his predecessors. Russell Chaffee, a stocky, 39-year-old Sayre, Pennsylvania, high school mathematics teacher who slept ashore at night, completed a month-long, 440-mile swim in the Susquehanna River last July. He lost 25 pounds in the process.

And in 1938, Charles Zimmy swam the Hudson River from Albany to New York City, a distance of 147 miles. Zimmy had no legs.

**Q: What was the highest price ever paid for a single rare stamp?** ***Jake Feeney, Tallahassee, Fla.***

A: $41,000. This was the amount collector Raymond H. Weill paid in 1963 for the 2¢ blue Hawaiian Missionary, issued by the Kingdom of Hawaii in 1851 and so-called because it was used by Christian missionaries writing home. Only 15 copies of the stamp are known to be in existence, and of these only Weill's is uncancelled.

**Q: What kind of a bird is a bird of paradise?** ***Wilbur Blair, Newport, R. I.***

A: Any one of a family of birds, numbering over 50 species, which is found in New Guinea, northern Australia and on the neighboring islands. The name is a free translation of the native word "manukdewata" which means "birds of the gods." The males are brilliantly plumed in rich colors. During the courting season they gather in great flocks and go through their stuff—fanning out tails, lifting wings, raising crests. It has quite an effect on the females of the species, drably plumed in contrast.

**Q: What is the actual function of the musk-producing gland in the musk deer?** ***David R. Titcomb, Weare, N. H.***

A: Found in the abdomen of the male musk deer only, the gland produces a strong-smelling secretion which attracts the female musk deer. The gland, when processed, is also highly popular with the perfume industry because it gives strength and permanency to various perfumes.

UPI

**Q: How many foreign boxers have held the world heavyweight title?** ***Ernie Reynolds, Cleveland, Ohio***

A: Five. Robert Fitzsimmons of England knocked out James J. Corbett for the title in 1897. Tommy Burns of Canada beat Marvin Hart in a 20-rounder in 1906. Max Schmeling of Germany won the vacant title in 1930 by means of a foul called on his opponent, Jack Sharkey. In another try, Sharkey won the title from Schmeling in 1932, but lost it the following year to Primo Carnera of Italy. The last foreign fighter to hold the title was Sweden's Ingemar Johansson who knocked out Floyd Patterson in the third round of their title bout in June, 1959. The following June, Floyd won it back from Johansson on a fifth round KO.

**Q: I understand that the final selection of the Unknown Soldier of World War II was made between two bodies. What happened to the body not selected to rest in the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier?** ***Fred W. Heise, Chicago, Ill.***

A: The final selection of the Unknown Soldier of World War II was made aboard the *USS Canberra* off the coast of Norfolk, Virginia, in May, 1958. The body not chosen was buried at sea in the time-honored tradition of the Navy. At present there are three Unknown Soldiers resting in the Tomb of the Unknowns at Arlington National Cemetery. They include one from World War I, the one from World War II and one, also selected in 1958, from the Korean War.

**Q: Why don't Park rangers permit people to pet or touch young fawns?** ***Howard Kelso, Cincinnati, Ohio***

A: When a baby deer or any other young species of wildlife is touched or cuddled by a human it is immediately covered with human scent. To the fawn's mother it spells danger. The adult deer's self-protective instincts are even stronger than its maternal ones. It would abandon the fawn to die.

**Q: How does lightning cause the sound of thunder?** ***Herb Wiseman, Boston, Mass.***

A: The electricity which causes lightning heats the air around it so quickly and to such a degree that it actually explodes. The sound of the explosion is thunder.


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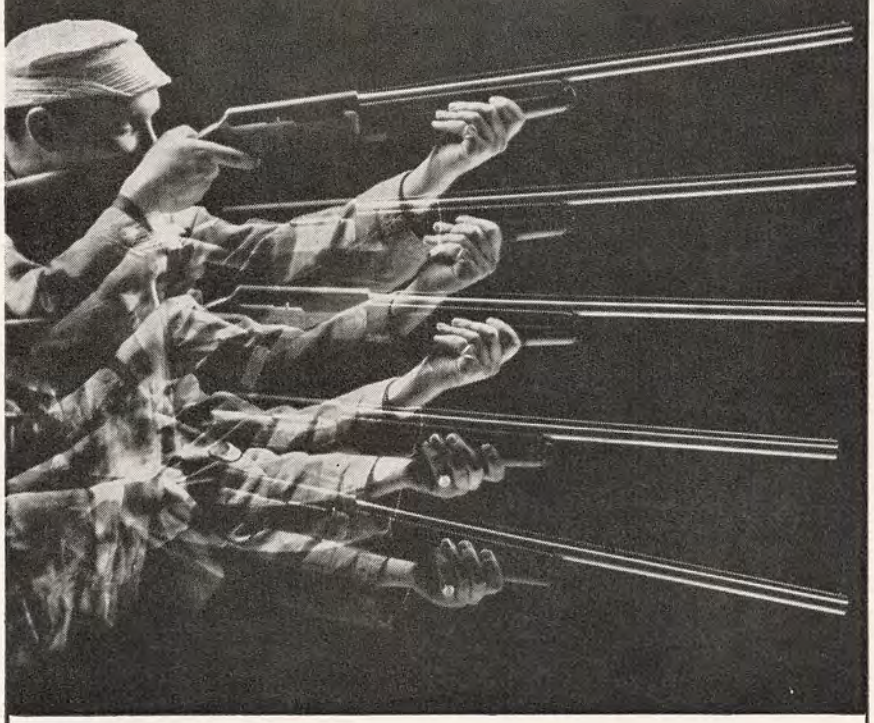

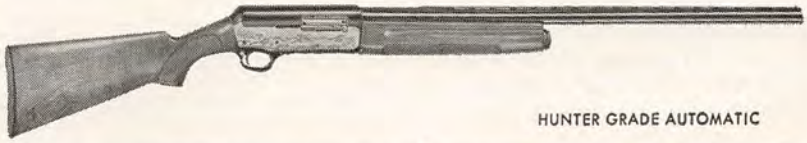

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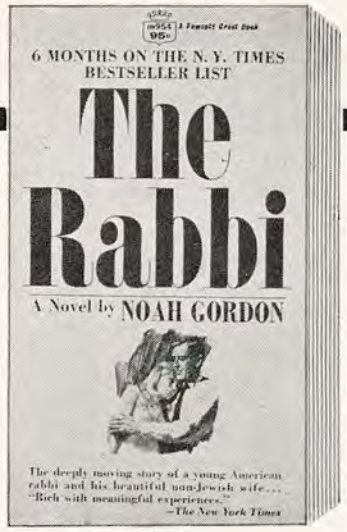


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**Q: I read somewhere that the game of billiards originated in ancient Egypt. True? *Joe Waller, Sandusky, Ohio.***

A: It's doubtful. The best evidence places the game's origin in 14th-century England and France where it is believed to have slowly developed from the outdoor game of bowls. Egypt comes into the picture because Shakespeare in his play, *Antony and Cleopatra,* had Cleopatra suggest a game of billiards to her maidservant. Some historians seize upon this as proof that billiards was played over 2,000 years ago. However, Shakespeare frequently took historical liberties in his writings.

**Q: Recently I came across some books in my attic that had holes in the pages which didn't look like wormholes. Could the paper have been eaten by some other culprit? *Dennis Laker, Philadelphia, Pa.***

A: Yes. You can probably blame a tiny insect called the silverfish. Characterized by a flat, scaled, silvery body and three long tails, it can slip into cracks of the smallest dimension and begin feasting. It eats paper and cloth, and it considers the glue found in book bindings a gourmet's delight. Another insect which can damage books is the book lice. It lives mainly outdoors, but if enough of its members infest a house they can reduce valuable papers and books to a powdery dust.

**Q: During the seige of Dien Bien Phu, towards the end of the French-Indochina War, a nurse refused evacuation when loss of the battle was imminent. Her refusal caused quite a bit of publicity at the time, but no mention was made of her fate. What happened to her? *Gerald T. Mooney, Davenport, Iowa.***

A: Lt. Genevieve de Galard-Terraube, who was later to be called "The Angel of Dien Bien Phu" remained with the French garrison for 41 days while it was under siege by the Viet Minh. When the French positions were finally overrun on May 7, 1954, she was taken prisoner along with more than 10,000 troops of the French Union Army. Ho Chi Minh, the rebel leader, allowed the more seriously wounded to be evacuated, and on May 27 she was airlifted out with the 858 wounded. Lieutenant Galard-Terraube received the Legion of Honor and the highest Red Cross award, the Florence Nightingale Medal, for her heroism.

Wide World

**Q: What is the longest period of time that a person has been able to remain awake? *Henry Demers, Worcester, Mass.***

A: Randy Gardner, a 17-year-old high-school student from San Diego, stayed awake for 264 hours in 1964 without the help of coffee or other stimulants. He was closely watched by three doctors during the 11-day period. By the fourth day he became irritable, suffered lapses of memory and had concentration difficulty. By the ninth day he seemed to think in a fragmented manner and often did not finish sentences. His eyes bothered him, and he became almost expressionless. At the end of the 11-day period, he slept for 14 hours, rebounding back into a healthy, cheerful mood. He suffered no lasting aftereffects. Although Gardner holds the record for sleeplessness, his symptoms were a lot less severe than others who stayed awake less than half the time in other tests. Many suffered severe psychotic delusions and hallucinations and months of depression after the tests were over.

**Q: What happened to Admiral Walter Wilhelm Canaris, head of the German Secret Service during World War II? If he is dead, how did he meet his end? *G. M. Reid, Charleston, S. C.***

A: For aiding the conspirators who attemped to take Hitler's life on July 20, 1944, Canaris was arrested and held prisoner for almost a year. He was tried and sentenced to death at Flossenburg concentration camp on April 9, 1945, less than a month before the war ended. It was not immediately known whether the sentence was ever carried out, but in 1955, when the Gestapo prosecutor in the case was brought to trial, a number of witnesses testified that they saw Canaris hanged on the same day he was sentenced.

**Q: Who originated the saying, "I should have stood in bed."? *Dick Edman, Pasadena, Calif.***

A: Joe Jacobs. A colorful fight promoter in the '30's, he uttered the words after betting heavily on Chicago which lost to Detroit in the 1935 World Series. He had left a sick bed to attend some games. He also originated another famous expression. He was managing heavyweight Max Schmeling who lost a hotly contested decision to Jack Sharkey on June 21, 1932. Jacobs, in protest, grabbed the radio microphone and shouted for a coast-to-coast audience to hear, "We was robbed."

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**Q: What is the most popular participation sport in the U.S. today?** ***George Warring, Fort Benning, Ga.***

A: Cycling. It has a reported 57 million participants. Next on the list is volleyball, followed by boating, bowling, camping, fishing, roller skating and soft ball, in that order.

**Q: What is the government's attitude toward Social Security payments to citizens living outside the country? Are they eligible? If so, is payment made in U.S. dollars or foreign currency?** ***Matt Hughes, No. Hollywood, Calif.***

A: The Social Security Act provides that persons who have worked in the U.S. long enough to be eligible for Social Security benefits are entitled to receive these benefits no matter where they happen to be. About 49,000 retired or disabled workers who are U.S. citizens living abroad on a permanent or non-permanent basis currently are receiving such benefits. Payments are made in foreign currency except in those countries for which the U.S. has no currency reserve. In that case payment is made in U.S. dollars.

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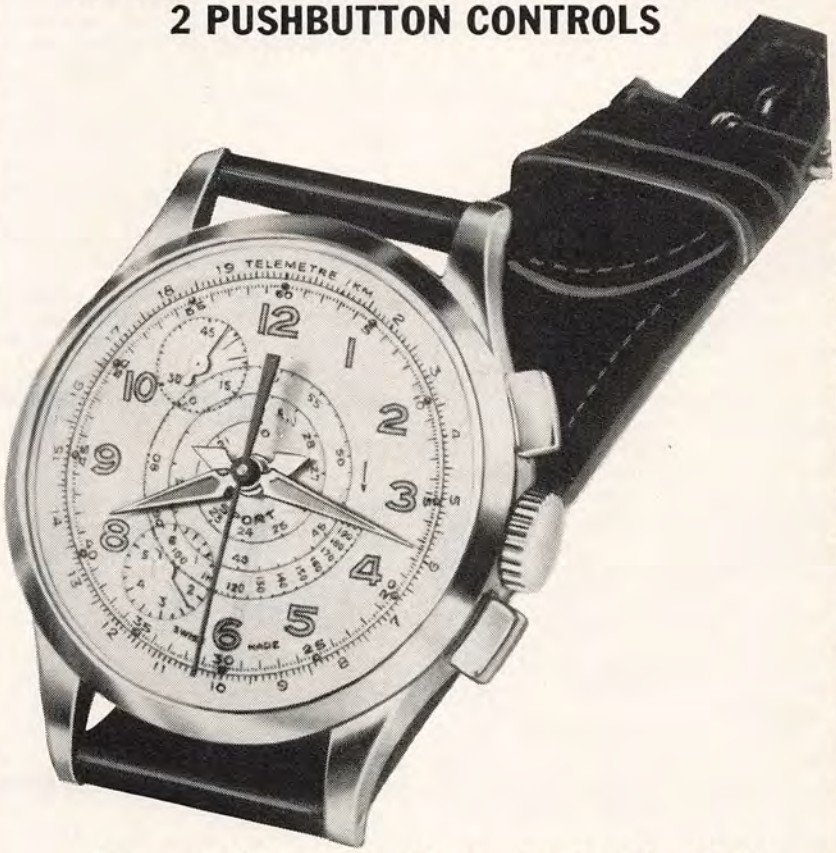


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## A KOOKIE COLLEGE GROWS TALL IN THE CORN

[*Continued from page* 57]

1955, with a 12-month deficit of $160,000, the trustees were desperate, and the 16th president had quit. After getting refusals from some 50 candidates, the selection committee was ready to quit too. Then chairman Walter Williams heard from a business executive friend in New York about Roberts and his work as the minister's assistant at Brick Presbyterian Church. For three years he had been successfully raising funds, an activity that surely qualified him for the role of today's college president, even though he had no experience in higher education.

"I must have been nuts," says Roberts when asked why he went to a small midwestern town to take on a job that paid $8,400, less than he had been making as a Park Avenue pastor. "Maybe it was the challenge. It sure wasn't the salary. But I wanted to be a college president, and that's what they offered."

The new prexie was a pistol. He had been earning his own living since the age of 15, had served some rough duty as a chaplain in the South Pacific in World War II, and had received a Presidential citation for boosting troop morale in Japan. If there was one thing Parsons needed in the mid-Fifties it was *morale*. Like many a little man who tends to get shoved around, Roberts also had guts. "I project the image of the fat boy who pushes hard," he says. "I'm not merely an educator, I'm a program man."

The first thing the trustees got from Roberts was a shock. They had sized him up as a "big-city man" from a wealthy parish who could raise, as he had claimed, "a million dollars in 30 days." It is easy to understand the reaction, therefore, when Roberts curtly announced he was going to put Parsons on a sound economic footing without engaging in fund-raising activities. "Millard George Roberts didn't raise the million," wrote an Iowa reporter later, "But at a pace of 60 hours a week, 50,000 miles and 200 speeches a year, he did raise the eyebrows of American education."

For a minister, he has a manner of speech and an approach to problems that were not in the clerical tradition. He speaks with a liberal sprinkling of four-letter words that reflects his earlier dealings with infantry privates and top kicks. Mixed in with this idiom is a language that is one-third academic, one-third Wall Street and one-third cornbelt. Chain-smoking his way through a conversation (all one-sided), he lards his phrases with country colloquialisms like "prit' near" or "ya bet yer boots." His talk has the pace of a computer and what comes out is likely to be stitched to an endless flow of statistics.

"We live in a world of tough, cold figures," he says, "a world of cost accounting. Dammit, I got to use these figures to get results. Teaching isn't all egghead. It's a business. Take General Motors. Ya see. GM tries to cut costs on every item in every component of every car. It asks, how many parts are there? Do we need all of them? How can one gadget do the work of two gadgets?"

Consequently, an interview with "Doc Bob" (as students call him) becomes an instant course in economics. He hunches with bulldog determination over a huge desk in a draughty old room that serves as his office. Before him at all times is a wide pad of graph paper, surrounded by eight or 10 felt-tip pens—red, black and green. Before a visitor sits down, Roberts has launched into his marathon discussion, made graphic by deft pen work. The first figure he jots down is "212" ("Ya see. Number of students we had when I started in '55.") Next comes "4,700" (". . . . number we got today"). These jottings will be followed by multimillion-dollar figures. Their full impact is not immediately apparent to the listener as Roberts talks about building programs and incomes over the last two or three years. He has a tendency to get so far ahead of himself that he sometimes uses future estimates as current realities. When he is accused of exaggerating, he tosses the criticism off by saying that by the time the statement is public knowledge, it *will* be true.

He takes great delight in pointing out that when he arrived in 1955, the newest building on campus was 40 years old. He squints at his listener, expecting to hear how Roberts started an immediate construction program. Not at all. "We weren't interested in new buildings until we had to be," he says. "A tile-floored john never taught a kid a damn thing." He contends his first aim was to make old buildings more efficient. He proves it by pointing out that from 1955 until 1962, Parsons operated without adding a single classroom while growing to an enrollment of 2,200 male and female students.

Referring to a meat-packer who once told how his company had learned to use everything but the squeal of a hog, Roberts says, "We've literally learned how to save the hock and guts. When we build, we know how to save 70 percent."

This boast is no fancy figure of speech. Roberts *is* a master at cutting financial corners. Take the case of the classroom seats he had redesigned. By installing slightly narrower ones and reducing the space between them, he was able to put more students in each room, as well as to divide some old classrooms into two or three.

Later, when he did start new buildings, he cut down or eliminated altogether some corridors and anything else that smacked of wasted space. He also designed new classrooms in a pie shape. In an oblong classroom, the teacher's area may occupy as much as one quarter of the room. With a pie shape, the teacher stands at the narrow apex and needs less square footage.

The average cost nationally to construct and equip college buildings is now around $28 a square foot. Says Roberts: "We have planned, built and equipped almost $20 million worth of new buildings at an average cost of $12 per square foot." For Parsons' just-completed Library-Science complex (a triumph at $10.92 per square foot), the president rejected what seemed like a reasonable estimate from a commercial firm of $80,000 for bookcases, chairs and tables. He wound up getting the furniture for $30,000—by ordering it from the state prison.

Using graph paper and pens, Roberts also explains how dorms pay for themselves out of operating income in just three years. "Cost accounting again," he says. "Let's say a certain amount of floor space costs us a dollar-a-day for maintenance and depreciation. So we make sure we bring in a dollar and a half a day for it. You add up all the square footage and the cost and you charge that much for occupancy."

All this cost consciousness is not without criticism. Roberts is frequently taken to task for milking too much income out of rooms. An editorial in the Des Moines *Sunday Register* recently claimed he was housing "two students in a room designed for one; three in a room designed for two." And when Parsons' breezy president declared last spring that he put up his buildings to last only 20 years before replacement, he was immediately accused of "shoddy" planning that endangered the lives of students by erecting structures likely to collapse.

Undaunted, Roberts shrugs off the charges and has nothing but high-pressure enthusiasm for his creations.

Students look on "Doc Bob" with mixed feelings, but seldom with apathy. Last May they were out picketing him because the administration had asked Karlyn Weidman, editor of the college paper, to resign her post for "writing negatively about the school." The following week, some 4,000 students gave him a standing ovation by way of showing their reaction to a national magazine article that had dubbed him "The Wizard of Flunk-Out U."

Roberts is never happier than when he has everything in a state of turmoil ("It keeps people on their toes!"). Except for this kind of agitation, campus life at Parsons outwardly much resembles life at other coeducational institutions. Parsons has its share of beauty queens: "Miss Frosh," "Miss Mistletoe," "Miss Fairfield," "Miss Greek Week." There's a Spring Fling, a carnival weekend, frequent hootenannies, and four cultural festivals a year that feature prominent speakers and entertainers. It has a full sports program and last year its football team whipped eight opponents, losing only once.

With male students outnumbering girls four to one, Parsons has 12 national

[*Continued on page* 89]

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[*Continued from page* 88]
fraternities and four sororities. What makes them unique is that sororities share the same buildings as fraternities. The girls live on one side, the boys on the other, with a mutual common room and dining facilities in between.

When asked if this arrangement doesn't tempt fate, Roberts scoffs. "There is no more hanky-panky going on at Parsons than at any other co-ed college. Frankly, if the girls want to sleep with the boys at any school they'll do it, and certainly somewhere more private than in the fraternity houses."

A few years ago, Parsons was singled out in a newspaper story for a "distressing rash of scandals," which included the case of two co-eds whose newborn babies were found dead on campus.

Roberts deplored the scandals, but says that every college has its share. "We are just a damned big college in a small town. Some incidents get blown up out of all proportion so that adults can take a crack at youth. One big trouble with parents and educators is that no one trusts the kids these days and they're always being labeled trouble-makers for the same kind of nonsense their mothers and fathers were involved with years back. Kids are one hell of a lot easier to get along with, and usually more reliable, than a lot of adults I know."

As proof of wholesome social serenity, Roberts can point a stubby finger to the popularity of the recently completed, multipurpose Student Center. Characteristically, he expects it to pay for itself within three years. With revenue pouring in from 12 bowling alleys, six billiard tables, a pizza stand, a bookstore and a low-lights-and-music restaurant, the Center's annual gross is near a million dollars. Parsons also manages to make almost a 50 percent profit on food served at the residence houses, as well as other "auxiliary enterprises."

All of this campus wizardry hardly came about by accident. Roberts drives himself long hours seven days a week to achieve his ends. He is constantly prying, probing, needling and questioning every concept, every system, every action —often to the despair of his associates. Much of his philosophy and many of his innovations stem from the broad study of management practices at other colleges that he made soon after becoming Parsons' president. He was particularly concerned with the practices of colleges that were new or reorganizing, and found a good deal he heartily disagreed with.

He discovered that a first step elsewhere often was to build imposing ornate structures all around the campus. "Monuments to egos," sneered the economy-minded Roberts. He also was distressed by the amount of time and effort other college administrations had to devote to fund-raising. "What do ya have on the *administrative* side?" he asked all listeners angrily. "A small, underpaid staff, headed by the president, which is supposed to stave off bankruptcy by raising funds, begging for gifts, and which prostitutes itself looking for money on every street corner."

His final fire was reserved for another college institution: the powerful role of the Board of Trustees. "The trustees," he exclaims with an agonized grunt, "get together several times a year. For what? Hell, to hear all the sweet, good things that have happened on campus and to discuss ways to raise money and try to make up part of the deficit. Sometimes, when they have their eyes opened with all the bad things that have happened, they take one other traditional step. This is the year to fire the president!"

It was easy to criticize the faults, said the experts, predicting that Roberts could not find the answers to putting Parsons or any other educational institution on its feet. One college president told him bluntly to go back to the pulpit if he wanted to preach.

But now Roberts started to replace complaints with radical moves. One of the first was to trim the curriculum. "We had more damn courses than students," he says, mentioning that there were 341 listed in the 1954-55 catalog. This year there are 232. He restricts all freshmen and sophomores to a "core curriculum" of just 30 courses, selected to cover fundamentals.

This weeding has not made everyone happy. "The English Department has been retrenched," said an editorial in the college paper, "and is notable for its lack of a creative writing course, which puts English majors at a disadvantage when compared with those in other colleges and universities." Music, art, drama and other creative areas also are frequently mentioned as vacuums in the curriculum.

Roberts contends he has simply eliminated unnecessary and unprofitable—both from the college's viewpoint and the students'—"Mickey Mouse" courses. When critics accuse him of operating a "factory," he cheerfully admits it. "Sure," he says, "we're a factory—a factory for educating kids, but with a college education as our product."

As a result of such nonconventional thinking, and the blunt talk that went with it, Roberts did not have to fire some of the old-timers on the faculty. They conveniently quit. So did many members of the Board of Trustees. Roberts steadily whittled away at the holdouts and brought in fresh bodies to replace them, thus becoming one of the few college presidents in history to slip out of a built-in strait jacket.

He quickly got into a scrap with the church, too. The college charter specified that articles and bylaws could not be changed without the approval of the United Presbyterian Church, the founding body. By 1963, Roberts had pushed through so many unauthorized changes that the Iowa Synod ordered "corrective measures." When these were not forthcoming, the General Assembly of the Church voted to break with the college.

Meantime, of course, the enrollment was steadily growing—in part because Roberts, in his study of college practices elsewhere, found something he did agree with. He noted with approval that a characteristic of successful colleges was to try to attract top-quality faculty members. Now he contradicted his gen-


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eral policy of cutting costs to the bone.

Establishing a salary structure for professors that ranks a close third behind Harvard and the University of Chicago, Roberts has had little difficulty luring distinguished teachers to the cornfields of Iowa. Hence the cry of "pirate" from many a raided campus. He has brought in men like Prof. Raymond C. Gibson (at $40,000 with fringe benefits) from a key post as head of the Department of Higher Education at Indiana University. Other big names now at Parsons are Prof. Kenneth Perry, formerly head of the Department of Accounting at the University of Illinois; Dr. Nels Ferré, who held the Abbot Chair of Theology at Andover; and Prof. William B. Munson of the Social Science Department of the University of Miami. Average annual salaries of these three men at their former posts: under $20,000. At Parsons, about $30,000.

Some professors are visibly annoyed when asked the money question (having heard it before). "Of course the salary is attractive," said one. "Would *you* work for one company for $15,000 when you could work for a better company for $25,000? I'm tired of hearing professors made out to be idiots who have no comprehension of finance or the realities of modern living."

The puzzle: How can Roberts pay such salaries and still keep PC not only solvent but profitable?

Taking out the graph paper, he explains it this way: "Here you have a professor, see. He prepares his material and spends as much time doing it for 10 students as he would for 30. Now you take the student. If he pays $100 for the course, the college receives $1,000 for the semester for 10 students. Or $3,000 for 30 students. The difference in teaching efficiency and income is huge when you multiply this approach by hundreds of courses.

"Now a college with a 10 to one student-teacher ratio needs 300 professors to teach 3,000 students. With a reduced curriculum, we need only 100. If the first college pays the prof $10,000, we can pay him $30,000 without any extra cost at all. And the difference between a $10,000 and a $30,000 professor! Ya can see what that means in terms of quality of instruction."

When Roberts started, the Parsons faculty salary average was $2,800. The average salary for the 1966-67 year is around $18,000—not counting such fringe benefits as a 10 percent pension plan, full tuition for faculty children at any college in the country, a four-percent mortgage on some of the choicest residential plots in town and membership in the Fairfield Country Club. By 1970, Roberts expects the average for ranked faculty members to be $30,000, and says some men will be earning $60,000.

The Parsons salary scale has been a bitter pill for many money-sensitive college administrators across the U.S. to swallow. Roberts has been accused of sacrificing morals for money, using a "wallet instead of wisdom" and exploiting the financial plight of teachers.

Quite the contrary, says Dr. Roberts. "There is a very direct correlation between what we want people to teach and what the teaching is. If we pay our faculty more than anyone else does, they can't steal from us and we can go right out and steal from other places."

Another critical (and criticized) factor in the Parsons story is the trimester system, which offers courses all year round, in three equal trimesters of about 16 weeks each. Professors, however, teach during only two and have the third off. More than 60 colleges and universities have tried the plan, hoping thus to increase enrollment and also to make more economical use of facilities by keeping them in use 12 months instead of only eight or nine. Most have failed because of poor attendance in the summer trimester. Parsons maintains a summer enrollment of almost 90 percent capacity. "Next year," says Roberts, "we'll get the enrollment over 95 percent."

He is probably right. He earmarks a large percentage of the school's scholarship money for the summer session, as an attractive lure. He announced in March that students who received good grades in the spring term would be charged less for the summer term and that straight-A students would pay no tuition at all. He also has package plans, whereby tuition is reduced for students who attend all three trimesters.

Smart promotion? Not all educators think so. One English professor at Parsons recently referred to the plan as "blackmail," a way of forcing poor students to go to school in the summer. And a former trustee, James Camp, says that Roberts has to keep recruiting students to stay solvent and that the biggest worry was "that the war in Viet Nam might be accelerated and leave Parsons without enough students to carry the load."

Yet one way or another, the doctor keeps them coming—though he admits that a complex admission policy he tried to establish has not worked out. His goal was to balance the college's student body in several ways: educationally (by admitting some students with weak high school grades along with the majority of superior ones); economically (one-third from well-to-do homes, one-third from middle-class homes and one-third who need financial help); and geographically (two-thirds from states other than Iowa).

The head of admissions, Charles Barnett, explains the failure this way: "It is impossible for us to set arbitrary rules for admission, because as soon as we do, we find an exception." Barnett and his staff have the ticklish task of screening. They try to give "individual treatment" to almost 15,000 applications a year. Although Roberts' balance goal proved both impracticable and impossible, Parsons has indeed accepted many students from the lower rungs of the academic ladder.

This results from Roberts' decision several years ago to take a rather high percentage of dropouts from other colleges, including quite a few who had failed. He is given to violent outbursts when PC is labeled a "school for dropouts," and accused of taking them in for the sole purpose of filling its coffers. "Dammit," he explodes, "we're giving another chance to students who deserve it. Where would American business be today if it followed that kind of moronic thinking? I can name you dozens of successful business executives, including company presidents and chairmen, who were fired from—'flunked out' if you like—other companies."

Over the past 11 years, one-sixth of the student body has been made up of transfers, half of whom had failed and were being given another chance.

Parsons also has been tagged a "school for rich kids," because at one time, a decade or so ago, it had to take in almost anyone who would pay the tuition fee just to stay in business. Actually, the college has its share of poor as well as wealthy students and its costs are not out of line with other colleges. Expenses for one trimester: tuition, $600; general fee, $60; room, $200; board, $300; for a total of $1,160. *Lovejoy's College Guide* adds $190 to this for miscellaneous expenses, for a total of $1,350. Among other Iowa colleges, for the sake of comparison, Grinnell is listed at $1,500 for a semester, Coe at $1,225.

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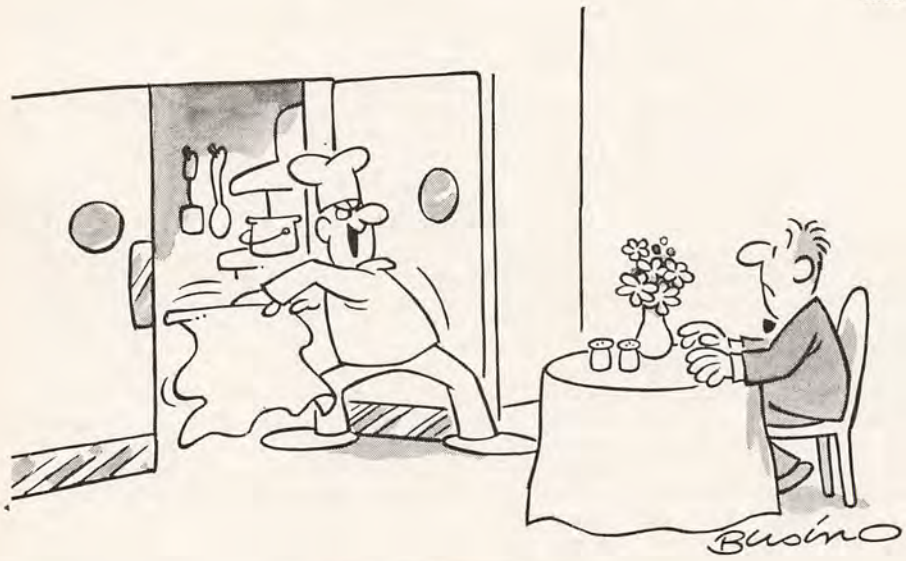


**"Beef RARE coming up!"**

After raking over the "raiding-salary-dropout-rich kids" coals, the critics focus on another fundamental of the Parsons system: team teaching.

What is team teaching? Roberts calls it a tremendously effective educational method, adding with an untypical burst of modesty, "But I didn't invent it, you know. It's been around a long time. We're not innovators here, we're implementers."

In Parsons' team teaching, a ranked professor with a Ph.D. lectures to the entire class three times a week. The class is then divided into smaller units of about 30, for two one-hour discussion sessions led by preceptors, all of whom hold master's degrees. If a student falls below a "C" average, he then is required to spend time with a tutor until he rises above the line.

"The team system frees the teacher to teach," asserts Roberts. "Hell, that's what he's paid to do! Why waste a professor on paperwork?"

Stephen G. Kurtz, Dean of Wabash College, does not believe Parsons offers more student exposure to top teachers. He voiced a typical criticism when he said, "In essence, President Roberts has bought excellent senior faculty by paying huge salaries. These professors lecture to relatively large student audiences a few hours each week and are otherwise free to carry on personal research and study. Contact of a more intimate kind is left to young assistants. . . . What is this but reproduction in the minor leagues of the most dubious practices of the great multiversities?"

Yet professors at Parsons do average 12 to 15 hours in the classroom per week compared to nine or 10 elsewhere, and most students seem to like the system. Mike Flynn, a voluntary transfer from Cornell, said he left the Ivy League university because, "I didn't like the idea of a mass-production education where you sit in the back of a classroom with a pair of binoculars so you can see the professor." At Parsons, he said, large lectures were "compensated for by the discussions. Plus if I want to clarify something with a professor I can."

The weakest element in the team-teaching system seems to be the tutoring. In some courses says senior David Ferguson, the tutorial program is a weapon of the professors against the student. But he adds, "The team-teaching system works if the student will allow it to."

The proof of the pudding is in the results, and team teaching has furnished Roberts with rather impressive ammunition. In the 1965-66 academic year, 494 students were dropped for academic reasons, indicating that Parsons is not a snap college by any means. Some 33.4 percent of graduates go on to graduate school—or about eight-percent more than the national average. This is a significant record, since Parsons itself has no graduate school (although Roberts now is planning a Parsons graduate school, probably in New York City, that will be radically different from most). Moreover, Parsons' graduates are in demand for jobs. According to Richard Obie, head of placement, "I have never seen anything but positive evidence that our graduate is both employable and eligible for many graduate schools. Over 75 major industries and school superintendents interview at Parsons. . . . I think the best evidence is what I call the 'Bendix story.' Bendix, certainly one of the major corporations in the country, has made Parsons the biggest school in its plans for job placement. . . ."

Whatever Parsons is, and no matter how much and how frequently it is criticized from different angles, there is little doubt that it is highly successful, as well as controversial. Not only does it continue to grow (within two years enrollment is expected to reach 6,000), it has spawned seven more colleges which are operating, or will operate, along similar lines. Two are already in being, Midwestern in Denison, Iowa, and Hiram Scott in Scottsbluff, Nebraska. Two more are starting this fall, Lea College at Albert Lea, Minnesota, and John J. Pershing College at Beatrice, Nebraska. A fifth, College of Artesia, at Artesia, New Mexico, will open next year. And two others are now in the planning stage, for Council Bluffs, Iowa, and Charles City, Iowa.

Naturally, Millard Roberts is behind all seven, much to the consternation of some educators, like E. D. Farwell, President of Luther College in northeastern Iowa. Addressing a local Rotary Club, Doctor Farwell exclaimed: *"One* Parsons College is fine for Iowa, but I don't want to see 10 or 15 here."

Roberts does not go through these academic birth pains for free. He has, in fact, established a separate corporation. Consultants, Inc., for the purposes of launching new colleges and serving in other capacities as educational counselors. The firm enjoys a retainer of $500-a-month for consultation in starting each new school.

Consultation fees provide substantial additions to Roberts' other income: a salary which has been upped to $32,000, a pension fund of $6,400 and honorariums of several hundred dollars for some of the 200-odd speeches he makes each year to civic groups, fraternal orders and educational associations. All of this activity leaves little time to see much of his wife (a professor herself, who teaches English and Humanities at Parsons) or his four children.

Is Parsons the bitter pill that many educators find impossible to swallow, or the wonder drug which exponents make it out to be? The truth is that it is both, with room for gradations of opinion in between. Even Roberts admits to a lot of mistakes, adding contentiously, "But we never make the same ones twice." Again and again he asserts that he is not inventing anything new, rather just applying business principles to higher education.

One fact *is* certain. In transforming an anonymous little college into a large and prosperous one, the Roberts-Parsons combination has shocked higher education out of its traditional lethargy, which in itself is a significant contribution to academic history. —**Wilbur Cross**


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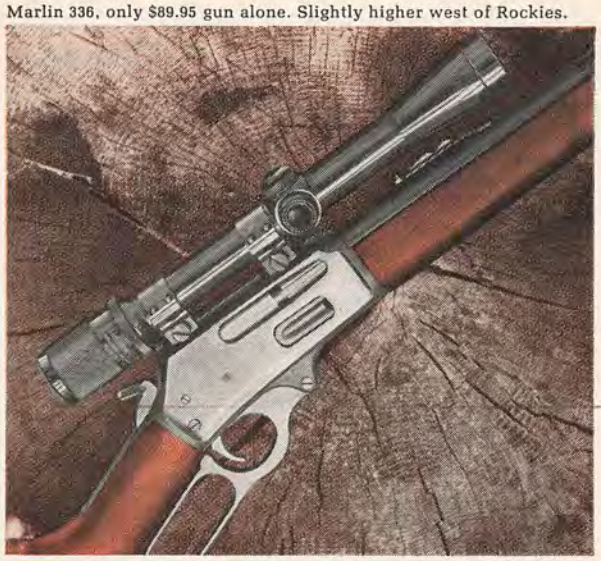

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## BIG TROUBLE ON TOBACCO ROAD

[*Continued from page 37*]

ing $67,200 in taxes that are not intended to be paid. A fast turnover to a middleman will yield 50 cents profit per carton, for a $24,000 return on an investment of $86,400.

Now the truck is trailed across the Brooklyn Bridge to a warehouse in Canarsie, where the driver and several other men unload the merchandise. When the deal has been completed, Devol moves in and confiscates the cigarettes from their new owner. The driver (and seller) is charged with failure to pay his taxes, and is billed for the full amount.

If you live in another part of the country where cigarettes cost two to three dollars a carton, this may be hard to understand. To you, cigarette-tax dodging has always seemed penny ante; but in New York, it's big business and there are people swearing that Robin Hood drives a cigarette smuggling truck.

On April 1, 1965, New York State, despite warnings that smuggling was inevitable, raised its per-pack tax to 10 cents, highest in the country. This rode piggyback on a four-cent New York City tax and an eight-cent federal tax. A man walking from the bar to the vending machine suddenly had to take 45 cents with him; a guy buying a carton in a supermarket who put out a five-dollar bill got only a buck-ten back. Resentment began to fester among the masses. As in the days of Prohibition, the underworld moved in to provide relief and the trucks began to roll.

Four hundred miles of magnificent highway now link New York and North Carolina, where two-thirds of America's cigarettes are made and no taxes except sales tax are charged. Major cigarette manufacturers are strung out in central North Carolina along a 100-mile corridor that stretches from Winston-Salem (R. J. Reynolds) to Greensboro (P. Lorillard) to Durham (American Tobacco, Liggett & Myers). American has another factory in Reidsville. Anything shipped from the factory interstate by rail or truck has to be duplicate-invoiced to the federal government under the Jenkins Act, underworld bankrollers discovered. But to their joy they learned that North Carolina wholesale grocers could sell cigarettes to anybody, in any quantity, taxlessly, at a very slight markup.

The nonchain wholesale grocery business is a tooth and claw profession known for bankruptcy. Grocerymen who had seen lean years looked at the color of New York money and made adjustments in their habits.

Within a month after New York's big tax went on, sales in the city dropped four percent, due to buying in Connecticut and New Jersey. But then the buttleggers and the southerners got together and sales really nosedived. Retail cigarette revenue was off 20 percent by September, and 27 percent by the first of the year, 1966. Right now, state officials are reporting $38 million a year in tax losses. Cigarette tax collections in New York City are 18.9 percent a year lower than they were before the tax was raised.

Morty Meyer, president of Metropolitan Tobacco, one of the largest licensed wholesalers in New York, states, "I remember Prohibition and this is just as bad. The stuff is being sold under the counter by retailers forced to do so to stay in business, and routed around by milkmen, dry-cleaner drivers, any kind of delivery man. It's sold in barbershops and beauty shops. You have to be known; you know, 'Joe sent me.' Trucks make deliveries right to the employee gates of all the big factories, name your brand. Hawkers sell them in the stock exchanges, around ball parks, anywhere people congregate. We are laying people off. Retailers are going out of business. This tax is a very bad thing."

When the word reached the politicians that they had monkeywrenched their own moneymaking machinery, the cry went up for police action. The noise flew into the ears of Art Fields, administrative chief of the commodities tax section for the state, stationed in New York City.

Art Fields is about 45, a little guy with an intense, word-spare approach to problems. His brain works with unerring precision. He went into action with only 16 plainclothes agents, a few pairs of binoculars and some walkie-talkies. He did not expect to wipe out buttlegging under those circumstances, and he hasn't, but he has caused a lot of trouble.

Fields called his men together. They were going into the South, to North Carolina, and they were going to learn to drawl and eat turnip greens. Mostly they were going to telephone ahead the plate numbers of buttlegg trucks, and when possible tail those vehicles in order to get the numbers of the new trucks' plates when switches were made.

"We have section 481 to work on," he told his men. "The tax law gives us up to $500 in fines, six months in prison. The judges and the public are against us. To many people, it's no worse than apple stealing. But we've got a job to do."

Sitting behind an unpretentious desk in the State Office Building on Centre Street, Fields smiles a little, remembering the early days of the fight. There are $12,000 worth of confiscated cigarettes in storerooms flanking his office. "We're making little dents," he says, "and dents add up. But bootlegging is still going full swing. We need more men, more money." Fields is not willing to say we need lower taxes. "My job is enforcement," he insists. "I'm up against organized crime. Nat Mitchell upstairs, the state's chief investigator (he pushed DA Tom Dewey toward the governorship by getting the goods on Prohibition rumrunner Dutch Schultz) has wiretaps on syndicate narcotics bigshots which show that they are switching from heroin to cigarettes because of stiff federal drug penalties." (Joe Gallo and Mike La Barbara, both alleged Mafia associates, have been caught with large quantities of bootleg smokes.)

But Fields proclaims that the real problem smoulders down in Dixie where his men are picking the blackeyed peas out of their teeth and rubbing the mist off their spyglasses.

Fields unfolds a wrinkled Shell map of the Eastern U.S. and brandishes it like Patton about to relieve Bastogne; a grim determination creeps into his eyes. "Here is Rocky Mount, North Carolina. This is a strategic position, because it is where goods moving east from the factories in Durham and Winston-Salem meet the main flow of truck traffic north on U.S. 301 and Interstate 95. The South has had a tremendous growth in industry; trucking volume is fantastic. But you can always find room for a little more. Some drivers are hauling straight cigarettes, some are moonlighting. They'll pick up in Rocky Mount. The big wholesaler there is E. B. Sutton. He supplies secondary sellers strung up 301 to the Virginia line. The New York organization makes a rendezvous with Sutton's trucks in Virginia on big shipments, picks smaller ones up direct in their own trucks. Our spotters are in there all the time, and I'm sorry to say, they are having their troubles. We're not making many arrests."

An auction of seized cigarettes has begun in the adjacent room. Fields walks in. Legitimately licensed cigarette wholesalers stand in knots grumbling about the impact of smuggling on their business; each up in the bidding turns the talk more sour. Fields slaps a split-case of filter kings. The paper is handstamped "The American Tobacco Co, Pettigrew & Blackwell Streets, Durham, N. C. To—E. B. Sutton, 162 South Jefferson St., Rocky Mount, N. C."

"There's your boy," says Fields. "If you want to watch the action, pay him a visit."

Eastern Airlines flies into Raleigh-Durham Airport. Eastern officials have had their cigarette troubles too—hustlers taking advantage of the nine-cent-a-pound air-freight rate to fly bootleg butts north repacked as pajamas and other textiles which weigh about the same as tobacco.

At the Durham airport you can rent a Hertz car. Hertz will put you into the driver's seat, but the cash deposit has been increased in that territory due to entrepreneurs who rent Hertz equipment for a fast run North and then abandon the car.

This is amateur business. The professionals are moving goods out of Rebus Grocers on King Street right in Durham, diagonally across from the Liggett & Meyers factory. Fields' men have known this for some time but it hasn't done them much good.

The air in Durham is thick with factory aroma. The sun beats on your car; it is like being in a humidor. Finally a

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truck is loaded and moves away from the curb at Rebus while sweating loading hands fall back. You can tail the truck easily because of heavy traffic. It pulls up to a deserted house whose windows are sealed with polyethylene film, its lawn unmowed. This is a minor smuggler's drop. There are dozens of them and they are changed when necessary.

In Durham, everybody talks cigarettes because one wage-earner in six helps make them, but nobody wants to talk smuggling. Here and in New York, the slogan is "I'd rather fight than snitch." At A. B. Morris' stew joint across from American Tobacco, when the shift changes, workmen in overalls shovel in the chow between remarks about kids, women and work. The big news is that cigarette sales nationally are up, the plant is on overtime and everybody is making money. Mention smuggling and an overalled cigarette-rolling-machine mechanic starts discussing whisky. All liquor sales in North Carolina are at state stores—you must do your drinking at home. But bottle clubs have sprung up and people carry their hooch to all-night dives. The state tried a law against carrying liquor to these clubs in the brown paper bags in which it is sold, a custom known as "brownbagging." Eager to uphold the letter of the law, the good people substituted plastic bags. "Y'all oughta do a yarn about that mess," says the mechanic. "Cigarette smuggling, there ain't nothing to it."

But the trucks keep rolling out of Rebus'.

Over by Liggett and Myers, in the Central Lunch, a company cigarette-truck driver who long-hauls to New Jersey warehouses talks. He's a wiry guy from Baltimore, with a 15-year safety record and incentive to give L&M future service. "I have no use for smugglers," he says over his third cup of coffee, "or for nuisance taxes. But at this end of the line it is legal. No state cigarette taxes. The wholesalers who supply the bootleggers can even supply the brands coming in from Louisville, Kentucky, and Richmond, Virginia, tax free, because they are sold in a taxless state. Richmond lies directly north of Rocky Mount, very convenient. You take that 301 from Rocky Mount to the Virginia line, that's your Tobacco Road, as they say. And 301 catches Interstate 95 under the border, and it's all high speed to the Holland Tunnel, which is where all the New York fuzz is waiting, or so they say."

Rocky Mount, North Carolina, strikes you as it must have struck the first agents Art Fields sent down—a semi-industrial rural center, half asleep in the middle of thousands of square miles of tobacco and peanut fields. The men in its 40,000 population make textiles, cordage, venetian blinds, bricks, tombstones, fertilizers, feeds, and process raw tobacco and roast peanuts. Washington Street and the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad split the city. To the west it is bustling, suburban. To the east it is old, tired, ramshackle and segregated.

Sutton's Wholesale Groceries is sandwiched between Ray the Radio Man, a repair shop, and Chicken Palace, a poultry store. The sidewalk is stacked 10 feet high with cases of cigarettes, the stacks extending for 90 feet. An aluminum semi-trailer is being loaded by an integrated crew. The truck will take 800 cases, 48,000 cartons, an investment at Sutton's end of $84,800 in cash or short-term credit. When the truck rolls out, the bill paid, Sutton will have earned only 1.9 percent on his money, but he has earned it in a matter of hours.

You can pass beside the loaders working off the curb. They are feverish, bedraggled. The trailer van is almost full but another has beefed into the narrow street and waits, its engine idling; the driver looks important and impatient. E. B. Sutton steps out of the little junk-littered front office to tongue-lash his boys to greater effort.

E. B. Sutton is rednecked, leather-faced, middle aged; he is a man with a canary-swallowing look in his eyes. "Ah got to git cleah," he purrs half fretful, "Ah got to git cleah." The boys swing the cases faster. Sutton throws a side glance.

"Who y'all, you from New Yawk, you *law?*" He checks credentials for a long time. "We-all breakin' no law, don't write us up, this is *legal,*" he says calmly. "We had plenty of detectives around heah. We give them nothing but politeness. Now y'all excewwwz me, Ah got to go to the bank." And off he trots, whistling the Battle Hymn of the Republic, off-key.

It is a matter of fact that far from politeness, plainclothesmen have taken a vicious hazing in Rocky Mount. One agent had his car pushed down Washington Street by a truck. Others were bullied out of the area.

Sutton is replaced in the office by a towheaded loading boss named Smitty who has been the chief eagle-eye at spotting detectives in the past. When the truck has been loaded and sealed, a dapper looking gent pays Smitty off from a roll of bills the size of a small watermelon.

The goods now belong to the other side—48,000 cartons in mixed brands, in a ratio ordered to match the taste of the smokers in the area where they will be lit. On the 800 cases, Sutton has made $2 a case, or $1,600 for the action.

On this day, three tractor-trailers and an assortment of panel trucks, U-Haul trailers, box bodies and cars take cigarettes away. Supply trucks offload directly onto the curb. The warehouse itself isn't used. Glutted with dusty merchandise, its ceiling corners blackened by ponderous spiderwebs, it isn't much more than a front. The street window, six by six, hasn't been washed in years; a few panes have been rubbed clean by spy watchers. A crusty wall carries a placard: "Business is where you develop it, not where you find it."

Sutton's and a hundred wholesale groceries like it are booming because of the New York tax laws and the Carolina laws covering the wholesalers, which in effect circumvent the Federal Jenkins Act requiring notification on interstate shipments. A Jenkins amendment, the Tenzer Bill, which would require wholesalers like Sutton to disclose the names and ad-


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**"Well, professor, you'll be glad to hear that you're no longer considered a security risk, so you can go back to work on the old missile project!"**

dresses of their customers, is gathering mold in a committee pigeonhole.

The day at Sutton's drags on. It is all business. Smitty is all tally sheets and poker face. You are free to stick around and watch the money machine. The most active truck loader is a lean, lanky, mean-looking white man who blows his nose on a red handkerchief between effortless tosses of 60-pound cases. His name, he says, is Tyler Claymore. Between trucks, he leans against the building sucking on a soda called "Mountain Dew."

"This ain't real mountain dew, Yankee," he says offhandedly. "Ah heah you writin' all about us. You tell them up theah, smoke theah haids off, heah?" He laughs reedily, drinks, pops his tongue out of his soda bottle and lumbers back to work.

The day peters out. No fuzz has been in evidence. Sutton's closes punctually at five and the trucks reach New York the following morning. Some drivers rendezvous with fast panel trucks in the back woods of Virginia, to foil Fields men, adding a day to the N. Y. trip. A few operators switch license plates in mid-flight with the speed of a Scarne poker shuffle. Other trucks supply sub-warehouses along 301, all the way to the Virginia line. These warehouses feed trucks that drive down from New York City.

Two nights and three days in Rocky Mount is long enough to locate the local chief of detectives, Jim Greer, who reminds you that Sutton is operating in a refined state of legality. But along with one local banker, Greer is surprised by the large number of fake $100 bills that has been turning up in town.

The presence of underworld money in Rocky Mount comes as no surprise, of course. On license plate information from Fields' agents, Maryland state troopers have been grabbing a lot of buttleggers and fining them heavily. (Transport of improperly invoiced cigarettes is a state crime.) At an interstate antismuggling conference in Baltimore last spring, Maryland state comptroller Louis Goldstein said, "When we arrest a young man driving cigarettes up North, he'll go before the judge and plead poverty, sometimes for hours. But when the judge fines him, say $1,300, he'll pull a roll of bills out of his pocket and pay it, or make a call and the money will be there in short order. It's not his old auntie who is supplying him."

At the conference, Maryland and 11 other states expressed impatience with New York's high taxes and light maximum sentence, pointing to Michigan's five-year rap, Florida's two-year sentence on the second offense. After giving New York the word, the delegates withdrew to Obrycki's Crab and Sea Food Restaurant to regale one another with anecdotes about the cleverness and sophistication of the buttleg enemy who was making their lives interesting and their role in society crucial. It was inevitable that the name of E. B. Sutton was bandied about more than any other.

It is impossible to get E. B. Sutton to talk, even by sitting on his doorstep, or looking at him and his loaders through the windows of the automobile showroom across the street. But it is better than getting nudged by the box-corners of impatient laborers. Thomas Flynn, head automobile salesman, lets you rest in an easy chair while you watch the activity. "We-all waitin'," he grins, "for the New Yawk tax on cars to go up, then look out."

The second day passes slowly. The trucks come and go, and the tally of their loads proves that Sutton's is what Fields claims it is—big.

Then, in the midst of loading a gleaming semi, Tyler Claymore goes off the job, hunches up the street, gets into his car and drives off. Maybe this is a chance to get him alone and find out what Sutton is really like.

The lanky cigarette loader has moved north on 301, cruising slowly; he is not hard to overtake. Just short of the Rocky Mount Airport, he swerves into a tiny pub called the Pink Dahlia.

Tyler Claymore is somewhat flattered to be singled out for a smuggling discussion; he buys the beer. Rather than talk about Sutton, he extolls the virtues of truck loading. Lighting a cigarette, he breaks into a freckled grin and says, "Ah was once wuthless, flabby. Since the fat tax up Nohth, Ah got money, Ah got my strength. Could whup you with one finger."

Hitched to his third beer, Claymore sings the virtues of of E. B. Sutton. "Ah flung a thousand cases today, thin Ah went faint. Mistah Sutton, he says, 'Tyler, here's a hundred, now go fishin'. You need a rest.' He is a prince. Well, Ah'm fishin'. Ah'll tell you, though, when Ah'm fit, Ah kin slide a case of kings right to the back corner of a semi and half way up the wall. Suh, when them Mafia big shots try to unload a Tyler shipment, they sent out for crowbars. What else you-all need to know? That E. B., he is a peach ain't he? He was pluggin' along on margarine, flour, sundries, when New York passed that stiff tax. E. B., he got wings. He said, 'Tyler, you come in with me, Ah need you bad.' Suh, Ah'll sum it for you lahk this."

Tyler Claymore dragged on his cigarette, tilted his head and blew a smoke ring. As it expanded, he blew another just beneath it. Suddenly he jutted his long neck forward, and spouted two vertical jets of smoke from his nostrils.

"Theah!" shouted Tyler Claymore. "Ah'm the only man Ah know thet kin blow a dollar sign in smoke."

Tyler Claymore isn't just whistling Dixie. He says that if buttlegging lasts another year, he won't have to work until 1972.

Claymore talks on and on for hours, making less and less sense. The Pink Dahlia is closing; you can tell when they fling the folding chairs onto the sidewalk in order to scrub the linoleum. We walk

outside just as a medium-size closebody truck grinds by, headed north.

"Theah goes Eddie on the milk run," says Tyler. "Y'all follow Eddie. Now don't use my name, heah?"

Eddie is one of several drivers hauling out of Rocky Mount at night, minus license plate illumination, to deliver cigarettes to Tobacco Road checkpoints that supply trucks shuttling to New York. This system has relieved Sutton of direct aggravation.

Eddie's first stop is Monroe Law's Esso in a hamlet 12 miles north of Rocky Mount. He parks behind a brand new banana tractor-trailer whose driver is doing a little moonlighting. Monroe Law is a nimble, spritely gent with a crackly humor and a voice as though a steam roller were sitting on his throat.

"Do yeeeew no geeeewwwwd hang around here, boy. We ain't breakin' no law. Head seeeeewwwwwth, son, plenty going on down seeeewwwwwth of heah." Law has a back room, a garage and a cellar packed with cigarettes. During Prohibition, he told one newspaper reporter, he used to bootleg. "This is a lot larger and from this end it's legal," he said. "I sell cigarettes to some of the people I sold liquor to during Prohibition."

Now he says, "Thet publicity did me no damn gewd. Ah talk too much. Yew move along, g'night, y'all."

It is a long night. The trucks are really rolling on Tobacco Road, diesels lumbering like a caravan of elephants. Eddie finishes his run in Weldon where the man to see is Mack's Wholesale. The place to eat is Mack's Restaurant. You can make your deal over a cup of chicoried coffee. The talk is soft and the money fast.

"It's a matter of character, who you can trust," says a buyer eating scrambled eggs. "You got to build an organization, you need the right people, you'll make a fortune."

The dawn comes red and cool to North Carolina. In an ash-gray unplanted tobacco field, a lone mule lifts his head to the sun and brays raucously, pretty much summing up the southern attitude toward northern fiscal problems.

There is where the matter stands right now, except to note that Farleigh Miller's irreverent reference to publicity had been caused by the sudden appearance among his birdbaths of a complete NBC-TV Huntley-Brinkley field unit doing on-the-spot coverage of buttlegging. Miller accepted a fairly large fee and then had to answer pointed questions about Mafia involvement, doing his business no good whatever.

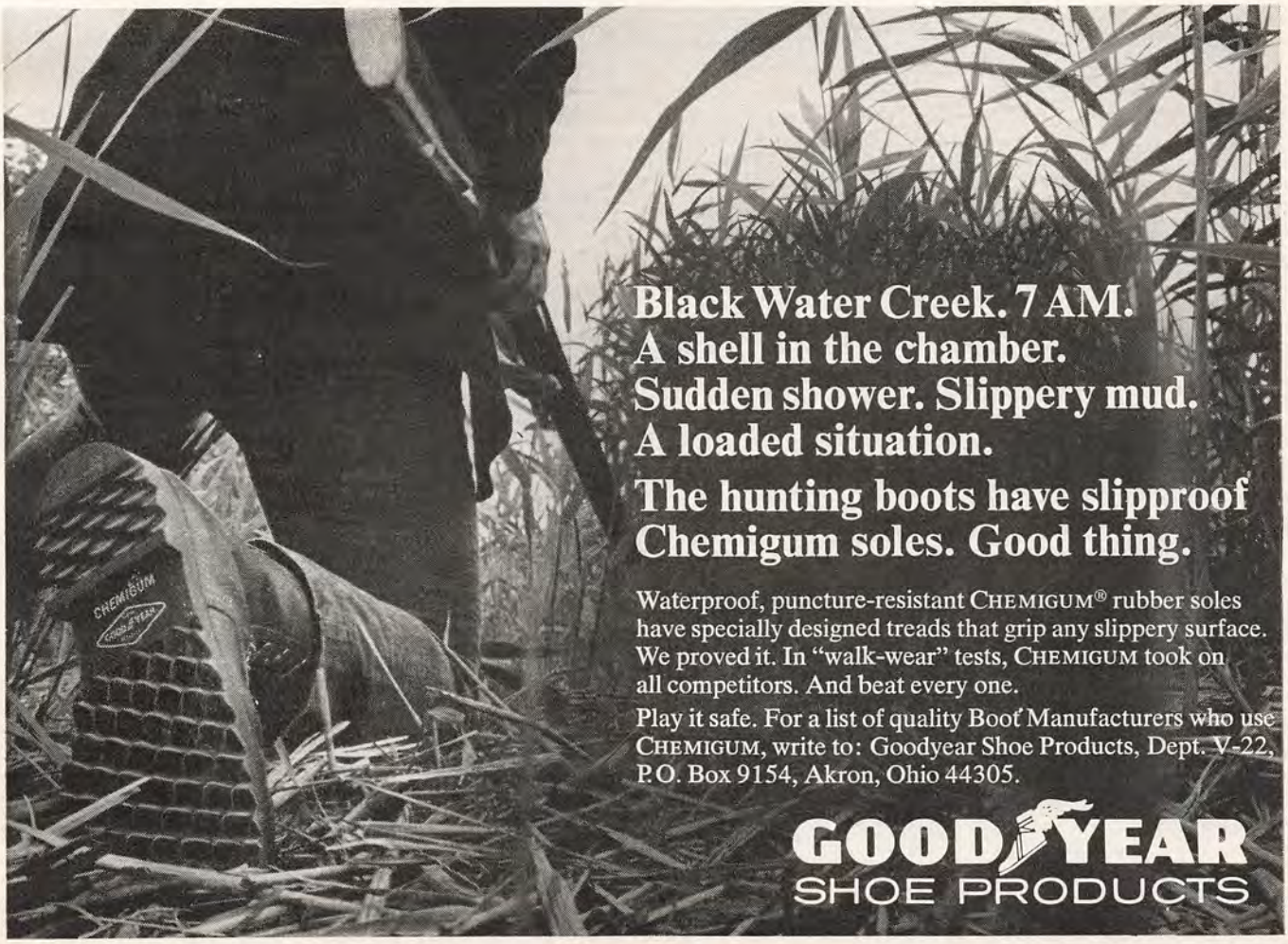
Prodded by the publicity and the screams of retailers losing legitimate business (newspapers, gum, Kleenex, pocketbooks once bought by cigarette customers), the New York legislature briefly considered reducing its cigarette tax, and then voted bill A.I. 5897 stiffening smuggling penalties. An alleged blow at organized crime, it merely insured more efficient and circumspect bootlegging, and continued the financial harassment of the smoker of moderate income.

The new law meant that a single butt-running offense could put a man in jail for a year, cost him a $1,000 fine. A second offense became a felony, with an even longer prison term and higher fines. Possession of 25 unstamped cartons became legal presumption of intent to sell without a license. (Joe Gallo ducked his first conviction on buttlegging by convincing the judge that he and two accomplices were personally going to smoke 9,600 unstamped cartons of cigarettes, rather than sell them.)

Discouraged by the misdirection of his fellow senators, Joe Zaretzki rose in the state Senate and said, "I want the House to note that this bill is trying to undo the harm of an onerous tax. We put this great tax on cigarettes last year. I guess I am more responsible for it than anybody else, but it has resulted in bootlegging, which we were warned would happen by the people in the cigarette business. Their prediction has come true. I do want to note that imposing this penalty is not going to stop bootlegging, but we have to have a penalty. I must draw your attention to the fact that there comes a time when you put a tax so heavy that it will either kill the taxpayer or cause his business to go underground."

State Tax Commissioner Joseph Murphy proceeded to assign Art Fields an additional squad of license-plate spotters and some more binoculars. But the Robin Hoods are still rolling into Gotham City, and not even Buttman could stop them now.

—Dale Shaw

**DETROIT: 1967**
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some other trade bait which Detroit has carefully laid out: two sporty new competitors in the Mustang class, a new front-wheel-drive Cadillac, new safety features in all cars, some bigger engines, some better brakes, better ignition systems, improved ventilation systems and a general across-the-board improving of the breed.

The so-called sporty car trend will really expand in 1967—not only because Chevrolet, Mercury and Plymouth will be joining the Mustang market with their new Camaro, Cougar and Barracuda respectively but because many other cars, even family sedans, will take on an ever more rakish appearance. Performance will be livelier, too. New engine developments will provide more go with less weight, better acceleration, and—if the buyer wants—some exceptional gasoline economy. Luxury trims and touches will be found in all cars—at a price. Air conditioning, stereo music, reclining seats, richer upholstery and smooth power controls of accessories—all these creature comforts will, Detroit promises, be better than ever. They will probably sell better than ever too—which is why the average amount Americans pay for their cars goes up each year while base prices have remained almost level for nearly a decade.

Buyers will also be tuned for the emotional message of the new cars—the strange emanations that issue from each design like a whistle shrilling somewhere above the normal range of hearing—a call that says, "I'm for you, man. I'm your kind of wheels."

But like a superstitious bride, Detroit won't just come to the altar wearing something new in 1967. There will also be something old, something borrowed and, paradoxically, something blue.

Something-old (a term which is anathema to a car salesman) will be the distinctly familiar look of many car models which have changed little since last year. Inasmuch as the automobile evolves in three to four year cycles, there is nothing unusual about a year in which many cars are between major changes.

Something-borrowed has never been hard to find in Motor City. Borrowing occurs soon after a competitor comes up with an idea that sells. It may be a bulging rear fender line or disappearing headlamps or a stereo tape player. By the law of the competitive jungle, such things get copied as fast as tooling permits—and 1967 will be no exception.

The something-blue which rounds out the Detroit scene this fall is a factor not usually present in the eternally, compulsively optimistic world of the automakers. Yet, looking back on a series of nightmarish events in 1966, an unmistakable blueness of spirit lingers in the auto capital. Bluntly, 1966 was the year the shift hit the fanbelt. As a result, car manufacturers—the fathers of America's perennially beautiful bride—suddenly find themselves in the position of the man who is asked when he is going to stop beating his wife.

The man who put Detroit on this defensive spot is a lean, 6-foot-4, 32-year-old Washington attorney named Ralph Nader. Born the son of an immigrant Lebanese baker in Winsted, Conn., he graduated Phi Beta Kappa from Princeton and went on to Harvard law school where he wrote a learned thesis on the legal aspects of unsafe auto design. Eventually he found himself advising a U.S. Senate subcommittee investigating automobile hazards. Highway safety became his all-consuming interest (although more recently he has turned his attention to other areas, such as the hazards of underground gas transmission lines).

On November 30, 1965, Ralph Nader's book, *Unsafe At Any Speed* (Grossman, $5.95) was published. It condemned the automobile manufacturers for failing "to make cars safe, even though the knowledge and technical skills to do so have been in their hands for years." Sales of the book were slow at first and Detroit, occasionally attacked on this score in the past, at first elected to ignore the whole affair. However, in March of 1966, when Connecticut Senator Abraham Ribicoff called Nader to testify before a Commerce committee inquiry into the design

"I like it, but I don't know if we can get away with it."

of U.S. automobiles, the young attorney became a front-page celebrity overnight and the sales of his book skyrocketed to best-seller proportions (now over 60,000 copies sold in six months).

Once the apparatus of accusation, publicity and exposure was set in motion, the automobile industry found itself being stoned in the streets like a transgressor of old. No longer was Detroit the Arsenal of Democracy or the Miracle of the Economy; suddenly it was a mass murderer.

General Motors, severely charged by Nader for what he called the inherently unsafe design of the Chevrolet Corvair, had been defending itself throughout 1965 (sometimes successfully) against a series of suits brought for people injured or killed in Corvair crashes. After the publication of Nader's book, the number of such suits mounted against all auto manufacturers. G.M., anxious to learn all it could about this young David who dared aim his slings at Goliath, hired detectives to look into bachelor Nader's private life—hoping, no doubt, to find some dirt. They found none. Instead, the snooping episode backfired. Columnist Art Buchwald was prompted to suggest that "there should be a law that anyone who writes a book about a company must reveal his sex habits on the back cover."

Finally, with J.F.K.-biographer Ted Sorensen sitting at his side as special counsel, G.M.'s president James M. Roche was forced to admit to the Ribicoff committee that spying on Nader had been a move "most unworthy of American business." Nader accepted the apology but hammered on.

Next, the manufacturers were forced to open their records on the heretofore hush-hush subject of cars recalled from customers for the adjustment of defects. When all the reports were in, the headlines told the story: "8.7 MILLION AUTOS CALLED IN SINCE '59 FOR DEFECT CHECK." Ribicoff described himself as "startled" at the figure. Automen pointed out that they had produced nearly 40 million cars free of defect suspicion in the same period, that the 8.7-million figure was deceptively high because thousands of cars were sometimes checked in order to find only a few with actual defects—and that, anyway, these were often such mundane problems as missing ashtray lights. But the list also admittedly included cases of malfunctioning brake and steering systems.

Throughout the spring of 1966 the debate continued. Headlines told the story: LAWYERS TO BRING MORE AUTO SUITS . . . VEHICLE FAILURES LINKED TO DEATHS . . . DOCTORS PICKET FOR AUTO SAFETY . . . CAR ADS ENCOURAGE RECKLESS DRIVING . . . TWO-PLY TIRE VIEWED AS NOT ADEQUATE . . . CHRYSLER RECALLS 182,000 NEW CARS . . . FORD RECALLS 30,000 OF ITS 1966 MODELS . . . A DESIGN FAULT FOUND IN BUICK . . . 1½ MILLION CARS CALLED IN FOR CHEVROLET MODIFYING . . . 700,000 VOLKSWAGEN CARS CALLED FOR SAFETY CHECK . . . SCIENTIST DESIGNS SAFETY VEHICLE . . . DOCTOR URGES BETTER CAR DESIGN . . . TWO SAFETY CARS SHOWN BY ITALIANS . . . HENRY FORD SEES ECONOMIC HAZARD IN CURB ON AUTOS . . . DOCTORS SEE RISE IN BRAIN INJURIES . . . G.M. SUED BY 7 NUNS IN CHEVROLET CRASH . . .

*Barrons*, the influential business weekly said, "Politics and prejudice are in the driver's seat." James Reston, the New York *Times* ascerbic columnist, commented under the headline, What's *Right* With America?: "All of a sudden, it seems, the critics have taken over the country and everything, we are told, is falling apart. The American bathroom is out of date. The American university is in revolt. The American automobile is a wreck. . . ."

But perhaps the most significant headline of all was the one which said, PRESIDENT URGES AUTO SAFETY LAW. And in August he would get one.

Despite the gathering storm, sales of the 1966 models went astonishingly well through the final quarter of 1965 and into the economically super-heated first three months of 1966. Then, like hitting a pocket of clear-air turbulence in flight, the sales curve lurched, nosed down slightly. The biggest bump came at Chevrolet where sales of the rear-engine Corvair—a car beloved by enthusiasts despite being seriously bad-mouthed by Nader—fell off sharply. Some Corvair owners were moved to attach dealer-supplied bumper stickers which said, I LOVE MY CORVAIR (to which Nader is supposed to have replied, "Yes, but does your Corvair love you?").

David E. Davis, Jr., the knowledgeable and respected publisher of *Car & Driver* magazine, appeared for Chevrolet in newspaper ads and on radio, defending the Corvair under the headline, "People who love to drive love the Corvair." Davis went on to praise Corvair's "magic ingredient that sets the car well apart from the rest." Magic or not, there could be no doubt that the car had been set disturbingly apart.

Although other G.M. divisions continued to sell almost as successfully as a year earlier (and Ford and Chrysler held their own with 1965's record breaking pace), the blighted figures from the big Chevrolet division made G.M.—and to a certain extent the industry—look sick. American Motors, still trying to sell sarsaparilla in the Pepsi Generation, also slumped. At mid-year, shares of all four companies were selling on the New York Stock Exchange at or near their lows as wary investors stood by to see what would happen next to Detroit.

Strangely, in the emotional atmosphere of the congressional hearings and their aftermath, the industry took its lumps like a fighter who has lost his interest in counterpunching. Even though there is ample statistical evidence that drunken driving is responsible for a high percentage of 14 million accidents each year (and for nearly half the fatal ones), even though nearly 20 percent of the dead were not drivers but pedestrians (and many of them intoxicated too), even though thousands of deaths result from such acts of God as a deer crashing wildly into a speeding car—or from such acts of stupidity as drivers entering expressways in the wrong direction even though the consistent use of seatbelts remains negligently rare, even though the best designed car may become a death trap through improper maintenance—despite all these extenuations and more, Detroit stood nearly mute while being indicted for primary

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responsibility in 49,000 deaths and two million injuries in 1965.

Lost in the heat of the arguments was the fact that the U.S. auto fatality rate is one of the lowest in the world (5.6 deaths per 100 million passenger miles, compared to 8.9 in Britain, 14.7 in West Germany, 32.6 in Italy, 52.6 in Yugoslavia —and a figure too frightening to measure in Japan). Also lost in the heat of the argument was the fact that for many years Detroit's test tracks have echoed daily to the thunder of cars being scientifically crash tested while 10,000-frames-per-second cameras and space age telemetry record the results. Still, Detroit has kept silent.

So, too, have the dead, of course . . . not all of whom were drunk, senile or bent on suicide and some of whom truly did split their skulls on some 20¢ piece of chrome that might have been better designed.

Some observers nevertheless see little cause for alarm in Detroit's ordeal of the moment. Even the most ardent capitalist makes no guarantee that each new year will be better than last, although that is about what the auto industry was becoming accustomed to. Others have said the problem isn't all Nader anyway. Tight credit, a higher excise tax, increased payroll withholdings and the drain-off of thousands of potential young buyers to Viet Nam are also cited as causes of the recession.

Whatever the cause, as new model time approached this fall, a record breaking number of unsold 1966 models glutted dealerships (the total reached 1.7 million cars at its high point in July) and hang-back buyers who never before seriously doubted that the American car wasn't as safe as a cradle—were being tempted by discount prices but still naively asking, "Won't the 1967 models be a lot safer than these?"

Many automen were by then in the mood to answer wryly: Of course our 67's will be safer. We know we killed 49,000 Americans last year and we're sorry about that and we're not going to do it again. No sir. We've got new thinking out here in Detroit. All those executives who callously tolerated such criminal negligence in the interests of the almighty dollar have been purged. Like Stalin. We've pulled down their statues and burned their blueprints and made them turn in their keys to the V.I.P. washrooms. You'll see the difference right away. Next year, *nobody* gets killed. . . .

A facetious reply? Of course. And after the 1966 onslaught of suspicion, lawsuits and investigations, Detroit can not afford to be facetious—not this year or next or perhaps ever again. For, as a result of Mr. Nader and Senator Ribicoff—and, indeed, as a result of those 49,000 dead—the Dreaded Thing has happened: the long 70-year Era of Normalcy, the great days of freedom from government interference in the design of cars, has come to an end. From now on, the automobile industry, like baseball, is going to have a commissioner. Under the bill passed by Congress last August, his name is the Secretary of Commerce and the law now requires him to keep an eye on the safety of American cars and set standards.

None of which has had much more effect on the 1967 models than the first puffs of wind which precede a summer storm. Because it takes almost three years to develop any 100%-new car, this year's new models were made design-final about 1964—and although death on the highway was statistically almost as common in that year as when Mr. Nader discovered it in 1966, there was then no great heat to turn the American car into something safe enough in which to go over Niagara Falls.

A few add-on type safety features were made standard on last year's cars as a result of government pressure: rear seat belts, padded instrument panels, back-up lights, outside rear-view mirrors, dual-speed windshield wipers (plus washers), padded sun visors and improved windshield glass. But there was nothing particularly new about any of these. Buyers who were especially concerned for their safety could have bought most of the items as options any time before they became standard equipment. And lest there be any misconception that thereafter these features were free of charge, Detroit puts the idea to rest. Most cost accountants figure the various items added about $60 to the cost of the average car.

This year the compulsory price of safety will come higher. The most costly, most discussed and perhaps most promising single item of new hardware is a collapsible steering column which has been under development for five years by Saginaw Steering Gear Division, a G.M. subsidiary. It will now be used on all G.M., American Motors and Chrysler cars. Although the cost may never be announced, the device will probably add about $15 to $20 to the price of every car. If safety experts are correct in believing that being hurled forward against an unyielding steering column is the most common cause of driver injuries and fatalities, the device will be worth the money. The new column, which collapses from both ends and breaks loose from both the floorboards and the dashboard under impact, is designed to crush up to 8½ inches—3½ inches more than the General Services Administration standard for all cars purchased for government use.

Ford Motor Company is not purchasing the G.M. column, but will stick with an improved version of the deep-dish steering wheel which the company first introduced in 1956 when it embarked on an ill-starred and premature attempt to make safety a selling point in its cars. Ford will probably also develop a collapsing column of its own for later installation on 1967 cars.

Dual master cylinders will double the reliability of hydraulic braking systems on all U.S. cars this year. This feature, heretofore exclusive with Cadillac and Rambler, will in effect divide the typical 4-wheel braking system into two independent 2-wheel systems. If brake lines at the front or rear of the car are damaged, the remaining two wheels can still be braked. On most models, a warning light will flash on whenever either half of the dual system becomes inoperative.

Other safety features which will be found on most 1967 cars as standard equipment are hazard-warning lights which flash all front and rear direction signal lights simultaneously in case of an emergency stop; locks to keep seat backs from folding forward on impact; breakaway inside rear view mirrors to minimize head injuries to front seat passengers; and new front door locks which are not overridden by pulling on the handle.

But the story of 1967 isn't entirely a story of safety. Although some Detroit executives are now prepared to concede that (1) the subject may at last be a more positive factor in car sales than when Ford vice-president Lee Iacocca said flatly, "Styling sells cars and safety does not." Or that (2) safety is more important than it was in 1956 when Ford made its unsuccessful effort to popularize some valid safety advances. But they (3) still maintain it is the sex appeal of styling and the seductive effect of ever more responsive performance which really sells cars. There will be plenty of both of these qualities next year—and notably in the growing numbers of cars competing for what can only be called "the Mustang market."

Ford's Mustang, the most successful automobile in the history of the industry (over a million sold in only two years and still going strong) was originally conceived to compete with the sporty appeal of the Corvair. Now it has spawned two new competitors of its own and a third is on the way by mid-1967.

The greatest curiosity has centered on the car which G.M. would design to halt Mustang's assault on Chevrolet's traditional #1 spot in the market. As the 1966 model year drew to a close, Chevy was still first, but Ford had drawn to within 2 percent and in the first ten days in May, actually outsold the champ. The new Chevrolet sporty car, long rumored to be named Panther, now appears under the title Camaro (which translates as "pal" or "comrade" from French). Like the Mustang, it is a 2-plus-2 (four passenger) sport coupe, available either as a hardtop or convertible (but not yet as a fastback). Like the Mustang, it is based on a relatively short 108-inch wheelbase. Its length overall is one inch greater, its width about two inches greater and its height about a half-inch less. Like the Mustang, it will be available with a choice of a six-cylinder or V8 engines. Camaro's power spread begins with a 155-h.p., 250-cubic-inch Six, a 275-h.p., 327-cube V8, or a 295-h.p., 350-cube V8. (Mustang offers a somewhat broader choice of five horsepower ratings from 120 to 335.)

Although the automotive world has been waiting for this sunrise for two years, Chevrolet pointedly avoids any admission that Camaro was inspired by Mustang's success. The company describes the car as "a moderately sized vehicle in the general Corvair dimension class," and adds that it is a "new approach to the 'long hood-short deck' styling so successfully introduced to U.S. production by the Corvette."

Ford's own Lincoln-Mercury division, whose dealers have long been in need of a hot-selling front runner, will also get into a fraternal fight with Mustang. The new L-M 2-plus-2 model is called Cougar and company spokesmen insist it isn't just a stretched out Mustang. The car is nine inches longer than a Mustang, three inches wider, affords an important two inches of extra knee room for rear seat passengers, has fixed headlamps behind retractable doors and will be powered by a standard 289-inch Ford V8 engine or a big 390-inch Mercury V8. Like the Mustang, the Cougar will have a long hood and a short rear deck. It will cost about $150-$200 more than a Mustang.

Chrysler will join the sporty car race later in the year with a completely new version of the Barracuda, both hardtop and convertible. Engineering specifications on the car are not final, but in styling it will clearly be competing in the Mustang class.

The Dodge Charger, a big one-of-a-kind fastback which offers more space and more performance than the Mustang-Camaro-Cougar-Barracuda cars, will be almost unchanged in 1967. This year the full-length floor console can be optionally replaced by a new seating arrangement which makes room for a third front seat passenger. Chargers are powered by a new 318-inch, 230-h.p. V8, a new 440-inch, 375-h.p. V8 or the famous 426-inch, 425-h.p. Hemi V8.

There will be some significant changes in luxury cars for 1967. Cadillac will introduce a front-wheel-drive car under the familiar but disused Eldorado nameplate. It will be based on the Oldsmobile Toronado chassis, but will have less of a fastback look, providing greater rear seat spaciousness. Its rear windows will slide to the rear (instead of down) to open and there will be no vent windows up front. This car is expected to sell for over $7,000 or about $2,000 more than a Toronado.

Changes in the Lincoln Continental will be what Detroit terms "evolutionary" —i.e., slight. Sales of this car were up almost 40 percent in 1966, most of the gain probably being at the expense of Imperial.

To improve the competitive position of Imperial and perhaps lower its cost, Chrysler has decided to make a major production shift in its luxury car. Although little changed in weight or overall dimensions, the 1967 Imperials will be more closely related to the big Chrysler New Yorker and will come off the same assembly line, but with side excursions for custom work. As a result, Chrysler expects to double Imperial sales in a year. Whether this means taking customers away from Cadillac and Lincoln or borrowing them from New Yorker will remain to be seen.

Another group of high-priced automobiles—Toronado, Riviera and Thunderbird—will see little change in 1967. Oldsmobile's Toronado did not sell as well as expected last year, but will be only slightly revised in its new version. Insiders at Olds hope that Cadillac's move into the front-wheel-drive field will act as a stamp of approval for this kind of automobile and will help Toronado dealers sell the "same" car for less than the Eldorado price tag.

The Buick Riviera, an acknowledged styling success since its introduction, will also be only slightly modified for '67. The most noticeable change will be the removal of the grille work from the parking lamps. The car will be powered by an all new 430-inch V8. Although Riviera has managed to hold a 20 percent sales lead over Toronado, it continues to trail Thunderbird sales by an equal amount.

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group. For the first time since its introduction as a two-seater in 1954, T-birds will now be available in a 4-door, 5-passenger landau model. There will also be a 2-door landau in the line in addition to the familiar 2-door hardtop.

Aside from the sporty cars, luxury cars and specialty cars, the balance (and bulk) of Detroit's production breaks down into compacts, intermediates and full-size cars. This will not be a year of big change in any of these areas.

Although the compact car concept is on the wane, combined sales of Chevy II, Ford Falcon, Plymouth Valiant, Dodge Dart, Corvair and Rambler American still represent a significant percentage of the industry total. None of these models will be drastically different in 1967. Valiant will have a new body and two-inch longer wheelbase. It will also drop its station wagon model. The American will be available for the first time with a V8 engine. Dodge Dart, the biggest compact (111-inch wheelbase) will have a new body and what the company calls a sportier look. Falcon is practically unchanged after a major restyling last year. Likewise Chevy II. Despite rumors to the contrary, G.M. shows no signs of giving up on its Corvair, although the number of body styles offered in '67 will be reduced from 7 to 5 and two high-power engine options have been dropped. Maximum Corvair horsepower will be 110. Basic styling will be unchanged.

In the intermediate field, changes will also be mild. This is an extremely healthy segment of the whole market and one of the most heavily restyled last year. Fairlane, Chevelle, Comet, Belvedere, Coronet, and G.M.'s small Buick-Olds-Pontiac cars (known as B-O-P-ettes in Detroit jargon) all show sales increases despite the declining total market. Only American Motors' Classic has slipped. For 1967 it will grow a couple of inches in length (remember what George Romney used to call cars which grew bigger each year?) and it will acquire humped rear fenders and a more sharply sloping roof line.

Full-size cars, long the bread-and-butter, high-profit items in Detroit, will for the most part seem to be only face-lifted in 1967—although manufacturers will quickly point out that "mere" facelifts and seemingly minor changes in sheet metal represent millions of dollars in retooling and should qualify the cars to be called "all new."

With the exception of the one-name Ambassador, standard car lines come under an almost bewildering array of subspecies and name-plates: Impala, Bel Air, Biscayne (Chevrolet); LTD, Galaxie 500, Custom 500, Custom (Ford); Fury I, Fury II, Fury III, VIP (Plymouth); Polara, Monaco, Monaco 500 (Dodge); LaSabre, Wildcat, Electra 225 (Buick); Monterey, Montclair, Park Lane, Marquis (Mercury); Catalina, Bonneville, Grand Prix, Executive (Pontiac); Newport, 300, New Yorker (Chrysler); Delmont 88, Delta 88, Delta Custom, Ninety-Eight (Oldsmobile).

In all cases, the above cars are described as new by their makers for 1967. Assuredly, styling changes have been made in all and an almost infinite assortment of engine & transmission combinations is available, to say nothing of special trim options, special roof lines, bucket and bench seat choices, optional suspension elements, disc brakes, etc. Only the most devoted car buffs are successful in sorting out the array, yet this very abun-

TRUE

"Oh, I've been cured. What we're discussing now is his bill."

dance of choice is deemed one of the important factors in selling zunk million cars a year: everybody gets just the automobile he thinks he wants—and, thanks to the computer, Detroit can build millions of cars with only a few which are truly alike.

Generally speaking, standard-size G.M. cars will continue to have flowing, soft-curve lines with considerable Riviera influence evident. The W-shaped front (fender noses far forward, deeply recessed grille with a mild v-shape in the middle) is popular. The Coke-bottle shape continues, too, including the rising belt line over rear wheels. Buick appears to have made the most subtle revisions in its 1967 sheet metal. Chevrolet has put a new slope on several of its roof lines. Pontiac styling will continue to appeal to those customers who feel it is G.M.'s hippy best. And Oldsmobile, building an image all its own, has chopped five inches off the rear decks of its big cars and added the same amount to hood length to spread the long-nosed Toronado look throughout the line.

Ford's full-size cars will have all new body sheet metal this year with a fender line which slopes down from the vertically stacked headlights to the front door handle, then hops up in the currently accepted fashion over the rear wheel. Mercury will add two new luxury models named Brougham and Marquis to the top of the line. The reverse-angle rear window on the 4-door sedan has been replaced by a "drop backlite" which opens 1½ inches for flow-through ventilation.

Big Plymouths and Chryslers and Dodges continue to be somewhat less imitative of industry trends in styling, making greater use of straight lines, flat surfaces and crisp angles. Overall length of the Dodge Polara and Monaco models has been increased six inches on a longer wheelbase.

All of which, whether it seems so or not, adds up to an estimated $1.2 billion in new styling and engineering for 1967. Detroit knows the money will have been wisely invested if it acts as a tune-up for a sales machine that sputtered in for a pit stop at the end of the 1966 model year. But some pulse takers, such as the University of Michigan Social Research Center, believe sales may continue at somewhat less than record pace through next year. Others speculate that rumors and news of future safety advances—such as the collapsible front-end structure which Ford president Arjay Miller has promised for his company's 1969 models—will continue to hold some buyers out of the market until they feel they are getting all that Mr. Nader says they should.

Meanwhile, there are signs that a few buyers are already growing impatient in their demands. Detroit's daily mail is way up on the subject of safety—some of it constructive, much of it irate. One man, who may have a long delay before the industry solves his particular problem, recently wrote to Ford safety engineers demanding help.

"When I'm driving in a westerly direction late in the day," he complained, "I am troubled by the glare of the setting sun coming through my windshield . . ." Customers like this may well wait far beyond 1969 before they find a car they like. And when they do, it isn't going to be cheap.

The industry is in the third and last year of its current contracts with the United Automobile Workers and next year there will not only be the question of how much Mr. Nader's ideas will cost, but how much Walter Reuther's ideas will cost besides. Ever increasing efficiency and computerized economics continue to drive manufacturing costs down. Automation enables the industry to build the same number of cars it did a decade ago, but with 15% fewer workers. Car prices just might remain stable, but nobody is betting on it. Ultimately, it will be G.M. (with 52 percent of the market) who will determine whether the public should pay more for automobiles. If, in their highly secret and complicated calculations, the G.M. masterminds decide prices should go up, other manufacturers will go along and gladly.

Whatever lies ahead for Detroit—whether it is to be the long-promised 10-million car year or the worst fears of government interference realized—one thing is certain: everyone in Motor City, from the production line worker (who earned less overtime last year) to top executives (who personally own hundreds of thousands of shares of depressed stock) is resignedly happy that the bad dreams of 1966 are over.

They probably reached their laugh-clown-laugh climax on two consecutive days in May when Ford and G.M. held annual stockholder meetings. For years, as profits and dividends mounted, these dignified affairs have been marked by little more than murmurs of quiet contentment from shareholders and *sieg heil* approval of whatever management proposed to do to keep the boom booming.

This year, like a bizarre interlude in a Fellini movie, two women took the floor to shatter decorum and to taunt Henry Ford II and G.M. chairman Frederic Donner. Wilma Soss, a long-time semi-pro needler of corporate executives, was wearing knickers, a crusader's shirt of chain mail and a webbed hat which she called a crash helmet. Her partner, Evelyn Davis, wore a striped sweater, a miniskirt, white boots, a helmet decorated with a tiger emblem and Batman glasses. While company public relations men squirmed and other stockholders smirked, the women voiced their lack of confidence in Ford and G.M. leadership and demanded that Ralph Nader be elected to the board of directors of each company.

In Detroit last May, such a suggestion was akin to nominating Ho Chi Minh for the presidency of the American Legion—and the reaction of still-faithful stockholders was a measure of their shock. When the votes were counted at G.M., Mr. Nader polled 217 votes; other candidates for the job polled 232,000,000.

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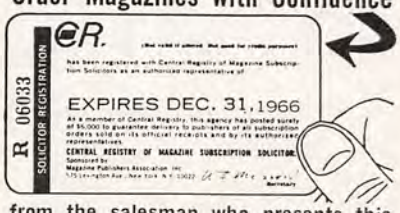


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## TWO, FOUR, SIX, EIGHT . . . WHO DO WE LOVE TO HATE? BRODIE!

[*Continued from page* 40]

Fans don't insinuate that he bails out too soon when faced with a massive rush. They roar it. Sections of seats resound with the jeer, *"Throw it!"* and *"Don't get hurt!"* Lost in this knock at Brodie's courage is the fact that he suffered a shoulder separation last October while holding the ball too long (tried to run with it), sat out only one game and returned wearing a special harness and in intense pain to face the Detroit Lions. He missed just one play against the Lions, when the shoulder was reinjured and he was left writhing on the grass. Getting up, he completed a dozen more passes and the Forty Niners beat the Lions, 27-21.

Heroes have become bums in other towns. Bobby Layne, Unitas, Y.A. Tittle, Sonny Jurgensen, Billy Wade and most other quarterbacks have gone through rough periods, but eventually the critics came around, recognized their virtues and showered them with praise. Brodie is a singular case of a player of long, proved standout ability, plus personal charm, who has been continually faced with a community of snipers—who send in fan-mail diagrams of him hanging from a rope, who circulate rumors that he hobnobs with gamblers and who rock Kezar Stadium with roars (in the form of advice to opponents) of "Kill the S.O.B.!"

It figures that fans who hated Brodie last season will hate him even more this year. Brodie, fed up with San Francisco, agreed last May to jump to the AFL's Houston Oilers in 1967 after playing out his option with the Forty Niners. The Oilers had offered him a three-year contract for $750,000. Soon afterwards, the two leagues merged and the deal fell through.

Brodie then became a holdout, demanding more money from the Forty Niners and also, it was said, trying to get a settlement from the Oilers for a big chunk of the $750,000. The rumors had it that Brodie was preparing a multi-million dollar suit against the merged leagues for antitrust violations.

The San Francisco papers took up the usual theme of "Who needs him?" and "Let's play Mira." Brodie, holed up in Hawaii, paid no attention. Then, dramatically, he returned on August 3 and signed a four-year contract that probably makes him the highest-paid football player in history. That gave dissatisfied fans one more reason to hate him.

The details of the contract were not announced but some sources reported that it totaled a cool $1 million, to be paid mostly by the Oilers, partly by the league office, and partly by the Forty Niners. In any case, Big John had missed the crucial first two weeks of training and Kezar Stadium fans are guaranteed to hold that against him, especially if he and the team get off to a poor start.

At Kezar the customers carry their own six-packs into the stadium and the incidence of drunken fights is right around the league record—yet the 2 o'clock swilling is far from the whole reason behind their dislike of the quarterback. Old men, housewives and small kids have been seen booing him until their eyes bulged. "We sure have got a peculiar following," Forty Niner coach Jack Christiansen was saying not long ago. "To give you an idea, my key guy, Brodie, goes out and throws four touchdown passes against the Chicago Bears last September and we murder them, 52-24. Brodie is named 'Player of the Week' for that. The next week he completes a fantastic 80 percent of his passes against the Steelers. We win again.

"The next Sunday the Baltimore club noses us out in a head-banger by three points, with John again having a great day, and then we lose to the Packers with our three best linebackers hurt, using third-stringers. The defense loses it, never Brodie. Hell, he gained more yards than Bart Starr of the Packers. But there's hardly anyone who sees it that way. I get phone calls and letters blasting Brodie, demanding we trade him to the Edmonton Eskimos, or use George Mira, or some other crazy idea."


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One foggy night early last summer, I was driving along with Brodie and we passed a San Francisco bar where the Forty Niners sometimes stand at 1 a.m., bourbon glasses raised high, and sing such beloved Western ditties as "Who Shot Nellie In The Navel?" The 'Niners are a joyful, choral-singing, bibulous and unpredictable aggregation who make no bones about their disdain for curfews and who, while occasionally coming agonizingly close, have never won a division championship. In the past dozen years the team owners have hired five coaches and released four. Two of the owners have died of heart attacks. One coach, Frankie Albert, turned gray and quit in three seasons. Another badgered mentor, Red Strader, died of heart failure soon after he was fired. The 'Niners, however, are strong at landing on Page One in "love-nest" scandals, at failure to remember signals after a big night and at wrapping fast cars around obstacles. Brodie has figured in two highway smashups—one with that oak tree, another with a freeway signpost. Each time he was lucky not to have been killed.

On this particular evening, though, he was driving cautiously. Dressed in a

canary-yellow cashmere sweater, golf slacks and alligator shoes he hummed a Duke Ellington jazz bit and revealed what it's like to be football's biggest success story in reverse.

"Maybe I'm a sucker to come out and say it," he drawled, "but I detest football fans. You want a title for my story? How about 'To Hell With 'Em'—meaning the jugheads in the stands?

"But I also have to feel grateful toward them. The fans buy the tickets and they pay my salary. So my feelings are mixed—I appreciate the money and I'm disgusted at the way they pour it on me. I feel I deserve some kind of break, but I won't get it unless the team wins a championship. Since that's a fact, what can I do after a game when I've done my best and been called every lousy name? Go out and get drunk? I've often felt like it, but you can't do that and play, so I have a few drinks and go home to my family. My wife acts as if nothing had happened. Never mentions the game. I'm lucky. Sue is a lovely person and she knows how to unwind me. You know—with silence and the little attentions."

As we passed the Forty Niner's favorite sluicing spot, Brodie was reminded of the last time he was in there. "I've got a pal, Tommy O'Leary, who's a golf pro. Tommy is always telling me to be more understanding of the public, not to let the fans upset me and to take it in stride. So now I'm sitting with O'Leary in this crowded bar and up walks a good-looking woman with a glass of beer in her hand. She looks at O'Leary, who's about my size and age. She asks him, 'Are *you* John Brodie?'

"O'Leary glances at me and smiles. He figures that this doll wants an autograph. He's going to show me that I'm popular, despite everything. He smirks and says, being very polite, 'Yes, dear, I'm Brodie.'

"She throws the glass of beer right in O'Leary's face. 'Take that you no-good dummy!' she yells. 'You're a hell of a lousy quarterback!' O'Leary wants to pop her one but I hold him back.

"The beer is dripping down O'Leary and after a while he looks at me. And then he says, '*You know—I could be wrong about this problem of yours.*'"

Big John Brodie laughed as he told the story; but on a sweltering afternoon last October in a packed San Francisco stadium, the broad with the beer was multiplied by more than 40,000 and what happened there wasn't at all funny.

Just over six minutes had elapsed in the first period of a game with the Minnesota Vikings when Brodie came out of the huddle, crouched over his center and began to snap signals. The ball was on Minnesota's 36-yard line. A series of well-planned calls by Brodie had put it there. The Viking linebackers and defensive secondary had laid back, expecting him to throw, and they'd steadily been caught out of position as Brodie sent a pair of 230-pound backs, John David Crow and Ken Willard, smashing over the guard holes and in and outside tackle. In eight plays the Forty Niners moved 80 yards and with each big gain the Viking defense had been lured closer in. Calling the numbers, Brodie's head was down, so as not to betray anything. His mind, however, was on one man in the deep Minnesota zone defense, an inexperienced youngster named George Rose. To help jam up any long, breakaway run, Rose had ventured in a few yards too close and Brodie was about to stuff the kid in his pocket. Faking a handoff, he dropped back exactly seven steps. The Viking line was piling in on him but Brodie bobbed and weaved amidst the wave of white shirts and looked towards Dave Parks, his wide end and the Forty Niners' ace pass catcher.

Parks was racing for the right goal-line corner, pulling two defenders with him. The moment Parks went into his decoy act, Brodie spun and fired through a maze of reaching arms, to his left. The ball traveled on a blurred line for 40 yards into the hands of another end, Bernie Casey, who had sneaked behind George Rose, in the end zone. The touchdown seemed not difficult to get. It had, however, been plotted, step-by-step, nine plays earlier.

Seven minutes later Brodie extended the Forty Niner lead to 14-0. This time he led a 78-yard drive, perfectly faked a draw play to Crow and threw another TD pass to a wide-open Casey. Everyone in Kezar Stadium, of course, doesn't always boo Brodie and his minority of admirers sent up cheers. And there were signs that he might gain even more friends when he reached into his bag of tricks for a third score and a 21-0 lead.

But then, as if unnerved by their success, the Forty Niners began to behave in a way peculiar to them and horrible to see. They roughed a Viking kicker, the penalty setting up a Viking touchdown. A Brodie receiver tangled his feet and fell down at the goal in the act of catching a touchdown pass. Gritting his teeth, Brodie shot a second pass to Dave Parks, who caught it in the end zone, but somehow fouled the man guarding him, nullifying six more points. Each time their quarterback began a promising drive some Forty Niner tripped, elbowed or speared an opponent. The fouling, good for 109 yards in penalties, opened the way for two more Minnesota touchdowns.

Despite all the sabotage going on around him, Brodie stayed in there, threw a third scoring pass and, in the fourth period, managed to build a 38-35 lead. "I can't imagine," remarked a Los Angeles scout in the press box, "what else these bums can do to ruin Brodie. But they'll think of something."

So true. Fullback Ken Willard broke loose, was in the clear for a TD and dropped the ball. The comic low point came when a Viking lineman piled into the Forty Niner bench while chasing a play. An enraged Forty Niner assistant coach, Bill Johnson, jumped up, kicked the lineman in the pants and drew a 15-yard penalty. From there the Vikings scored and went ahead.

Inevitably the fall guy, Brodie now began to hear it: "We want Mira! We want Mira!" The crowd, churning with frustration, wanted a victim and No. 12, Brodie, who had just played himself into exhaustion, was cursed all the way to the dressing room when the Vikings ran out the game and won by the smallest of margins, 42-41.


# Painful hemorrhoids?

All too often, humans who sit and stand pay the price of vertical posture. Sitting and standing combine with the force of gravity to produce extra pressure on veins and tissues in and around the rectal area. The result may be painful, itching or burning hemorrhoids.

The first thought of hemorrhoid sufferers is to relieve their pain and discomfort. However, of the products most often used for hemorrhoids, some contain no pain-killing agent at all... others have one too weak to provide necessary relief... and still others provide only lubrication.

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"You can't play any better than John did," a big San Francisco end named Monty Stickles was saying over a beer later that night. "But I've seen him be a one-man gang many a time and still take the blame for a defeat. You want to know how bad it can get? Ask Johnny Unitas."

The next morning the voice of Unitas came over the phone from Baltimore. "So they gave it to Brodie again? Holy gee. How does the guy take it? You play on your pride in your ability in this game and those people don't leave him enough pride to keep a shoe clerk making sales.

"It's amazing to me that John can keep his head up and go on breaking records —like mine, for instance."

As Unitas tells it, he was walking off the field alongside Brodie after a 1964 game, and as they approached "Bushwhack Alley"—the Kezar tunnel where the enemy mills around—Brodie warned him, "Better put on your helmet."

Unitas was puzzled. "Why?" he asked.

"Just put on your hat," said Brodie, "or you'll find out why."

Within seconds a bareheaded Unitas was the center of a barrage of streams of beer and wine from half-empty containers, old fruit, a woman's shoe, pennies heated with matches, gum wads and other junk, all intended for John Brodie. His uniform drenched, he ran for shelter. But Brodie beat him to it. He'd taken a head start.

Last May, Brodie took a step which set pro football gasping. His estimated salary with the Forty Niners has been $40,000, or well under the going price of top NFL passers. Flying to Houston, he met with Bud Adams, chief owner of the Houston Oilers of the American Football League, who later stated he would be glad to pay Brodie the highest sum ever offered in the game —$750,000 on a long-term contract—when he concluded his Forty Niner contract in 1967. "Three quarters of a mill for Brodie?" drawled Adams. "It's a bargain."

At that point, the war between the AFL and the NFL took on sensational proportions. It was ironical, too. A prophet without honor at home, Brodie was considered so valuable elsewhere that bank vaults would be cleaned out to land him.

But even that lovely windfall was not to be. A few days after the offer was made, the AFL and NFL made peace. Adams suddenly got righteous. "We would never steal a player from one of our own," he said. Brodie was playing in a golf tournament at Lake Tahoe when he heard the news. Onlookers reported that his face fell a fifth.

As it turned out, the Oilers deal was a lucky one for Brodie. It was his first break. Big John is not a lucky guy. Everybody has misfortunes but the quantity of Brodie's troubles qualifies him for the Most-Hexed title almost any year. A lot of circumstances are responsible. They include:

*The Draft:* At the draft meetings of 1957 the Forty Niners could have picked Jimmy Brown of Syracuse or Paul Hornung of Notre Dame. They took John Brodie. The other two became fabulous pro ground gainers. San Franciscans still blame Brodie for costing them Brown or Hornung.

*The Trade:* When, in 1960, Yelberton Abraham Tittle "didn't suit our shotgun-type offense," the Forty Niners traded him to the New York Giants. Tittle was much liked in Frisco; and he promptly passed the Giants to three straight division championships. Brodie—who had nothing to do with the trade—never has been forgiven for replacing Tittle.

*The Scandal:* As a Stanford University senior, Brodie took a course called "movie appreciation." He landed, as chief culprit, in a headlined cribbing scandal. He was not allowed to graduate. Moralists who blink at murder and rape are still screaming that "Brodie isn't a straight, honest person."

Thirty-odd miles south of the city, in scenic Palo Alto, Big John finds peace and comfort. He and wife Sue, a blonde beauty, and their four children, live in a four-bedroom upper-middle-class house featuring impressionistic paintings, bright colors and John's trophy-filled den. Brodie sleeps a lot in his den. He needs his catnaps because he has a hunch he can become a millionaire before he's 40.

Brodie is a partner in Brodie Associates, a booming insurance firm. He's a sportscaster with a daily San Francisco show that has one of the highest ratings in the area. He models clothes for advertisers, is a top tournament bridge player and an extremely capable golfer. He works hard and long at everything he does. Brodie will tell you that he puts in a highly-organized, scientifically-planned 14-hour day when he's not playing football.

"My friend, John," observes Bing Crosby, who golfs with him, "is a rare one. He takes guff from the fans which'd make me run for the hills. He even laughed off the broken arm, the time he hit the tree. As a businessman he won't lean on his influential friends. He wants to get ahead on his own moxie, shrewdness and application. I'd say he's a lock to earn a million."

In one way or another Brodie has been molding himself and overcoming handicaps since he was a high-school kid. His father, Aloysius, was a star tackle at the University of North Dakota. "I wanted to look good, for him," says John. "The trouble was I was six feet tall at 16 and weighed 135 and when I'd get hit you could hear the bones break. Once I broke my wrist trying to stiff-arm a guy. My dad paid no attention. He kept telling me I was as good a passer as Otto Graham at 16. Pretty soon he had me believing him. The college scouts didn't agree."

Not one university offered Brodie a scholarship when he'd finished four years at Oakland (Calif.) Tech. Entering Stanford without a cent of aid, he was sent down to the seventh freshman team and forgotten. Disgusted with it all he hauled off one day and sent a football catapulting 80 yards downfield. A coach, seeing it, yelped, "What an arm! What's your name, sonny?"

"B-r-o-d-i-e, and remember it," replied John. "You want to see me throw one 90 yards?"

He acquired a reputation as a fathead and rebel after working his way to the first frosh team and then becoming varsity quarterback. "I thought spring training was silly and said so in the school paper," relates Brodie. "I turned out for the golf team, instead. From the screams that went up you'd have thought I tried to burn down Stanford."

As a senior he led the nation's passers, also breaking the all-time NCAA mark for completions in three seasons—none of which did much to alleviate the beginnings of the "bad press" which has followed the Irishman for a decade.

TRUE

"Sometimes I wonder if you're really all there."

Brodie walked in one day to take a final college exam in "movie appreciation." A girl student reported that cribbing went on between Brodie and others. He was handed a flunking "F" grade which made it impossible for him to graduate. Lucius Beebe, the nationally-syndicated writer, let go a blast in which he said, "Here was a pipe course patently rigged by the university to keep big-muscled muttonheads eligible for football. And even then the crumbs had to cheat."

"What happened," says Brodie, now, "is that some friends copied my paper. I knew the answers, for crying out loud. Why should I cheat? Anyway I was found guilty of letting them copy me. At the time I wasn't about to rat to the authorities on the others, so I just denied everything. No one believed me, of course."

In any case, San Francisco fans were already hating Brodie even before he joined the Forty Niners. And nothing he has done since has made them hate him any less. Brodie is a classic type, the Well-Intentioned Victim. This is the guy who licks three bullies in a street fight, turns around and finds that the fellow who was holding his coat has run away with his wallet. "That's right," says Brodie. "I often feel there isn't any way in the world I can win."

Brodie may not be blameless but even his rivals agree that he gets the bummest rap in athletics. Fortunately, his pride happens to be the kind which can't be crushed and Brodie made this very clear one night last January when a large part of Reno, Nevada, turned out to honor him at "Brodie Night." His hosts told him, "We appreciate you even if San Francisco doesn't."

The Nevadans, however, made a tactical error. A large plaque was handed John—"The Comeback of the Year 1965," award. Brodie stared at it, flushing, and then tossed it right back at his hosts. "I don't want this," he said.

"But it's an award," the toastmaster gasped. "You have to accept it."

"The hell I do," replied Brodie, the resentment of all the unapplauded years spilling over. When he left the speaker's table the trophy remained there.

On the golf course a day later he said, "What comeback did I make? In 1964 and in '61 and '62 I also broke a few records. I didn't know I'd ever been away. Why can't they just say that I play the game with all I've got, every week, that my character is as good as the next guy's and that I take care of my family and friends?"

Yeah, why can't they? —Al Stump

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**OLD SLINGS FOR NEW SHOTS**

[*Continued from page* 53]

up on our hill, I thought it would be fairly simple to put together.

Our project started simply enough. We made the framework of our engine with telephone poles a foot thick. They formed a rectangle 10 feet long and four-and-a-half feet wide. We nailed the upright in front so that it would hold the bow five feet off the ground. But before going further we decided the time had come to make the Scorpion mobile.

We took the crossbar and two wheels from an old wagon and, with the aid of a block and tackle, carefully lowered our engine into it. The wheels quietly disintegrated under the load. We went back to a study of the Roman accounts and decided on a new approach. Dan talked a friend with a chain saw into cutting off some huge cross sections of a tree, two feet in diameter. We bored holes through these with a red-hot iron and then nailed iron rims around them. They made serviceable wheels for our telephone-pole axle.

Transportation proved no problem. Luckily my wife's hobby provides me with a stableful of purebred hunters. Beyond absorbing several tons of prime timothy hay per day, these bums do no work at all except occasionally to canter around a ring and collect a few bits of colored ribbon. By waiting until she was out of the house, Dan and I were able to hitch a couple of these oat burners to our Scorpion and move it anywhere we wished. We felt our troubles were about over.

They were only beginning. We couldn't find any bow that would take the strain of being cocked by the six-foot arm. The Romans solved this problem by using a laminated bow composed of alternating strips of wood and hide bound together by rawhide straps which were put on wet.

We first tried using ordinary ropes but their short fibers quickly untwisted under the strain. The ancients sometimes used animal sinews but eventually found that the best material was human hair. During the siege of Carthage by the Romans (148 B.C.), the noble ladies of Carthage sacrificed their long tresses for catapult cords. As the skeins were a foot thick and the Carthaginians had 200 catapults, the noble ladies must have been bald as eggshells by the time the engines were completed. Being fresh out of long-haired ladies on our farm, we had to settle for nylon cords.

Before rigging up the catapult, we decided to see how the twisted-cord idea worked. We drove two stakes into the ground and fastened the nylon twist between them with the upright arm in the center of the twist. We used a loose sling like David's on the end of the arm because Sir Ralph, the mid-Victorian, says a sling increases the range and effectiveness of a catapult by one third. Putting a large rock in the sling, Dan and I pulled it back and let go.

Something was a little off in our calculations. The rock left the sling with terrific force but went straight up in the air. As we had unfortunately chosen high noon for the experiment, we couldn't see the rock for the sun but we had a pretty good idea it would come down again. Dan went one way and I the other. The rock came down all right—and smashed our mock-up to jackstraws.

We overcame our first setback by putting in a longer arm. Then we installed the device in our catapult base. Our next problem was finding a crossbar to stop the throwing arm at the top of its arc.

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Recoiled by the twisted nylon skein, the arm would smash a two by four like a rotten twig, but we licked this difficulty too by wrapping the crossbar with heavy padding.

Now we were ready for some serious shooting. We used a rock about the size of a cannonball, pulled back the arm, and let go. We'd expected the rock to fly only a few hundred yards. Instead, it took off like a bird. In the adjacent field an old farmer was peacefully plowing with his tractor. The stone came plummeting down in front of him. The old fellow jammed on the brakes and bounded off the tractor as though he'd been shot. Seeing only us on a hill a good quarter of a mile away, he gazed at the sky, wondering when the next meteor shower was due. Eventually we perfected our marksmanship and found we could hurl 10-pound stones a distance of 350 yards with great accuracy.

Having put our catapult in such good working order, there remained only one question—what the hell were we going to do with it? Our opportunities for fun were obviously not as numerous as in medieval times. For example, in those days it was a standard joke to cut off the head of a prisoner, nail an insulting note to the skull, and loft it into a besieged city. In 1422, during the Bohemian Crusade against the Hussites, the crusaders besieged the city of Carolstein. The city held out until the Christians got the idea of plastering the place with 2,000 cartloads of catapult-flung dung. When this rotted in the streets it started a raging epidemic and the city surrendered—the world's first victim of germ warfare.

At the siege of Delhi in 1296, Aláuddin Khilji had a less odorous, if more expensive idea. He bombarded the city with sacks of gold. While the soldiers inside the city were scrambling for the treasure, his men scaled the walls.

The last time a catapult was used in warfare was during the siege of Gibraltar by the combined French and Spanish fleets in 1779. The attackers gained a foothold on a ledge a few yards below the edge of the cliff where no cannon could reach them. On the Rock, General Melville who invented the carronade (a short, light cannon in which the ball fitted snugly into the bore so the explosive charge would have the maximum effect) built a catapult and lobbed rocks over the edge of the cliff on the French and Spanish. They were driven off and Gibraltar was saved.

As late as the 1850's, Napoleon III had a catapultlike engine built that could throw a 50-pound projectile 200 yards but it was never used.

After mooning around for a few days over the fact that catapults were more fun to use in ancient times, my son came to me with a new idea.

"Why not build a ballista?"

"What's that?"

"It's a machine that shoot spears instead of rocks. I've got a book that says a good ballista can shoot a six-foot spear 500 yards with enough power to go through a knight in full armor, lift him off his horse, and nail him against a tree."

"Now you're talking sense!" I said proudly. "Im glad you've thought of something with a practical use instead of that crazy catapult idea."

A ballista, he told me, employs two small skeins rather than one large one. There's a trough down the center of the engine that holds the spear and the skeins are mounted vertically on separate posts on either side of the forward end of the trough. Each twisted skein has its own arm. Ropes from these arms are connected to a moveable block that pushes the spear along the trough and flings it forward with tremendous force.

Although a ballista couldn't throw as big a projectile as a catapult, it has several advantages. It threw horizontally whereas a stone from a catapult always arcs and therefore couldn't easily mow down oncoming troops. Also the "barrel" end of the ballista's trough could be quickly raised and lowered to change the range. The only way you can alter the range of a catapult is not to cock the arm all the way back but this weakens the force of the shot.

Dan's idea was to duplicate a ballista designed by Leonardo da Vinci. It was to be 100 feet long and had to be cocked by means of a huge screw running the length of the trough. I promptly explained that we were building an experimental model, not trying to sink the U.S.S. *United States*. Dan's next idea was to make a copy of a ballista described in an old letter to the Emperor Valentinian (366 A.D.) which amazingly enough had turned up in 1953. The letter was from an inventor who boasted his device could "shoot a spear clear across the Danube" and would be just the thing to use on barbarian invaders. The brass helmets in the Roman Pentagon turned the idea down, but three hundred years later, General Belisarius saved the Byzantine Empire with just such an engine. Apparently it had several steel bows mounted vertically on the front of the frame. Strings were fastened to the tops of the bows which were then pulled back by a series of gears turned by cranks.

This design was a little too elaborate for us but it gave me an idea and I drew up my own design. My ballista was simply a huge crossbow. The bow was to be 10 feet long, made of steel and mounted horizontally. The string would be quarter-inch steel cable. It cocked by means of a useful little device called a come-along which operates like a horizontal jack.

Dan was heartbroken. "But it isn't going to be authentic!" he wailed. "Harun al-Rashid had a ballista with a bow carved from a single 50-foot cedar of Lebanon, bound by unicorn hide glued in place with mermaid's milk. It was so strong 50 yoke of oxen had to strain to cock it. And the string was made from the neck sinews of 1,400 wild asses. Do you know where we can get any wild asses?"

"I know where we can get one," I assured him and went ahead with my own design. My main problem was the bow. We finally salvaged a couple of old truck springs from a junkyard and welded them together. Dan was still afraid our bow wouldn't come up to Belisarius' standards for strength. But while we were cocking it, the steel cable slipped off the come-along and hit his arm. At first we thought the arm was broken but it turned out to be only badly bruised. At least, I didn't hear any more about the weakness of our bow.

We ran into a spell of rainy weather and had to work inside the barn. When the time came to test our new weapon, we didn't even have to open the big barn doors. We just opened the small entrance door in one of them, aimed the ballista through it, and pulled the release chain. We didn't quite equal Ebolus' record for skewering enemies, but my Masai spear went 200 yards and any Northman who'd been in its way would have been mighty sick.

Now we became more interested in crossbows—as a branch of the slingshot family. Although the crossbow is only a toy compared to the great siege engines, it is still so effective a weapon that many states have regulations making it illegal to own one, including our state of Pennsylvania. (Fortunately for us, the law doesn't say a thing about catapults and ballistas.)

Crossbows were first developed in Europe during the 12th century and were considered such terrible weapons that the church's Second Lateran Council forbade their use except against infidels. Soon, of course, everybody and his brother had a crossbow. They were made in all sorts of shapes, sizes and designs. Some were so powerful that an archer had to use a windlass to cock them. These bows had a pull of some 1,200 pounds and could shoot nearly 400 yards. Others were so small that a man could carry one hidden in his sleeve like a derringer. Still others, called slurbows, were equipped with a gun barrel and fired bullets. There was a shotgun type called the prod that flung a mass of small stones. Some of the bows were equipped with peep sights, windage and elevation adjustors.

The last time in military history that crossbows were used on a large scale was in the Chinese-Japanese War of 1895. The Chinese used repeating crossbows. A hundred such bows could throw a barrage of 1,000 bolts every 15 seconds against oncoming troops. In addition, the Chinese often poisoned their arrows. Even so, they were defeated by the long-range Japanese guns and it looked as

[*Continued on page* 112]

**COMING . . .**

The year's most
talked-about book

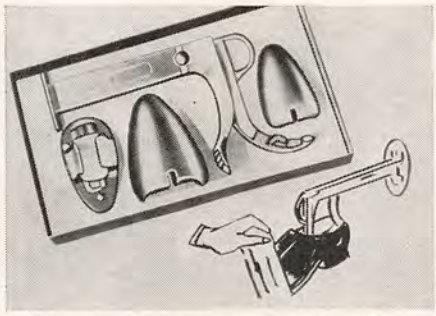
**INQUEST**

Key questions about
the Kennedy assassination
the Warren Commission
didn't answer

**NEXT MONTH IN TRUE**

# TRUE goes shopping

THE "THING" is an animated replica of the "hand-in-the-box" featured on "The Addams Family" T.V. show. Place a coin in the slot. Immediately you hear a grinding of gears. Then you see the box shake, the lid rise, a hand reach out and grab the coin. Bang! The lid slams shut. Loads of fun. $4.95 + 60¢ pp. Lang's, 28-T Magee, Stamford, Conn. 06902.

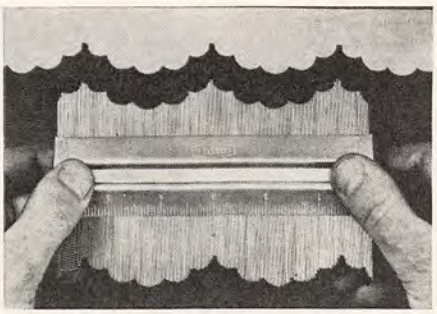


HOME SHOE SHINE STAND. Mount brackets of this aluminum shoe holder to any surface and you'll be able to give your own brogans a quick, neat shine. Complete and ready to mount, 2 interchangeable toe pieces hold any shoe made, save you money Mighty useful for $3.95. 2 sets, $6.95. K. D. McLean, Department TR-10, Box 991 Grand Central Sta., New York 17, N.Y.

PORTABLE GARAGE protects car, boat, outdoor furniture. 12'x25' heavy-gauge, clear plastic folds easily for storage. Durable, it is said to remain pliable at 60° below zero. Should save you money on painting, repairs, rust damage. $3.29 plus 51¢ pp. An extra-heavy-duty weight plus 8 grommets is $5.59 plus 71¢ pp. Barclay, Dept. 73, 170-30 Jamaica Ave., Jamaica, N.Y. 11432.

MAGNIFYING ½ FRAME GLASSES let you see the fine print, sharp and clear yet allow non-magnified vision over the top of the lenses. 2¼ diopter polished ground lenses. For folks over 40 without astigmatism or eye disease who simply need magnifying lenses. $3.98 includes case. Add 25¢ postage. Nel-King, Dept. T-106-D, 811 Wyandotte, Kansas City, Mo. 64105.

WEDDING OR ANNIVERSARY PLATE for you sentimentalists. Hand painted in rich colors, this 7½" plate records wedding, or anniversary. Made of fine, translucent china, it comes with a wall hanger. Specify the 2 first names and the date you want inscribed. Good gift for your friends. $2.98 plus 35¢ pp. & hdlg. Miro Products, Box 142, Jerome Ave. Sta., Bronx, N.Y. 10468.



COPY-CAT ENDS MEASURING PROBLEMS. Just press its 175 teeth against any irregular surface, and it will match and hold the shape perfectly. Then pencil outline to work subject, cut accordingly and you have a perfect fit. 6" long of fine steel. $4.95 + 35¢ pp. and handling. Noble Sales, Sixth Floor, Dept. T-10, 110 West 47 Street, New York, N. Y. 10036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tax paid to sell for 20c each

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Please accept me as a trial member of the John Surrey Cigar Club and send me my bonus box of 25 Pershing Square Palmas. I agree to take one or more boxes of cigars per month (my choice) for 6 months at regular club prices. Send me your complete catalog of all 46 John Surrey brands.
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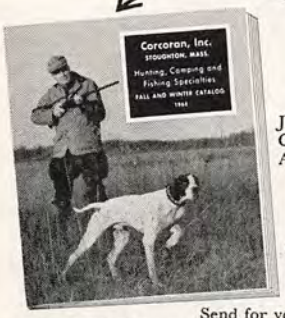


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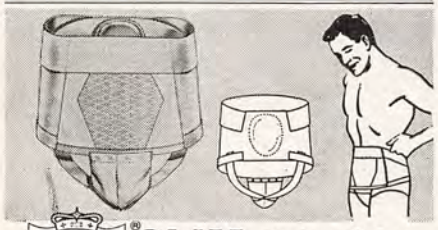

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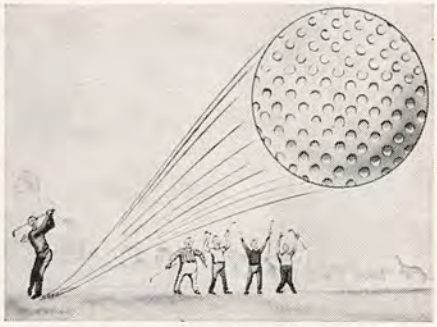

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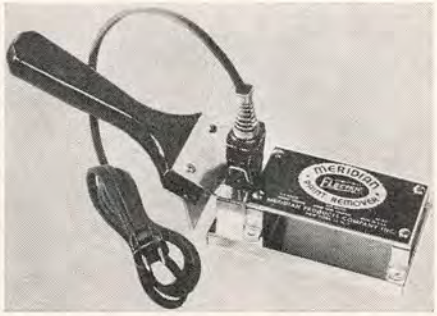


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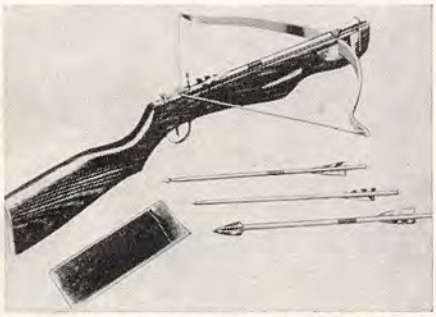
HALF FRAME READING GLASSES let you read the tiniest print. Fashionable tortoise-frame "Ben Franklin" glasses are a perfect aid in reading fine print. Wear these look-over glasses and still have normal distance vision without removing them. Black or Brown. Specify men's or women's. Carrying case incl. $5.95. Joy Optical Co., Dept. T-10, 84 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N. Y.

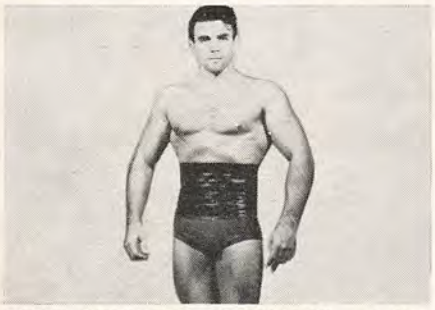
PERSONALIZED CAR PLATE adds a welcome personalized note to your car. The polished brass plaque 3" x 1" comes marked "This Car Made Especially For" plus your name engraved. It has secure adhesive backing that won't harm leather or paint. A unique and inexpensive gift for your friends. $1. Vernon Products, Dept. T-10, 560 So. Third Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

# goes shopping



BLACK BEAUTY CROSSBOW has 80 lb. pull. Silent, powerful, accurate for deer, fox, etc. Hardwood stock 33" long, 32" alloy bow. The target sights are adjustable. Two targets, one for hunting and the other for fishing. Complete with fishing attachment and leather quiver. Free catalog. $35.95. No permit required. Bill's Military, Dept. TM, 21 W. Forsyth, Jacksonville, Fla.

HUNTERS, CAMPERS AND FISHERMEN will find many practical items in this fully illustrated Fall Catalog. Shows hunting footwear, clothing and other specialties of interest to both men and women. Many of the products shown are manufactured by Bean. The Catalog is free and you get it directly from L. L. Bean, Inc., T-10 Main Street, Freeport, Maine 04032.



HEAT BELT FOR REDUCING waistline fits snugly to hold in heat generated by body activity. Ruggedly built to give with any type of movement, without riding up or slipping down. Greatest aid on the market for reducing fat around waistline. Can be worn to work or a workout. Send waist size and $2.95 to House of Health, Dept. TM, 310 East 1st St., Dayton, Ohio 45402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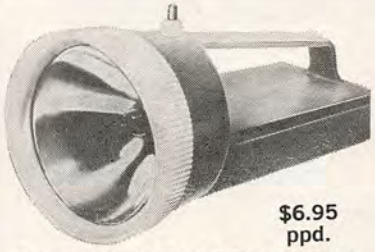

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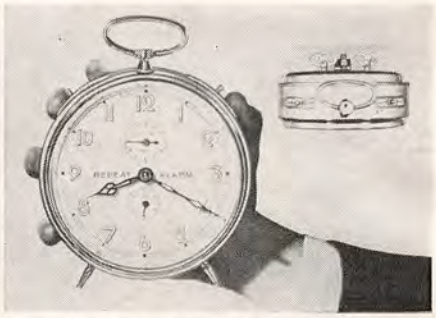
STERLING SILVER PEARLS are fabulous gifts for any gal. Heavy silver pearls are carefully hand-rolled and strung on a silvery chain. Expensive-looking, and handmade by Spanish craftsmen, they are imported and an excellent value. Single strand, 15", 50 silver pearls, $4.95; double strand, $7.95. Very nice. Spanish Imports, Dept. TR-10, 887 Second Ave., New York 17, N.Y.



REPEAT ALARM CLOCK. Full size replica of the monster that shook Grandpa out of bed will do the same for you. It goes off with a 15-second ring every 45 seconds for 10 minutes. Heavy chrome-plated steel clock stands a big 7"; has 5"-wide, old-style face, radium hands and numerals, second sweep. $11.95. Day Co., Department TR-10, Box 311 Gracie Sta., New York 28, N.Y.

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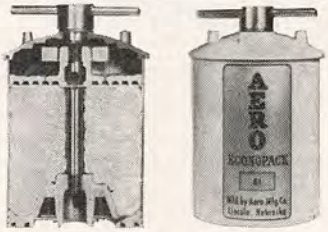


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NIGHTER WRITE-A-LITE overcomes the problem of writing in the dark. This ball-point pen throws a flashlight beam on the paper. It doubles as a pocket flashlight. It's a boon for travelers, campers and sportsmen. $3.95 complete with batteries and extra ball-point refill. Additional batteries and refills available. Federal Products, T-10, 6652 N. Western Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

NEW TV TUBE CHECKER. When a TV or radio repairman checks your set, he tests the tubes first, and usually that's the trouble. With this tube checker (for picture tubes on down), you can do the same; save enough the first time to pay the $3.95 it costs. Also checks electrical circuits. You can order from Lee Products, Department TR-10, 103 Park Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

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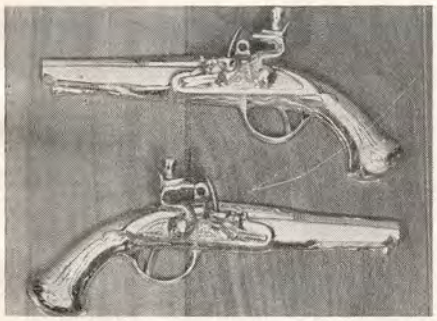
STOP STOOPING. New Pi Peer Shoulder Brace corrects posture comfortably. Provides distributed support for sagging shoulders. Needs no fitting. Made of ventilated-for-comfort 3-ply material. Arm bands are softly padded. Lightweight and cool. Men give measurement around chest; women, below bust. $4.95. Piper Brace, Dept. T-106H, 811 Wyandotte, Kansas City, Mo.

GIRL WATCHERS RATING SCALE and Appraisal Guide has four zones: face, legs, bust and bottom. The calibrated dial and revolving discs give you an instant rating which helps you determine whether she's worth a second look. Membership card and Rating Scale, $3. United Girl Watchers of America, Department T-10, 4407 E. Lake St., Minneapolis 6, Minn.



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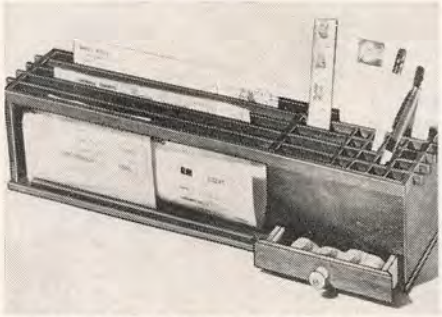

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[*Continued from page* 106]

though the old weapons had seen their day.

But during the last war, two experienced Australian jungle fighters—Sgt. J. Wright and Cpl. L. J. Camobell—submitted a model crossbow to the Army Inventions Directorate in Melbourne. The bow had a pull of 380 lbs. and could fire a bolt over 400 yards or an explosive shell over 100 yards. Although the army turned the idea down, similar crossbows were used by guerrilla fighters in the Philippines, especially for throwing grenades and lobbing incendiaries into warehouses and barracks.

There's a crossbow association in the United States, and a tract of land in Stone County, Arkansas, has been set aside as a restricted area for crossbow hunters. George Stevens of Huntsville, Arkansas, who is one of the best crossbow makers in America today, told me that our troops were secretly using crossbows in Viet Nam.

"I've had a number of orders for crossbows from GI's there," Stevens told me. "They're easy to use, you know. You aim one like a rifle and just pull the trigger. Also, you can use them accurately in any position—lying down, crouching or flat on your back. By contrast, it takes years to be a good shot with a long bow and then you can only use it standing erect."

Through Stevens, I got in touch with a young soldier just back from Viet Nam. He confirmed that many soldiers are using the crossbow as an auxiliary weapon.

"We got the idea from some of the hill tribes who have been using crossbows for years against the Viet Cong," he told me. "I went out with a Montagnard tribe and what they could do with their homemade bows really impressed me. They'd follow a Viet Cong patrol going single file along a jungle trail at night and keep knocking off the last man in line. As the bows are noiseless the others couldn't hear a thing. The bolts are made of hardened bamboo and at 30 yards will go straight through a man. If he's hit in the heart, he drops without a cry. Even a flesh wound is generally fatal because the bamboo splinters are usually poisoned and slow to pull out."

Our men make their crossbows from a gunstock with a steel spring leaf for a bow. The bolts have a four-bladed head which inflicts an injury considerably worse than a bullet.

"We've used the bows to kill sentries and also when waiting for the Viet Cong in ambush. The trick is to get your man silhouetted against the sky. Often you can hit several before the rest realize what's happening because there's no muzzle flash to give your position away."

"Why are they illegal?" I asked.

"They're against the Geneva Convention and standard rules of war—like dumdum bullets. Of course, the Viet Cong don't pay any attention to stuff like that, but we're supposed to."

Special Forces have devised a crossbow that fires a bolt with a charge of $C_4$ explosive in the head. The bow is powerful enough to penetrate an oil drum and has a range of several hundred yards.

So you never know when some of these old slingshot devices are going to stage a comeback. After all, back in 1903 two brothers named Orville and Wilbur Wright were trying to think of some way to get their newfangled flying machine off the ground. Their motor could develop only 12 horsepower and although the brothers were convinced that was enough to keep their heap flying, it wasn't enough to get it into the air. Then they remembered the catapult. They put the plane on a sliding platform and mounted it on a monorail track. A rope led from the platform to the end of the track, went around a pulley and was then led back and a heavy counterweight attached. When the weight fell, it jerked the plane forward with enough speed to allow for a takeoff—another of their much imitated innovations.

Our Navy now uses more catapults than the Romans. They are powerful enough to throw a plane weighing 17 tons—loaded with 5,500 pounds of bombs into the air at a speed of over 130 knots. The Russians during World War II tunneled underground airports into the mountainsides of Vladivostok. The planes were launched from sliding platforms operated by catapults working on the same basic principle as the old ballista. Since then, air-traffic experts have suggested using a similar setup for our airports to conserve runway space.

Lately, Dan has come to me with a new idea. "I've been reading about trebuchets," he told me. "They don't use either bows or skeins. They work by weights. The throwing arm hangs horizontally on a huge post like a seesaw. On one end is a basketful of rocks. On the other, the missile, a pot of flaming oil—anything. The throwing end of the arm is pulled down into place by pulleys. When it's released, the weight of the rocks hurls your missile up and out."

"How big were they?" I asked suspiciously.

"You can make them any size. Theoretically, there is no limit to their power. One was so big it had to be cocked by big vertical drums 15 feet high with men running around inside like pet squirrels in a wheel. A trebuchet used at Acre required 100 carts to haul the parts. Louis IX captured 24 trebuchets at Damietta, broke them up, and used the timber to build a stockade around his entire camp. But I'd say the record was held by Edward I's 'War-wolf.' Fifty carpenters worked on it for a year and it could throw stones weighing 336 pounds. Edward built it to take Stirling Castle but when the garrison saw it, they just surrendered so no one knows quite what it could do."

I told him he was crazy and from now on to leave engine-making to the Hollywood stiffs. But recently I got a letter from George Stevens down in Arkansas.

"A fellow wrote me for a machine that could shoot a cable 90 feet into the air for topping trees. I told him no crossbow could do that."

No crossbow can, but it would be easy for a trebuchet. After all, with our modern know-how, building a copy of the "War-wolf" wouldn't be too tough. Let's see, now. You need an arm 50 feet long and a basket of stones weighing 20,000 pounds. . . . —**Daniel P. Mannix**

[*Continued from page* 51]
as we chugged through the choppy swells. It must have been 8:30 or 9 in the morning when I figured we were getting pretty close to the area I remembered as being near the wreck site.

We were about two and a half miles south of the inlet, and 900 or so feet offshore. It was a particularly tricky patch of water because we were in a trough between two lengthy, hazardous reefs. As long as we stayed in this trough we were okay, but if we veered 50 to 100 feet in either direction we would be in danger of ripping a hole in the boat and sinking on the spot—just as so many treasure ships had done centuries before.

So it was with great care that we lowered about 150 feet of ¾-inch link chain holding our 50-pound anchor—all that would keep us from drifting onto the sharp-toothed edges of the reefs.

Because the water was icy-cold and Harry and Dan had the only two formfitting protective suits, made of neoprene, they volunteered to go over first and search for cannon, ballast stones or any other objects that would indicate a great ship had gone down here. They strapped on standard scuba gear, face mask, air tank and flippers, and we wished them well as they plunged into the heaving Atlantic. Their air bubbles told us that a strong south current was running.

The divers hadn't been underwater more than five or six minutes when Harry abruptly surfaced, about 200 yards south of us, spit out his mouthpiece, pointed straight down, and shouted, "Cannon." A very appropriate announcement for Harry Cannon to make, I couldn't help but think.

Del and Lou literally leaped for the anchor, but in their haste had trouble securing it, and we were slow getting over to where the divers were. Meanwhile, Dan also surfaced, several yards away from Harry, and he appeared even more excited.

"Quick, bring the boat," he blurted, between the cresting waves. When we finally got to Harry we helped him aboard and threw the anchor out again. He was breathing heavily, more from excitement than exhaustion.

"There's three or four cannon down there," he eventually managed to tell us between gasps for air. "It's pretty clear, and it looks as if the sand has been cleaned off the site," he added.

"Where's Dan?" someone asked. After signaling us he had disappeared again underwater. Then we spotted his air bubbles, and from the increasing stream of them it appeared as if he were laboring down there.

No one can tell this part of the story better than the man who experienced it—Dan Thompson:

"Visibility was only about three or four feet, but this actually wasn't too bad. We have dived into waters where you could literally pass a hand in front of your face and not see it.

"Suddenly, off in the distance, I could see Harry surfacing. He hadn't been down long enough to go up yet, unless he had either spotted something or was in trouble. At that time he was a novice diver, and I was half afraid, as I surfaced, too, that he might need some help.

"Actually he had come upon some long, irregular-shaped objects on the bottom that appeared too uniform to have been fashioned by nature. When he paddled over for a closer look, he damn near swam down the muzzle of a nine-foot-long, coral-encrusted cannon.

"That's when he surfaced and shouted for the boat to come. I guess I was about 100 feet away and Harry called out, 'Come on over, Dan.'

"We both submerged again and I began to swim upcurrent to reach him. I could see a number of objects scattered uncovered on the bottom. The entire ocean floor, in fact, looked as if it had been swept clean by some immense broom. Obviously, the severe fury of the past season's hurricanes, including one particularly destructive lady named Donna, had removed a thick layer of sand off the wreck site that had probably been several feet deep before the storms hit.

"I never made it to Harry and the cannon. About halfway I came upon two large, rocklike objects that for some strange reason instinctively aroused my curiosity. They were blackish-green on the sides, about a foot and a half across, and only lightly encrusted. When I looked at the sands around these clumps, I could barely believe my eyes, and the huge gasp I took must have sent enormous air bubbles screaming to the surface.

"Scattered on the bottom were pockets of silver pieces of eight, some lying singly, others fused together in little clusters of two or three. But these two clumps captivated me even more than the coins. Although I wasn't sure what they were, something compelled me to bring them up to the boat. I tried lifting the bulky weights, and could barely manage it. The boat was still too far away. I'd have to surface and signal them over, but I was becoming so excited I damn near blew the whole deal!

"My main fear was the very real possibility of not being able to find the area again if I surfaced, because the currents were running strong, and I didn't have a marker.

"Finally, reason outweighed anxiety, and I decided I had to chance going up. When I shouted to Kip and the others to come quick, I could see they were having some sort of trouble with the anchor, and I thought they never would get under way, even though only about 10 or 15 minutes had passed.

"I went back under, and panic froze me more than the cold water when I couldn't relocate the clumps right away. But after a few frantic seconds, I found them. This experience convinced me, however, it would be too risky to leave them again. I then got the bright idea of walking along the ocean floor, carrying the two clumps under my arms until I was directly under the

boat, then surfacing. These bulky objects together weighed about 135 pounds, and even though the natural buoyancy of the salt water cut a third of their weight, I soon realized I had made another mistake. They were simply too heavy for one man to haul. I had walked no more than 50 feet when I had to stop and rest. I was, in fact, having extreme difficulty breathing.

"In desperation, I reluctantly dropped one cluster and backtracked with the other one under my arm to an iron mast strap I had found. I used this as a marker, then I immediately swam back to retrieve the second cluster and place it by the mast strap too until the boat got overhead.

"But I couldn't find the second one! I felt sick, but there was no time to brood now. When the boat neared, I scooped up a handful of the loose coins, surfaced and called for a line. I handed the coins to Lou, on deck, and remember shouting something like, 'They're down there by the bushel. If I had a yard rake, I could gather them up by the basket.' I think Lou misunderstood me and thought I said something about silver bars, but I could see he and Kip and the others were bug-eyed with excitement.

"I took the nylon line and hurried back to the mast strap marker where I secured the clump, then picked it up. I had one heck of a time getting it to the surface. I must have bobbed up above the waves three or four times, paddling my flippers madly to stay surfaced, but each time I slid back underwater. Finally, with some helping hands from the boat, we got the iron-heavy object aboard.

"I followed it into the boat, physically exhausted, still not knowing what it was. It didn't take long for us to find out, for someone pushed the clump over, and on the bottom, embedded in thick clusters, were hundreds of irregular-shaped silver coins. We knew instantly they were the legendary pieces of eight, but I don't think anyone realized immediately how important a find this was.

"I was certainly glad I had submitted to my curiosity. Actually, there was no way I could have known what I had found, for no fused clusters of coins anywhere near this size had ever been recovered. It was truly a rare, if lucky, discovery."

The largest cluster of coins ever brought up before was found by famous treasure-hunter Teddy Tucker, and weighed only two and a half pounds. Dan's clump weighed 77 pounds!

By conservative estimate, there were from 1,500 to 2,000 silver coins embedded in that one beautiful, blackened chunk. On the underside were visible cloth markings, which indicated the coins had originally been in sacks. We also surmised, judging from the shape of the clump, that it had also originally been in a wooden chest, the planks of which were undoubtedly eaten away by teredo worms centuries ago.

In the next few minutes, as the initial shock wore off, our pent-up emotions erupted into unabashed whoops of joy and shouts of, "We're rich, we've got it made."

How long the backslapping and hooraying lasted, I don't know, but when Dan finally managed to catch his breath and tell us about the second cluster he had dropped down there, you would have thought the boat deck had suddenly caught fire. Divers went overboard on all sides—with and without the protective rubber suits.

Methodically the divers inched across the silver-littered ocean floor, searching for the missing clump. Dan said he didn't see how we could have missed it; that we must have passed within a foot or two of it several times. He and Erv, in fact, locked hands and scraped their arms across the bottom. Still no luck. At last, 45 agonizing minutes later, it was found. It too held fused clusters of coins of all shapes and sizes, around time-eaten pits and crevices.

For a short while after that it was a storybook operation. The divers would go over, swim around a little and pluck coins off the bottom as a farmer gathers eggs. Because this had just been a scouting run to get our bearings on the new wreck site, we hadn't brought any of our dredging equipment, and carried only the two formfitting protective wet suits. But this was a miraculous day for treasure recovery. We didn't need anything. What wasn't openly visible on the bottom was lying just underneath a thin surface of sand, in pockets, and the divers could easily fan this away with their hands.

By 1 or 2 in the afternoon the wind had kicked up considerably and huge swells, six to eight feet high, crashed over the second reef, soaking everyone on board the dizzily buffeting *Sampan* with stinging sheets of salt spray. It was getting too rough for safety, and, as much as we hated to, we had to concede to the elements and wind it up. We stowed the clumps and coins in an iron box on deck and headed for shore, not even minding the precarious return trip through the inlet.

Once we docked that afternoon, we went straight to a little shack behind my house north of Sebastian that I use as a retreat. We called two other members of our team, Dr. Kip Kelso and Libe Futch, and told them to come on over and see what we had found.

I cracked open a fifth of brandy, the first of many, and the party started. It was a roaring one that surely would have rivaled the bawdy celebrations pirates put on following acquisition of booty hundreds of years earlier. We began toasting our good fortune, ourselves, the coins—anything and everything.

We took the two large clumps and all the loose coins, about 500 or 600, and poured them out on the floor, and everyone just sat back smiling, staring at them as if hypnotized. Then we'd pick one or two up, rub them off searching for a date. Altogether there must have been between 3,500 and 4,000 coins spread before us, including the ones in the large clusters.

This was the one big find, the rich strike that we needed to put us over the hill. Another season like 1960 and I'm sure the team would have broken up and gone their separate ways, our assault on the sea's boundless riches a failure.

But today had changed all that.

How lucky we have been! How thankful I was to Harry for persuading me to take the boat out through that treacherous inlet. Had we gone out a month sooner or a month later, the coins, cannon and other objects connected with the wreck would have been buried beneath an underwater mountain of sand.

Fate had ridden the waves with us that day, although how true this was, we weren't to find out until later. Nor did we have, that night before the roaring fireplace in my hut, any real idea of what this first find would lead to. Doc was dancing a jig and singing, "We're rich, we're rich, there must be at least $80,000 worth of coins here."

Hell, no one could foresee it then, particularly through our brandy-blurred vision, but within four years we'd be spending that much a year just for operational costs!

Oh, everyone, I'm sure, realized now that the treasure was there, but no one could have predicted the fabulous recoveries we would make in the years ahead. No one had any conception then that we would find, within the next four years, enough gold, silver, jewelry and rare *objets d'art* to classify the overall horde as the greatest treasure recovery ever made in the New World.

To date, the group I head as president—Real Eight Corporation (named appropriately for the Spanish ochos real, or piece of eight) —and our diving associates, Treasure Salvors, Incorporated, have found approximately $3 million in treasure on the beaches and at shallow offshore sites within a 25-mile radius of my home.

Included in our inventory are thousands of silver pieces of eight, hundreds of golden doubloons, silver bars and bullion, gold ingots, gold rings and bracelets, priceless K'ang Hsi porcelain china and a single delicate gold necklace appraised by museums at a value of $50,000.

Our collection is historically valuable also, including such archeological discoveries as silver tableware, pewter plates, candlesticks, copper pots, sounding weights, navigators' dividers, pottery shards, earthenware jars, cannon, anchors, swords and even flintlock muskets.

We are convinced that our total find now exceeds even the fabled riches Sir William Phips, commissioned by King James I of England, recovered in 1687 in the Bahamas. This has long been considered one of the greatest treasure salvages of all time. Phips brought up somewhere between $1 and $2 million in gold from galleons that had sunk in 1643.

Our finds this day and the silver bars we had brought up from the other site the summer before were from two ships that belonged to an 11-ship Spanish Plate Fleet that sailed up the coast of Florida in the year 1715. The armada was caught off the mid-east coast of the state in a fierce, early-season hurricane, and 10 of the 11 ships, carrying more than $14 million in treasure, sank after being hurled by the violent sea onto the jagged, insatiable jaws of the reefs, within a short stone's throw of shore.

We have now located and obtained leases on eight of those 10 ships that went down, and if our luck holds, it is quite possible that over the next few years we will effect a total recovery from this ill-fated fleet that will likely never be equaled.

We know from exhaustive research that nearly $6 million of the $14 million that went down was recovered by the Spanish

and by pirates and poachers, following the disaster. That left a total of $8 million on the bottom, awaiting discovery.

That night back in January, however, no one in his wildest imagination could envision such fantastic treasure finds ahead, but I don't think we could have been a happier bunch had someone told us.

## Coins...What Coins?

After the war, I moved my construction business to Wabasso, Florida, between Sebastian and Vero Beach. I heard a lot of stories about Spanish gold from my new neighbors there. But I think the incident that first made me a believer about treasure concerned a friend of mine whom I'll call "Tom Smith." Tom worked for me on construction jobs and was a good hand, but he had one problem. He liked to take a drink or two now and then, and it didn't matter to him if it was in the evening, over the weekend, or on a work day.

One morning he showed up on the job stone drunk. I hadn't noticed anything until he got into a scuffle with another worker. One whiff of his breath told me the story. Tom was too good a worker and too close a friend to let go, so I decided to take off for a while and try to sober him up. It looked like rain anyway.

I started driving over to the beach, thinking the cooling breeze off the ocean might straighten him out, or maybe he would sleep it off by the seashore. Before I was halfway there the bottom dropped out of the sky. The rain stopped when Tom and I reached the beach, and he led me to a spot I hadn't been to before.

"C'mon, follow me, Kip," he slurred, as he staggered through the palmetto fans leading down to sandy dunes hardened by the rains. I followed him not knowing where he was going and wondering at the same time how he could navigate at all. Tom swaggered all over a patch of beach front, so drunk he could barely keep his balance. Then, he stooped down, brushed some sand aside and picked up a black, rectangular-shaped object; I asked him what it was.

"It's one of them coins," he answered, flipping it to me. Sure enough, beneath its oxide-blackened disguise, I recognized it as a piece of metal, probably silver, with a stamped design on it.

I forgot all about my plan to have Tom sleep it off and began kicking up sand and squinting at every object that didn't move. In the next half hour Tom picked up six more of the funny-looking coins. I found nothing. I couldn't understand it. Here was a man who couldn't walk or talk straight, and I was sober, yet he was finding all the coins. It just didn't figure.

On the way back to town we stopped for a cold drink. Tom, being the generous soul he is, gave away all seven coins he had found to people who had expressed interest in them. He didn't give me one, but he did teach me a valuable lesson that day which I have never forgotten. I learned why a man whose vision was dimmed by alcohol could find coins while I couldn't. He did it, pure and simple, through experience. Tom knew what to look for and I didn't.

I had been looking for shiny silver coins just like the ones that jingled in my pockets. I hadn't reasoned that any coins that had been under the sea for centuries might not look as if they had just come from the mint. The coins bore scant resemblance to anything I'd ever seen before. They were all irregular-shaped and in different sizes, ranging from quarter size up to half dollar. They weren't round at all, but cut in a variety of shapes. In fact, of all the thousands of silver coins we have found over the years, I've never seen two with identical shapes.

I can't help wondering how many of the hundreds of people who roam the beaches today—now that word of our treasure finds has spread—walk right over these peculiar bits of metal, just as I did years ago, completely oblivious of their value.

As the weeks went by and the summer came on, I still hadn't found any coins, but my interest had been forever piqued. I was hooked and I knew it.

One day, a year or so later, I borrowed an old metal detector and drove over to the beach. I could feel my heart pound faster as I strolled up and down the oceanfront just out of reach of the lapping waves. When the detector, a war surplus SCR625 mine detector, began whining, indicating there was something metallic beneath a patch of sand, I couldn't dig fast enough. After a couple of minutes I unceremoniously uncovered a rusty tin can. Later I found more cans and some other junk, but still no coins. Had I not seen for myself pieces of eight in the homes of various friends and neighbors around Sebastian, I'm sure I would have sworn none really existed.

I began beachcombing more and more as the summer came on, and, finally, one day I found my first silver coin; a piece of eight all my own. Glory hallelujah! This legendary coin of pirate stories is about the size of a half dollar. It was worth eight reals, hence its name. British colonials called it a "cob," a word meaning lump, because of its irregular shape.

Admiring it, I knew now I would never fully be able to give up the search. I managed to spend more and more time combing the beach, and I began finding a few more coins, mostly silver cobs.

I was conducting what must rank as the laziest, least-intensified treasure hunt in history. My finds were scanty but steady over the months, and before long I had collected about 35 or 40 coins. A few of these were gold pieces, and I would hide them in my wife's cedar box and tell no one about it. I was afraid that if someone found out I had some gold, they would alert the government and federal agents would descend upon me to reclaim it. It was years before I realized that anything found on the beach is in the province known as "treasure trove," which my lawyers tell me means, loosely, "finder's keepers."

I was much more open about my discovery of silver coins, and I was far too generous with them. I had no idea of their true value as collector's items, and I'm ashamed to admit I melted many of them down and made bracelets and necklaces for some of the neighborhood youngsters. In fact, it was a rare child in Wabasso who didn't have some silver trinket I had fashioned out of the odd-shaped pieces of eight.

As my coin collection continued to grow—a result of endless hours and days of beachcombing—I began nurturing a theory. Most of the cobs I had found were located at the very base of a high bluff on the beach, and the best yields were invariably after a heavy storm had churned the seas into a lashing fury. So I felt these coins, rather than being uncovered on the beach, were actually being washed ashore by the heavy wave action. I believed their source, then, must lie somewhere out there under the giant breakers.

To augment this theory, I began swimming out offshore whenever the waters were clear enough. I would casually paddle out, looking around, and feeling on the bottom with my toes. The reefs were only a short distance off, and I could easily reach them at low tide without getting into deep water. Once on the reef I would carefully drag my toes into crevices and holes, trying to distinguish any objects that might identify a sunken ship. I can personally vouch for the razor-sharp edges of the reefs, for I still carry a number of scars on my legs—souvenirs of severe cuts and abrasions I suffered when waves slapped me into the rocks, or when I slipped while climbing about on their slippery surfaces.

With no equipment, not even a face mask, I had little success on these first few swims, but I couldn't shake my belief that the source of all the coins on the beach lay somewhere nearby in only a fathom or two of water.

My friend Doc Kelso disagreed with me. He thought my theory of the coins coming from the sea was all wet. Rather, he felt the pounding surf, in sweeping the beaches clean, uncovered coins that had been buried there for centuries under layers of sand.

Doc, a practicing MD, had moved to the Sebastian area only a few years after I had, and, like myself, he had become obsessed with the local tales spun of Spanish treasure. A man of boundless knowledge and inexhaustible energy, Doc became the new Health Department director for our area. He is a native of Atlanta and a graduate of the University of Oklahoma's School of Medicine.

Doc has the most retentive memory of any man I've ever met. Let him get a glimpse of your face and catch your name, and if he never saw you again for 20 years, you could walk through the door and he'd greet you as if you'd met just yesterday. It's amazing.

It is this fantastic memory, combined with his insatiable thirst for knowledge, that, when channeled into research on the treasure fleets, has made him a veritable walking encyclopedia of Spanish colonial history. He spews out obscure dates, long-forgotten names and little-known events with machine-gun speed and rifle accuracy. Whatever he has read about the Spanish—

and it has been hundreds of volumes—he has lodged permanently somewhere in those remarkable little gray cells of his brain.

I first met Doc Kelso one night when he came over to the house to give me an insurance physical examination. My wife Alice and I were poring over some old maps of the Florida east coast, and were trying to pinpoint what ships might have sunk where, based on the sketchy research I had done myself and on legends I had heard from area old-timers.

Before the evening was over, Doc and I were both lying on the floor with the maps spread all over the room. He was fascinated about the prospects of treasure, and almost instantly we formed a lasting friendship based on mutual interests and respect for each other. We decided to pool our knowledge. He expressed keen interest in the few coins I had assembled, and I think this refreshing enthusiasm acted as a catalytic agent upon me, renewing my spirits.

I continued my beachcombing and my occasional swims in the surf, and little by little, added to my collection of silver cobs. And then I began to notice something peculiar about them. Not one of the coins that carried dates was minted after the year 1715. At the time this didn't ring any particular bells in my head, but, as I was soon to discover, it was to become one of the most important single clues to what lay out there under the sea. It led me to the conclusion that the coins I was finding were from the Spanish fleet that was wrecked in 1715.

Doc Kelso and I rolled up our sleeves and began devoting every spare minute to research. We quickly devoured everything in the local libraries and then branched out to cover larger ones in Miami, Key West, at Stetson University in De Land, and the University of Florida at Gainesville. For the first few weeks it was madness—like sinking in quicksand. We found that literally hundreds, even thousands, of ships had sunk off the state's east coast. We must slowly weed them out.

I suppose no treasure hunt would be complete or even believable without some sort of map—preferably one yellowed and cracked with age, with a big X slashed across it, marking the precise location of the buried riches. Serious treasure hunting deviates from the adventure books in almost every other respect, i.e., chests brought up intact, ships lying invitingly on the bottom just as they were the day they went down, and so on. In the case of maps, however, I found a ringing similarity between the map used in our search and the fictional ones created by Robert Louis Stevenson and others.

Rather than a frayed map cracked with age, though, ours was a clean, clear photostat. But the effect it had couldn't have generated any more excitement had it been the original copy.

How the map was discovered is a story in itself, well worth retelling. Doc had gotten so wrapped up in his research that he bought a trailer and, during his two-week vacation, loaded it up with his wife Becky, his mother-in-law and all seven of his youngsters.

He drove to Washington, set up the trailer at a scenic park overlooking the Potomac, and then left the family to sight-see while he began digging into volumes and documents at the Library of Congress. Every day, while he read, Becky took the kids to the Lincoln Memorial, the Washington Monument, the White House and every other major point of interest in our nation's capital.

When staff members at the library saw how serious Doc was, they pitched in and helped him. They allowed him into the Congressional reading room where he worked at Harry Truman's old desk. Day after day he kept boys running with his long list of references, and he consumed volume upon volume.

Doc had prepared extensive lists of bibliographies he had accumulated in his readings before making the D.C. trip, and, as he methodically went down them, he came one day upon the name of Irving Rouse, a professor of anthropology at Yale, who had written a short monograph on Spanish treasure fleets in which he quoted, among his sources, a book called *A Concise Natural History of East and West Florida.* It was written by the English cartographer Bernard Romans, and published in 1775—just 60 years after the hurricane had sunk the Plate Fleet.

Sadly Doc learned that the book was both rare and out of print. He was told original copies sold for $1,000 and more. But after some persistent detective work, librarians found a copy in their rare book section. Doc was overjoyed. He pored over the book's pages, fascinated, till his eyes ached. Halfway down page 273, he gave a little war whoop that startled other readers in the sedate surroundings. Here, in a single paragraph, was the exact information we had sought for so long. He read and reread the passages until he had committed practically every word to memory.

Here's what Romans had said nearly 200 years ago: "Directly opposite the mouth of the St. Sebastians River happened the shipwreck of the Spanish Admiral, who was the northernmost wreck of fourteen galleons, and a hired Dutch ship, all laden with specie and plate; which by [undistinguishable word] of northeast winds were drove ashore and lost on this coast, between this place and the bleach-yard, in 1715. A hired Frenchman, fortunately escaped, by having steered half a point more east than the others. The people employed in the course of our survey, while walking the strand after strong eastern gales, have repeatedly found pistareens and double pistareens, which kinds of money probably yet remaining in the wrecks, are sometimes washed up by the surf in hard winds. This Lagoon stretches parallel to the sea, until the latitude 27:20, where it has an outwatering, or mouth: directly before this mouth, in three fathom water, lie the remains of the Dutch wreck. The banks of this lagoon are not fruitful."

In one of the book's flaps was the map. This was almost too much—like having your cake and eating it too. Doc could see immediately it would be of immense value to our research. With a magnifying glass he examined every detail with exacting thoroughness.

Details of the coast were remarkably accurate. The San Sebastian River, with its north and south forks, was carefully delineated, and, as was proper in the 18th century, the Sebastian Inlet was not indicated, since it is of more recent origin. To the north, the familiar, arrow-shaped bulge of Cape Canaveral, 50 miles above Sebastian, was shown.

But what really hooked Doc's interest was a notation that read, consistently with the text of the book, "Opposite this River, perished, the Admiral, commanding the Plate Fleet 1715, the rest of the Fleet 14 in number, between this & ye Bleech Yard."

The "River" had to be the Sebastian Creek. If this were true, then modern historians were wrong, and part of the fleet had gone down near Sebastian, and not off Cape Canaveral to the north, or the Florida Keys to the south.

Now the treasure fever really had us in its grip.

True, there had been but 11 ships in the 1715 armada, not 14 as Romans had listed. Yet it would have been easy to miscalculate this due to the great number of wreck sites along this part of the coast.

While specific information seemed to be hard to track down, general facts about the ships were not too difficult to come by. They are perhaps most succinctly summed up in John S. Potter's *The Treasure Diver's Guide.* His researchers have periodically tapped, among other sources, the General Archives of the Indies at Seville, Spain, the Archives of the British Admiralty and libraries in Peru, Mexico and Colombia. The trick—and we were to find it was an increasingly difficult one—was to assemble specific, detailed information on the 1715 fleet.

I felt we had the best chance to gather such data through the Spanish archives. I had read that the richest repository of historical Spanish-American documents in the world is housed in Seville's Archivo General de Indias.

Excitedly I wrote the first of many letters to Dr. Don José de la Peña, curator of the archives. I had a young friend studying languages at New Mexico State University at the time, and he offered to translate my English into Spanish, and vice versa on the return mail. For this he would receive credit in one of his courses, and I would have the services of an eager and competent translator, free of charge.

As can be imagined, the correspondence took considerable time. After a couple of weeks I began to look in the mailbox every day with as much anticipation as a retiree expecting an overdue pension check. But I had to resign myself to the fact there was nothing to do but wait. I might add here, if this treasure-hunting business has taught me one thing, it has been an appreciation of those who are able to master the fine art of patience.

Finally the return letter from Doctor Peña arrived, and Doc Kelso and I could hardly wait to read it. We received a severe jolt. Rather than being helpful, Doctor Peña's information was vague and sketchy. What he did say about the 1715 fleet we already knew. Doc and I were depressed beyond description. We had felt all along that the answers to our questions lay buried in the archives. This was quite a letdown.

But the fate and fortunes of treasure seekers rise and fall like

a tossing surf, and it wasn't long before our hopes were once again buoyed. A close friend of mine, Mrs. Libby Walker of Vero Beach, was planning a vacation trip to Spain. She called me one day to ask if there was anything she could do for me while she was overseas. Indeed there was.

She had an eventful trip, and we didn't learn what had happened until she returned several weeks later. The Archives of the Indies are a complicated maze of records, documents, statistics—the whole works—and it is impossible for an amateur to find anything of value there, regardless of the time spent, without professional help. It thus becomes necessary to hire experienced researchers with years of training, who know the intricate ins and outs of the complex archives. I felt that in having Libby see Doctor Peña personally for us, we had gone the usual system one better.

To interview a Spanish official, such as a curator of archives, one generally must have a letter of introduction from a ranking dignitary of his own country. To get around this, I had given Libby a handful of dated silver pieces of eight, to prove our intentions were serious. This had done the trick, and without too much red tape, she was shown into Doctor Peña's office. Through an interpreter, she explained precisely what detailed information we needed to verify our beliefs about the Plate Fleet.

Doctor Peña understood, but unexplainedly began crying. The interpreter finally managed to extract from him the fact that political pressures from his superiors had forced him to send us the sketchy data. He had what we wanted and he was willing to give it to us, but his hands were tied. Someone, apparently, was suspicious of the American treasure hunters. Before the interview ended, Libby was weeping too. Doctor Peña told her that although he could not give her the information we so desperately needed directly, he would try to mail it to her after she returned to the States.

"I'm sorry I don't have anything now to show you, Kip," she said one night in her living room, freshly adorned with Spanish goatskins and other souvenirs. "But Doctor Peña has promised to mail me some microfilm on the documents pertaining to the 1715 fleet."

I nodded, but deep in my stomach I had a gnawing feeling that we would never hear from him again. Yet it was only a few days later that Libby called me.

"It's here," she screamed into the telephone jarring my eardrums. "The microfilm is here. It just arrived."

I'm glad there were no highway patrolmen on the road that day, for my pickup truck practically flew the few miles to Vero Beach. When I stepped into her living room, gasping for breath, I felt like giving Libby a bear hug. In the package, postmarked with a number of multicolored, interesting-looking stamps, were 3,000 beautiful feet of microfilm. It cost us $25. I felt as if I had just scooped up a double handful of golden doubloons from a sunken galleon. The film, as I was to appreciate later, was worth far more.

My enthusiasm was quickly tempered that night, however, when Doctor Kelso and I projected the film onto a screen. Oh, I was still certain it contained all the vital facts and clues we had been searching for, but it might as well have been sent to us in code form. The microfilmed documents were all written in archaic Spanish.

Now I have a workable, speaking, listening, reading knowledge of Spanish, and Doc is fluent in the language, but after looking at those words traced in fine script, we stared blankly at each other in total dismay. Now we, too, felt like crying.

But as the days went by, the initial shock wore off and Doc and I went to work. It was an agonizingly slow process. We projected each document onto the screen and tried to fit modern Spanish words that looked applicable beneath the archaic ones. These we would, in turn, translate into English. We'd get as much in a sentence or a paragraph as we could, leaving blank the spaces we weren't sure of. Often we could fill out enough of a line to make an educated guess at what was missing.

As the winter months passed, Doc and I worked at the difficult documents every chance we got. Often, I'd call him at his office during the day and ask him what he thought this or that word could mean. If he was working on it at night, he'd call me when he got stuck.

We worked hard on those microfilmed documents for about a year (and, in fact, we still go over them occasionally), but our industrious efforts were worth it. We pieced together the history of an era in Spanish colonization. We learned the background of late 17th-century and early 18th-century plate fleets: where they sailed, what manifests they carried, who their captains were and how many men were aboard. We read in awe of the magnificent hoards of treasure many of them carried.

With keen interest we traced the specific history of the 1715 fleet; of its multimillion-dollar cargo of gold, silver and jewelry. We followed the path of the ships from Havana up the east coast of Florida as if we were sailing with them. And when we read of the disaster that befell them as a vicious hurricane battered the ships to splinters on treacherous reefs, I could almost feel and hear the fierce wind howling and taste the salt spray on my lips.

But what really captured our interest were the explicit details of the recovery operations following the sinkings. Wreck locations were pinpointed—all in the Sebastian-Fort Pierce area—and a campsite, or base of operations for the salvagers, was described at length. Our hearts skipped a beat as we read that less than half of the fleet's $14 million worth of treasure was recovered.

## Disaster on the High Seas

In 1715 Philip V, grandson of Louis XIV, was King of Spain. Two hundred and twenty-three years earlier, Christopher Columbus had landed on the island of San Salvador, laying open the unsuspecting New World for Spanish conquest. By the middle of the 16th century, colonies ran thousands of miles down the coasts from Veracruz, Mexico, to Concepción, Chile.

Great treasure fleets brought $10 million annually to the Mother Country, then $20 million, then $30 million, until the stored wealth of the New World was completely exhausted. Then, natives of entire Indian empires were cruelly forced into slave labor to mine the ore. When existing sites petered out, new ones were sought. Indians were tortured and beaten to death for not revealing hidden locations. Others, by the thousands, died from the relentless, inhuman treatment at the hands of merciless slave drivers.

With Philip V on the throne, $30 to $40 million was harvested annually and sent to Spain. From the beginning of the 16th century until well into the 19th, the total exportation of precious metals and jewels reached high into the billions, and though historians disagree widely on what the precise figures were, it was probably somewhere between $8 and $12 billion.

How much more was en route and got hijacked on the open seas by flourishing bands of pirates, or how much sank during the fierce tropical storms, are figures that can only be speculated upon. Some authors have said as much as one-eighth of all gold and silver shipped during this period now lies on or under the ocean floor. It is likely that a higher percentage made its way into the hands of cutthroat buccaneers who roamed the Caribbean freely for decades, and flashed their spoils openly at Port Royal, near Kingston, in Jamaica—home base for Henry Morgan and hundreds of others.

Many of the pirates were initially sent to the New World by enemies of Spain to prey upon the legendary treasure fleets. The privateers, in fact, were commissioned to act as men-of-war and to seize and plunder Spanish ships, which was tantamount to having a license to steal and kill.

Spain countered the unabashed larceny on the high seas by building larger, stronger armadas. The Bureau of Trade and the Council of the Indies laid down strict rules for fleet admirals to follow. Treasure-bearing cargo ships were to cross the Atlantic in convoys of six to 10, each escorted by heavier galleons and lighter, utility vessels, which served as scouts for the fleets.

By the middle of the 16th century, after much internal wrangling by the corrupt Spanish bureaucracies, it was decided to send annually two armadas to the Indies. They were the New Spain, or Nueva Espana, and the Tierra Firme fleets, and on the western run they carried rich, if perishable, cargoes of expensive clothing and material, fine cheeses, rare wines, glass and ironware and the all-important mining equipment. The fleets consisted of merchant vessels escorted by heavily armed warships to discourage attacks of belligerents and pirates.

Leading each armada was a large fighting galleon, called the

*capitana*. It was heavily armed and carried no bulky cargo, only treasure. A second, sturdy, armed galleon, designated the *almiranta*, brought up the rear of the fleet. These ships were about 150 to 175 feet long, and their weight varied from 700 to 2,000 tons. Decks were lined with tiers of bronze cannon.

The commanding officer of the entire armada, a general, was aboard each *capitana*, and had overall responsibility for seeing that all ships made the round trip from Spain safely. Journeys lasted several months. An admiral sailed on the *almiranta*, and if pirates attacked, he assumed command of the armada.

Philip V and his predecessors claimed a large percentage, usually 20 percent, of all incoming treasure as taxes. It was called, appropriately, the Royal Fifth. To avert this heavy slice from their profits, merchants bribed shipping officials to undervalue the cargoes. Bribes were costly, too, but still not as much as was the "official" tax bite. Thus, it was rather common for a ship carrying, say, $10 million worth of registered treasure, to have perhaps $12 to $15 million or even more in actual value.

Such was the setting when the "Combined Armada of 1715" gathered in Havana, carrying an unusually heavy load of treasure for the long return trip to an embattled Spain.

After many delays, the combined fleet was finally at full strength, consisting of 11 vessels. The delays had been costly. Expenses mounted. Repairs had to be made, salaries paid, crews fed. Even more important, the good weather of the spring and early summer was now past.

Finally, on Wednesday morning, July 24—a full 20 months after the ships had arrived from Spain—the combined armada was ready to set sail. They had waited long past the normal time to begin the return voyage, but still it was early in the season for hurricanes. Most of the tropical disturbances didn't arise until August or September, or, as a popular West Indies jingle goes: "June, too soon; July, stand by; August, come they must; September, remember; October, all over."

The New Spain Armada, under Ubilla, and the Tierra Firme Armada, commanded by De Echeverz, together made a handsome fleet of 11 ships as they hoisted great iron anchors, and sailed past the fortress El Morro's walls, out of the harbor and onto the open sea, heeling to the wind in the Gulf Stream's steady pull.

There was a rare beauty about these classic galleons. They were more eye-catching, however, than practical. The Spanish ships were much less manageable and more difficult to maneuver than the sleeker English models. At best, they were heavy, slow, unwieldy vessels that could make an average of only seven knots or so. But when a fleet sailed, it was, nevertheless, a colorful show.

Onward they went, with 2,000 men aboard, across the Florida Straits. Soon they were astride the Florida Keys, which stretch out into the blue-green-aqua waters like so many scattered fingers.

By Monday, the 29th of July, the first ominous warnings of trouble ahead were noted, but even then only to the more experienced sailors, who had ridden out hundreds of howlers in a lifetime on the seas. They looked with apprehension at the slight haze that was beginning to pale the still-bright sunshine. The ships were rolling in the long swells of a comparatively smooth sea, but telltale "weather bones and joints were aching." There was something in the wind.

Monday night the wind was easterly as usual, but less than half its normal strength of 15 to 18 knots. As dawn breaks Tuesday, there is an increasingly uneasy feeling aboard the ships. The weather is unusually oppressive and sultry, even for late July. The winds are fickle. Occasionally there are periods of dead calm. Fine wisps of cirrus clouds appear to the east. By noon Tuesday, even the youngest apprentice seaman is aware of the oncoming danger.

Heavy altostratus clouds blot out the sun, and by midafternoon, it is dark and the large ships' lanterns are lighted and put in place. Seamen begin battening the hatches for the inevitable blow they know is coming. The sound of drumming raindrops is heard from far off across the seas. It closes in fast, drenching the foremost hands as they scramble through their storm preparations. The rain passes, but the wind, now coming from the north-northeast, begins gusting to 30 knots and higher, kicking the seas to frightening heights.

It is now too late to seek shelter in a cove or inland harbor. The fleet is still somewhere south of Cape Canaveral, and Generals Ubilla and De Echeverz know that until they pass the cape, the coastline is heavily fortified with natural ship-wrecking weapons—the camouflaged shoals and the threatening reefs. They must now meet the storm head-on—on its own terms and at a location favoring the winds and rains.

By 2 a.m. the full wrath of the hurricane is unleashed, and winds of 100 miles per hour crack masts and tear loose secured sails and rip them into ribbons. Surging waves continue their battering, and, without prejudice, sweep seamen off the slippery decks into the heaving, tormented ocean. For them there is no hope. They are lost forever in a swirling black chasm. Each captain tries desperately to maneuver his ship, but there is little that can be done. Man's ingenuity is no match for nature's overpowering might.

Slowly, the galleons are driven shoreward. The men, numbed with fear, can feel what is happening. They know there is no hope now, and it's only a matter of time until the ships' great timbers smash onto the reefs and shoals. They cross themselves and pray. There is no letup from the mountainous sea, and one by one, the once-proud ships are dashed onto the reefs. Thunderous crashes roll out as the huge hulls are ripped open, then shattered into splinters. Men are violently hurled into the boiling caldron. Some are swallowed immediately, never to be seen again.

General Ubilla's *capitana* is gutted by a huge reef and sinks in about 30 feet of water. The general and 225 of his men are either smashed upon the rocks or are drowned. The *Nuestra Señora de Carmen y San Antonio*, General de Echeverz' *capitana*, hopelessly demolished by the storm, sinks directly off a point of land. Despite the nearness of the beach, the general and 113 others perish.

The *Nuestra Señora del Rosario y San Francisco Xavier*, the *almiranta* of De Echeverz' fleet, disintegrates completely after being crushed under tons of water. Two of Ubilla's ships, the *Nuestra Señora de Las Nieves y las Animas* and the *San Cristo del Valle y Nuestra Señora de la Concepción*, are shattered by 50-foot waves, killing three dozen or more seamen. Miraculously, a large segment of deck breaks loose from one of the pataches, and 100 or more men hang onto it for a wildly buffeting ride that carries them ashore.

The second *almiranta*, Ubilla's, is wrecked in shallow waters, but raging breakers batter the hull to splinters, and thrash 123 men to death before they can swim or wade to shore.

Several hundred yards out at sea, Captain Don Antonio Daré masterfully heads his French ship *El Grifón* into the teeth of the wind and somehow manages to stay clear of the reefs. His is the only ship to survive the catastrophe, and he saves it, ironically, by disobeying fleet orders and sailing one-half degree farther northeast.

In all, 10 ships, more than 1,000 men and over $14,000,000 in registered treasure are lost. It is one of the greatest sea disasters of all time.

Inspired by the hopeful clues Doc and I had ferreted out of the microfilm, I decided to search the beaches as I had never done before. We figured, logically, that we should try to find the main Spanish campsite, set up by Hoyo Solórzano, who spent four years trying, without much success, to salvage the treasure. Surely it must be somewhere close by, a short distance south of the Sebastian Inlet. But where? I had covered that stretch of beach a hundred times or more in the past without a trace of a camp, fort or anything else. But now I was armed with a new weapon, and a damn valuable one at that—knowledge. From our studies I had learned to look for mounds or depressions in the landscape that might appear unnatural and thus could possibly have been man-made.

One of the first things I did was spend $15 for a war-surplus military mine detector. By today's standards it was an antique, but I really thought I was something, parading up and down the oceanfront, pushing the round metal lid, with earphones strapped across my head. When the detector sensed metal under the sands it made a high-pitched whine. The first time it sang out as I walked along, I dug into the loose sand like a dog for a long lost bone. Disappointingly I uncovered the rear springs of a Model T Ford. I looked around quickly to see if anyone was watching. There was no one, thank goodness, otherwise I'm sure I would have shriveled in embarrassment.

Then one day as I was walking high on a bluff, looking to the west, across a sandy wasteland covered with palmetto scrub, something special caught my eye. It looked like a large depression. A reminder bell rang in the back of my head—"depression or mound, possibly unnatural and man-made."

I credit an old hound dog that accompanied me on a number

of those early-day wanderings with being the real finder of the Spanish campsite. When I got down to the depression, after half tearing my clothes off on the jagged edges of the palmetto spikes, I was about to write it off as being merely a natural low spot. I had noticed an old hole that had long since been partially filled in, though there was still water there. But saltwater springs and holes were common all along the oceanfront. I poked around and found nothing of interest and was about to leave when I saw something singularly curious. The dog was drinking water from that old well. It must be fresh water! If it was, this could have been a man-made well, and I might have stumbled onto the campsite after all. I scooped out double armfuls of sand until I had cleared enough away to reach down and bring up a cupped handful of water. I tasted it. Sure enough, it was fresh. That damnable, recurring bug—treasure fever—hit me hard again.

But wouldn't you know it? I had today of all days left my metal finding machine at home. I carefully logged the well's location in my mind and drove home to get the detector. Within the hour I was back, listening for the familiar whining. I turned up a ship's spike, and, minutes later, a cannonball. I was onto something for sure. The periodic pings in my headset fast became a steady, high-pitched scream. The metal detector was going crazy. Instead of digging at each strike, I decided to chalk off the area of highest metal content. It covered half an acre. I retreated at sunset and regrouped my thoughts to formulate an organized plan for search.

The mode of search I decided to follow was simple, yet it proved effective. After posting off my half acre, I rented a bulldozer to clear the thick scrub. Then I took a shovel and screen, and inch by inch began to sift through the sands. The work was painfully slow, but I always managed to turn up something of enough interest to keep me going. There were chips of Peruvian or Mexican potsherds of coarse brown ware; a few broken pieces of Chinese porcelain, which might have come from an admiral's mess; a hopper and the shaft of a small iron coffee mill; olive jar fragments; bricks; musket balls; a bullet mold and irregular sheets of lead.

Over the weeks and months that I sifted through sands—I was digging to a depth of two feet—I began uncovering some more interesting artifacts. One day it was a pair of cutlasses that lay side by side a few inches down in the sand, just as if they had been in a leather case which time and the elements had long ago eaten away. The blades themselves were half gone from rust.

It wasn't long after this that my trusty detector—and what a bargain it proved to be for just $15—whined in my ears again. Filtering through the soft sand, I discovered three blackened, rectangle-shaped pieces of metal. Later, at home, after scraping them and running a few tests, they turned out to be fragments of silver. Since I had found them near some buried bricks, it didn't take much imagination to picture a small kiln that had been set up either by corrupt Spanish salvagers or by pirates to melt down silver coins into bars for easier transporting, or smuggling, whatever the case may have been.

Now luck was really running my way. The next day I dug enthusiastically and was quickly rewarded beyond all expectation. I had barely broken ground with my shovel when a bright-yellow gleam, reflecting the morning sunlight, flashed in my eye. I bent down and brushed the sand away. Then I picked up the delicate object and slid it into the palm of my hand for a close look. It was a gold ring, crudely made, and so soft that the large diamond it held was mounted half way down in the setting. The stone was about 2½-carat size, and surrounding it, around the sides of the band, were six tiny diamonds.

This proved to be the major find of the campsite, though I also unearthed 13 silver pieces of eight. From the clusters of the cannonballs and the bricks, I could almost draw a diagram of how the fortress had been set up, complete with gun emplacements at strategic points. Another, enormously large puzzle piece fell into place.

As I've mentioned, my diggings at the Spanish campsite took place over a period of several months, and the finds, encouraging as they were, often were widely spread in point of time. Doc Kelso had his hands full with his busy medical practice and his family, but I would let him know what progress I was making, and now and then Doc would come over on weekends to look at my diggings and lend encouragement. My searching was manual labor, and it often grew tiresome. To break the monotony I'd occasionally swim in the surf, opposite the campsite, when the water was clear. I'd go out a couple of hundred feet or more, just lazily paddling around.

Sometimes I swam out with nothing more than my homemade face mask. Other times I took out an old inner tube. Then I felt creative one day and designed a crude wooden surfboard—and remember this was years before "Surfer Joe" and the surfing craze. I simply cut a hole in one end of it and fitted it with plain window glass. With this inspired invention I could paddle out and put my face down next to the glass and see what was beneath the surface.

Anyway, one afternoon I was floating around casually, when suddenly I spied something on the bottom. I dived down for a closer look, and sure enough, there, uncovered, lay four or five ship's cannon. Each one was about eight or nine feet long. Had they fired a cannon ball at that moment, I don't think I could have been more astonished. I free-dived down—they were only in about eight or nine feet of water—and poked around them until my breath gave out and I had to surface. I also found a huge anchor. Without doubt this was a wreck site—the first I'd found. I knew the ships had to be close by the campsite, and now, after all this searching, I'd discovered one. I was thrilled beyond words.

I'm certain one of the reasons I hadn't found a wreck site long before this was, once again, lack of experience. I hadn't really known what I was looking for. From old movies and books I guess I had halfway expected to see a full-fledged Spanish galleon, its hull intact, masts erect, lying on its side on the ocean floor, with moss streaming from its rigging. It doesn't work that way in real life.

In the first place, practically all the wood on any ship that has been underwater in this area for a great length of time has been eaten away by the insatiable teredo, or shipworm. It is a rare piece of timber that escapes this hungry parasite. For the same reason, the traditional wooden treasure chests and barrels are virtually nonexistent.

What one is more likely to find—and what I came to learn were just as helpful as clues even if the entire vessel wasn't there—are cannon, anchors or huge piles of ballast stones. That is really all a treasure hunter can hope for. And, if he knows his business, it's all he needs.

I had learned, through our endless nights of pounding the books, that metal which remains immersed in salt water for a long period of time, particularly off the coastline this far south, becomes coated with a natural coral cement. Scientists speculate that this forms from the corrosion products of the iron combined with the coral sand that abounds on the ocean floor.

Iron and silver acquire a crust of deposits, either sand or other calcareous matter from the bottom. These particles cement themselves to the metal as corrosion sets in. Once the metal is thus encrusted, coral becomes attached also, and the object's original shape becomes completely hidden in disguise. Take, for example, the silver coins concealed in the heavy clumps Dan Thompson found. He had brought those up through sheer curiosity, not knowing at the time just what they were.

Silver, incidentally, converts to silver sulfide, and iron to an oxide in this intriguing underwater chemical process. A silver piece of eight, in changing to sulfide and chloride, becomes a black mass, sometimes two or three times as thick as its original size. Gold, on the other hand, can lie on the ocean floor or buried in sand for centuries without tarnishing a bit. It is found as shiny as the day it went down, no matter what the time element.

One other point here is noteworthy. Even when one finds scattered cannon and ballast and other obvious clues to a wreck site, there is no certainty that it is the grave of a treasure ship. On the contrary, the odds are much greater that it is a man-of-war, a frigate or any one of a number of other vessels. But somehow I felt my wreck belonged to that 1715 fleet. After all, it was lying only a few hundred feet off the salvage campsite, and I had found a number of coins on the beaches directly opposite its submerged cannons. It just *had* to be a treasure galleon. I wouldn't even consider any other possibility.

When I told Doc of my new find off the first reef, he clapped his hands in excitement. To aid my underwater probes, he bought my first diving outfit—standard flippers, regulator and air tank. I had to try the factory-made face mask on in front

of a mirror. I was sure proud of that outfit, and I itched to get back to the site.

After several trips with my new gear, I located other cannon and a few miscellaneous objects. One significant discovery was a fist-sized cluster of tiny silver coins, fused together in a shape that obviously indicated they had once been held in a pouch, the leather of which had long ago disintegrated. It was a good omen, but if there was real treasure on this wreck, I realized I wouldn't be able to find it alone, or without some sort of salvage equipment. So, I logged the perimeters of the wreck in my mind and moved on to newer pastures.

I had been told for some time of another wreck site south of Fort Pierce. It was, in fact, fairly common knowledge where this one lay. I used to drive down to Fort Pierce, fill up my single tank with air—it held only about an hour's supply—then swim out to the second site. Here, tons of ballast stones were lying in a great heap. Selfishly guarding my limited air supply as best I could, so I might stay down longer, I investigated the entire area. Again I was thwarted by lack of men and machinery. I did manage to find a handful of coins, all of the 1715 era, but I couldn't move those massive stones by myself and make any appreciable headway, so I added another mental footnote.

I had faith the day would arrive when I could come out to these sites and others and work them properly. To prepare for that day I obtained from the Internal Improvement Fund of the State of Florida a nonexclusive salvage search lease covering a region extending 50 miles from the center line of the Sebastian Inlet to a point north of Stuart, south of Fort Pierce. I also got exclusive pinpoint leases on the wreck sites I had scouted. This move, as I came to appreciate later, was one of the smartest I ever made.

## The Team Forms

Doc called me one day.

"What are you doing Sunday?" he inquired.

"Nothing special," I answered honestly.

"Let's go over to the beach for a picnic."

"All right with me, but let me check with Alice." Alice, my wife, was all for it, but I couldn't get my son Tom interested, for Doc had seven children, all younger than my boy, and he was afraid of being stuck as a baby-sitter.

We were lying around soaking up the warm sunshine after lunch, and, full of beer and burgers, I folded my hands behind my head, stretched out, and prepared to take a snooze. Alice had other ideas.

"Why don't you dig for some coins?" she asked.

"Here? There's nothing here, Alice. Besides, I didn't bring a shovel." With that I promptly considered the matter closed, and shut my eyes. Alice was persistent.

"Here, Kip," she said, poking me in the ribs with a sharpened stick she had found. "Dig with this."

"But I tell you there's nothing here," I insisted.

"Dig," she replied. It sounded like an ultimatum. I had been near this very site often before on my beachcombings and had found nothing. This was silly, but damn it, I decided to dig a hole 10 feet deep just to prove to Alice there *was nothing there*. I'd show her!

I guess I hadn't gone down six inches or more when, bless my bones, there was a blackened piece of eight! Sonofabitch, I thought to myself. Doc pitched in then, as did our wives and the kids. In less than an hour we had uncovered more than 70 silver pieces, including a perfect eight real specimen spooned up by Becky Kelso. I was flabbergasted. Damn, I'd rather have Alice's intuition than a dozen metal detectors.

The next day I came back with a helper, shovels and sifting screens, and we found another 70-odd coins. It was the richest lode I'd ever seen on the beach before or since. As Doc and I fingered through the silver that night, we wondered what the hell our next move would be. We knew these coins were from a shipwreck of the 1715 fleet. We knew we had found at least two wreck sites offshore from that fleet. What we didn't know was how we were going to get the treasure from those ships.

As fate would have it, our dilemma was being solved at that minute, by men Doc and I had never met or heard of before.

Louis J. Ullian, possibly more than anyone else, was the catalytic agent who set off the sequence of events that led up to our team's formation. A powerful, huge hulk of man, Lou was born in Boston, but moved to Fort Lauderdale when he was only six months old, and considered himself a native Floridian. In this melting-pot state that qualifies him as a native.

Lou gained a mechanical engineering degree from Purdue University in 1955 and went directly into the Navy. He had some knowledge of explosives from his diving experiences, and was thus assigned to ordnance engineering, and put through an explosive ordnance disposal school. This training led to a job as an ordnance engineer at the Air Force Missile Test Range in 1959, after his service hitch was up. He is responsible for reviewing the destruct systems of each Air Force rocket launched at Cape Kennedy. He must see that all requirements of design are met, so if a missile goes astray once it leaves the launch pad, range safety officers can blow it up before it endangers a land area. It's an interesting, challenging job.

It was through his lasting love for diving that Lou met Delphine Long. Like Lou, Del had been born out of state, South Carolina, but his family had moved to Florida when he was less than a year old.

From childhood, he has loved to tinker with anything mechanical or electrical. He has been a welder, a sheet-metal worker, mechanic and commercial fisherman. In 1950, the year America launched its first missile from the then Cape Canaveral, Del went to work at Patrick Air Force Base. Today, he applies his all-around mechanical knowledge as a ground power equipment supervisor.

He too has had a lifelong love affair with the ocean, and in 1956, together with an Air Force sergeant, he formed a skin-diving club and became its president. A couple of years later he and another fellow actually went out off Sebastian and stumbled onto a piece of a 1715 wreck. They even found some bronze spikes and ballast stones, but, of course, they had no idea at the time of the significance of their discovery.

Lou happened into Del's shop at the base one day in 1959, and found they had mutual interests. Del told Lou of the club and soon had recruited a new member. At a meeting, Lou met Ervin Taylor, a tall, native Floridian. Erv and Del had grown up together. A Mormon with serious religious beliefs, Erv worked with the Brevard County Mosquito Control District, and had joined the club out of a keen interest in diving.

"I know somebody you ought to meet," Erv said. "There's a man down near where I live who's been poking around after treasure for years. I understand he's found a few coins, too."

"Who?" Lou responded with instant enthusiasm.

"His name is Kip Wagner. He's a peculiar cuss, but, if you like, I'll ask him if you and Del can come down and meet him." Erv didn't have to wait for their reply.

I didn't think Lou would ever stop talking the night I met him. He must have detailed every dive he had made, and described every rusted nail and broken chip of pottery he had found. If ever a man thirsted for sunken riches, it was Lou. We talked for hours, and when I showed him the coins and other objects I had accumulated, I could have turned out the lights. His face would have lit the whole house.

Over the winter of 1959-60, he and Del and Erv came down many nights, and we retreated to my workshop behind the house for long chats before the fireplace. We smoked and drank brandy and talked all winter long. I told them of my hopes of finding gold and silver offshore, and they dreamed along with me.

Eventually, we got down to discussing ways of salvaging the sites I had found. None of us was very well to do at the time. I was broke, and they were all raising families on straight-salaried jobs. But if enthusiasm were money we'd have been millionaires. We agreed to pool what little finances we could scrape up, along with diving equipment. I needed man power as badly as money, and, over the course of several weeks, we began mapping out arrangements to begin work the following spring, when the waters cleared up.

One of Lou's bosses at the cape was a man then putting the finishing touches on a distinguished, 24-year career in the Air Force—Colonel Dan F. Thompson. A native of Savannah, Georgia, and an electrical engineering graduate of the Air Force Institute of Technology, Dan had one of the most responsible jobs at the Air Force Missile Test Center. As director of operations on the range, he garnered broad experience in

technical management, planning, policy-making, conference leadership, public speaking and engineering and managerial writing. He dealt with the highest level of leaders in government and industry. He directly supervised a highly skilled team of more than 150 scientific, engineering and administrative people, and briefed scores of visiting dignitaries, including the late President John F. Kennedy, and then Vice-President Lyndon B. Johnson. Dan is now an executive with IBM.

Lou went in to see him one day after quitting time. Dan sat in discomfort, one leg wrapped in bandages as a result of a diving accident off Ascension Island, one of the missile tracking sites located far down in the South Atlantic. He had gotten tangled up in some sharp coral reefs. Dan was, nevertheless, an expert diver, and when Lou told him of our discussions, he, too, asked to be included in the group. I was impressed the first time I met him. He not only would be a big help to us with his underwater knowledge, but he had a sharp mind that could prove invaluable in legal dealings and organizational work.

Now we had divers, but we were still sadly lacking in equipment. We needed a boat. Lou and Dan had just the man who could help us—Lieutenant Colonel Harry Cannon. Harry worked for Dan, as chief of the Range Safety Office. He had one of the most nerve-wracking jobs in the Air Force: it was his responsibility to blow up rockets that wandered off their prescribed flight course.

Harry had a boat—a 21-foot pleasure inboard-outboard. It seemed just right for our initial probes. The catch was, Harry wasn't a diver. Lou and Dan said they'd take care of this detail, and from what I've heard, Harry's initiation was a real wing-dinger. It was probably the coldest night in January—about 30 degrees—when the three of them stepped out onto the patio surrounding the officers' club at the air base. Dan and Lou strapped diving gear on Harry's back and briefed him again on what to do. Then, without the protection of a wet suit, he was unceremoniously tossed into the frigid waters. When he came out he was blue. His skin was one giant goose pimple, his teeth were chattering, his lips were purple and his knees were shaking uncontrollably. But he passed the test.

This was the nucleus of our team. Del, Erv, Lou, Dan and Harry joined Doc, myself and Lisbon ("Libe") Futch. Doc, of course, had been in on things nearly from the beginning, and we had spent night after night researching or just plain talking —about the wrecks, about our plans and anything else pertaining to treasure.

Libe, also, is a longtime friend of mine from Sebastian. We had worked together building many a house. I was a block layer and plasterer who hated carpentry, and he was a carpenter who hated to lay blocks, so we got along famously.

In mulling over the newly assembled team, I found we collectively had a wide variety of skills and specialized knowledge going for us. Libe, in addition to being an all-around handyman, knew the intricate network of channels and waterways in the Sebastian area as well as anyone I know. And he was an expert boatsman.

Del and Erv were mechanical marvels. They made practically every kind of pump, motor, dredge and what have you that we needed. In fact, I don't think there's anything they can't build themselves. Del constructed his own home in Grant for about $7,000. It would have cost him $25,000 or more to have it built by a contractor.

Dan and Lou were both expert divers—as were Del and Erv. Lou was also handy with explosives and electronics, and he proved to be skillfully adept at designing things. Dan has a sharp legal mind to help us in these lines. Harry was fast becoming a good diver, and he was our financial wizard. He has a good business head, something we needed badly.

Indefatigable Doc, of course, was a walking-talking textbook of Spanish history and underwater archeology. I had experience in a variety of trades, and owned a strong back and a tough pair of hands. And I had enough desire to weld the entire group together.

By January, 1960, our group had pretty well jelled. I had decided sometime ago to test them—as divers and as men—on the wreck site just north of Fort Pierce, about 20 miles below Sebastian. There, 900 feet offshore, in waters 18 feet deep, were the decayed bones of a galleon. There were no particularly dangerous reefs surrounding it, and the waters were generally clearer than anywhere else along the coast, which would make diving a relatively easy operation.

The hooker was that because of the site's accessibility and the clean surf, practically everyone on the coast within 100 miles knew about it. And, quite a few amateurs had worked the wreck. In fact, I had dived on it some years before during my inner-tube days. So I was reasonably sure it would be quite unlikely for us to find anything of real value here.

Why then bother? I looked at it this way. I knew precisely where some unexplored wreck sites were that would have a far greater potential of yielding treasure, but before exposing my secrets to a group of men I had known only a few weeks, save for Libe and Doc, I wanted to see just how serious they were about this business. If they were just out for weekend larks, and when the going got rough they'd fold their tents and go home, I wanted to know about it. After all, I'd invested years on this search, and thousands of dollars, and I didn't want to blow it all now with a bunch of greenhorns.

Besides, though this site had been probed by a number of people over the years, it was still, by comparison, a fresh wreck when one remembers that the gold-bearing galleons of Vigo Bay have been ravaged by more than 70 organized salvage expeditions in the years since they sank shortly after the turn of the 18th century.

Such was the setting on a cold, brisk day in January. The ocean was calm and the water unusually clear for this time of year, so Dan, Harry, Lou, Del and I decided to take an exploratory run out to the site in Harry's 21-foot cabin cruiser. We carried no diving gear or salvage equipment, of which we had very little at that time anyway. Sure enough, we came upon the ancient wreck almost immediately. There, three fathoms down, were thousands of ballast stones—virtually all that remained of a great ship that had been battered to bits in the full fury of the hurricane 245 years before.

Over the next few weekends we made several runs out to the site, more for personal stimulation than anything else, I think. Between trips we began pooling bits of equipment—wet suits, regulators, air tanks, pumps, compressors—anything that might prove useful when we were ready to tool up and start diving.

Our most pressing need was a boat. We had used Harry's cruiser for the scouting trips, but when the heavy work commenced, we'd need something more practical. Libe Futch solved this problem for us. He and I went to the Navy salvage yards in Norfolk, Virginia, and for $1,200, bought a 40-foot liberty launch. It was some sight. The paint had all been chipped off it, an exhaust line had broken, and the whole inside of the boat was blackened with thick layers of soot. It looked as though the hull had been used to cook on.

I'll never forget the day Libe brought it into port, if I live to be 90! It was a riot. Here he came, chugging across the waterway in that gosh-awful abortion. The superstructure was black, the hull was black—everything was black, including Libe. Had it not been for the whites of his eyes, I don't think I could have seen him at all. I was torn with mixed emotions. I felt kind of sick at thinking this was to be the vessel from which we'd base all our operations, but on the other hand it was so funny, in a pathetic sort of way, that I couldn't help doubling up and laughing until my sides ached. So when I say I laughed until I cried, it has a double meaning. I really felt like crying, too.

Libe, who had suffered with the thing all the way from Norfolk, and had had about all he could take, didn't see anything funny about it. I thought for a minute he was going to punch me in the mouth. When the others saw it, they echoed my sentiments.

"Are we going to dive off *that* thing," someone screamed incredulously. "You've got to be kidding."

We weren't, though. For better or worse, we were going to sink or swim with it, and the smart money was favoring the former. We promptly christened it the *Sampan,* because it looked so much like a junk. We began scraping her down as soon as our shock wore off. I'd spend a few hours every day on the *Sampan,* and the others would drive down on weekends to pitch in. After we got her cleaned up, I began outfitting a deck, and as the days passed she slowly began to take shape. There was no cabin, not even any protective covering, so we bent some pipe into a U shape and stretched a tentlike canopy of sailcloth over it to shield us from the scorching sun.

We knew, from our scouting runs over the wreck site, that we would have to move a lot of sand if we were to find anything under all that ballast, so we began experimenting with a series of homemade dredges. Erv Taylor and Del Long were real handymen at improvising things, and the first invention was a

two-inch sand pump run by a tractor engine mounted in the bow of the *Sampan*. We raided junkyards within a 50-mile area to outfit the contraption. Fitted onto the pump was an old piece of stovepipe with a nozzle, and fire hose attached to it. Water going through the pipe created the suction necessary to vacuum the sandy bottom.

By April we had gathered probably the oddest, most-patched-up assortment of salvage and diving apparatus ever assembled by a treasure-hunting team. Nevertheless, we felt we were ready for our initial assault.

There was a tremendous pile of ballast on the bottom. It stretched about 70 feet in length, 20 feet in width and was stacked at least eight feet high. The rocks were in all sizes, from ¼ pound up to 50 pounds and more.

After a few diving reconnaissance excursions, we decided our only hopes of finding anything would be to move the ballast. To begin, we chose to cut a swath across the midships area, perpendicular to the line in which the ship had gone down. Because we had no powerful salvage equipment, the stones would have to be moved by hand.

And soon our task began. At first everyone worked with spirited enthusiasm. We moved ballast by way of an underwater bucket brigade. One man would laboriously pry the rocks loose with a crowbar. He would then pass them through his legs to a second diver, who would, in turn, hand them to a third man, whose job was to pile the stones carefully in an area already covered, so we wouldn't have to move the same ones again.

Had somebody tried to hire us at double construction wages to perform such manual labor, they wouldn't have gotten a single taker. But here we were, breaking our backs for nothing. It seemed ironic. The work was sheer drudgery. After tossing a few of the larger stones around, we'd have to stop and rest. By the end of a day, after moving 400 or 500 rocks, we'd be fatigued almost beyond recovery. Our backs ached, our arms ached, our shoulder blades ached, our legs ached, and more often than not, our heads ached.

By late summer we still had found nothing of value. As each weekend passed, the grumbling began to get louder. Dan and Harry were questioning whether there ever was any treasure out here. They were catching hell at home from their wives, as were the others. All summer they hadn't been home for a single Saturday or Sunday. They were becoming strangers to their youngsters. Wives were shouldering double responsibilities, and marital relations were beginning to wear thin. Little League games were missed; dentist appointments postponed, then cancelled; beach outings were put off; visits from neighbors discouraged. The sacrifices were many.

We had reached a low point. Relations were becoming seriously strained, and we practically had to force ourselves to go down and move those cursed, ever-present ballast stones. One particularly unproductive Sunday, Dan, Lou and Harry—bone-tired and disgusted—crawled into their car and headed in the direction of home.

"I've had it," Harry said. "Kip can take his treasure and cram it." Dan and Lou nodded in agreement. Had it not been so near the end of the diving season anyway, I don't think I would have ever seen them again. They had lost all confidence in finding anything.

My team was now teetering on the breaking point. Then our luck changed.

Harry Cannon had found his own little digging hole on the bottom. "It just looked interesting to me," he'd tell us when we queried him as to where he'd been. Harry would paddle off to it when he wanted a break from the monotony of the ballast brigade.

One morning about mid-August, Dan and Del and Harry were hard at it on the ballast pile, when Harry silently slipped off. He began poking around in his favorite spot, when something half-buried in the sand caught his eye. It was a lime-encrusted, fist-sized bar. Harry picked it up. It was heavy enough to be some kind of metal. A lump swelled in his throat and his first impulse was to surface, shouting. "Look, I've found something."

On second thought, Harry vowed to himself to make certain he really had something of value before he came up to show the rest of us. He took his crowbar and began scraping the encrustations away. Underneath the coating he fingered the scratch marks he had just made. They shone bright silver, even in the depths 20 feet below surface. Harry began sifting the sand all around him, and tossing off ballast stones. He soon uncovered five more of the wedge-shaped objects. Then he tucked them under his arms and went up.

"Is it anybody's birthday?" Harry asked, as he poked his head above surface. Ironically, it actually was Libe Futch's birthday, and he responded automatically, "Mine."

"Well, here," Harry said, handing him a silver wedge, "here's a present for you."

Pandemonium would be a mild word to describe the scene that followed aboard the *Sampan*. Everyone whooped and hollered and stomped around so that I was sure we'd kick a hole in our boat and sink on the spot.

Harry said he felt as if he could walk on water, and I believe I would have bet he could. After everyone had examined the bars, divers grabbed regulators, face masks and flippers, strapped on air tanks and scattered into the water like buckshot.

For months we had been methodically moving ballast stones in an orderly manner, carefully stacking them in areas already covered so we wouldn't have to move them twice. Now the scene on the bottom looked like the clowns' finale at the circus. Divers were heaving stones every which way. Within minutes, our neatly dissected paths through the pile were a littered mess of rocks. And no one paid any attention to the next man. It was almost dangerous to work down there. You practically had to dodge the raining storm of rocks. We found three more wedges before we called it a day. Laid in a circle eight inches in diameter, the blackened wedges formed a silver "pie." We guessed three such layers would have filled a keg weighing about 100 pounds, the standard load for an Indian carrier. Two such kegs would have made a mule load.

Over the next few weekends we found a half-dozen or so more of the silver wedges. I even got rambunctious and bet the boys a fifth of whisky I could find one. Sure enough, I came across one on the bottom, and, after inspecting it thoroughly to make sure it was silver, I triumphantly brought it aboard ship. They paid their debt with surprisingly little whimpering, but, damn it, they stayed at the house that night until they had killed the whole bottle—*my* bottle!

By the end of August, the waters had muddied up and the diving had to be called off until next season. But this late summer find of silver—each wedge was worth maybe $500 to $600—had solidified the team. They had been put to the supreme test and they had made it.

"You'll never know how close we came," Dan told me later. "We were all ready to give it up, until Harry brought up those wedges."

The next few months were the longest in our lives. We had sampled the sweet taste of sunken riches. We knew they were out there, but there was nothing we could do until spring came, with its warm weather and clear waters. We were helpless. Over the weekends we passed the time as best we could, fixing our ragtag equipment and working on the *Sampan*. Often we'd walk along the beaches and sigh, longingly, as we looked out to sea. We literally ached to get back out in the water.

Confident now that my team would hold up no matter what the circumstances, I made my decision to lead them to another site, farther north, the first time the elements eased up. This wreck, I knew, would yield a far better chance of finding important treasure than the one we had worked. We had found silver, true, and it was probable there was more down there somewhere. But we had pretty well cleaned that wreck, and I felt any future returns wouldn't justify the efforts we would have to expend.

Then on January 8, 1961, the waters cleared enough for us to make a scouting run, and that was the day Dan Thompson found the coin-clustered clumps.

The trial run was over. Now it was time to get down to serious business.

## In Business

It was a good four or five weeks after Dan's find before we could get back into the waters, and those weeks seemed like months, even years to us. Can you imagine? We had a fortune

in coins lying a few hundred feet offshore, begging for us to scoop them up, and all we could do was sit on the beach and wish. The winter winds kicked the sea up too much for us even to attempt taking the *Sampan* out.

When we finally did get back to our site, it damn near resulted in a major disaster that could have halted our operations altogether. By mid-February the seas had calmed enough to allow us to pass through the Sebastian Inlet without grounding —an accomplishment of no small merit in itself—and we headed straight to the buoys we had set out to mark the wreck site. Visibility in the water was only about 12 inches, but even that was enough with the stuff lying on top of the sands, as it had been on our last outing.

We maneuvered into the trough separating the two reefs, and several of the boys suited up and went over. For the most part we were using Desco rigs. These are shallow-water Navy diving outfits with air hoses running from a pump on board the boat to the divers below. It allows pretty free movement without the heavy air pack of scuba gear weighing you down.

Dan and Lou surfaced within minutes, and their expressions were grim.

"There's a coating of sand over the cannon and other things down there," Dan told us. Even in the few short weeks since we had been here, the wave and wind action had reshaped the bottom. Over the years we have, in fact, rarely seen the same ocean floor configuration twice.

The divers went back down and began their search. Despite the new sand piles, they found silver coins almost immediately. These weren't lying in the open, but we had a sand dredge operating, and the fellows also fanned the bottom with their hands, to uncover them.

Lou Ullian came upon a lumpy object that caused him to take a heavy intake of air. It was a rock similar in appearance to the coin-clustered clumps Dan had found in the same area the previous month. Lou excitedly examined its purple outer crust, and, finding nothing, took his crowbar and began chipping away at it. Still nothing. Convinced it was no more than an ordinary chunk of coral, he used it for a stool, while fanning for coins, lazy-man's style.

We had been on the site only a short time when the wind kicked up from the northeast and began whipping the waves. It was getting pretty choppy, and I was ready to call it another day, even though we had found a number of coins.

"Let's stay a little while longer," Dan said. "I saw something down there that looked interesting."

"Are you crazy?" I shot back at him. "You may think it's fun to keep this tub from cracking open on the reefs, but I don't. No sir! Let's go in."

Dan was just as adamant. He wanted one more crack at that ocean floor. We finally settled for a compromise. I maneuvered the *Sampan* out of the trough between the two dangerous reefs and stopped a good 200 feet away. Dan and Lou slipped into their scuba gear for one last dive. They would have to swim to the site and back.

Back on the site, visibility had worsened to only a few inches, and the combers were raising great clouds of silt and sand. How Dan and Lou managed to keep from being torn apart under there was beyond me. Serious treasure searching in such water was virtually impossible. It was foolish.

They had been gone only a few minutes when Dan reached up and tapped Lou. He pointed down to the floor, at a large purplish clump. Lou recognized it as the underwater stool he had used when he had been working the area earlier in the morning, and he shrugged his shoulders in the traditional "so what" manner. But when Dan rolled it over on its other side, it exposed a face that Lou had somehow missed examining. There, in a little pocket carved in its underside, were the unmistakable irregular cuts of metal, half buried in oxide-blackened fusion.

They surfaced and waved for the boat to come over. I waved back for them to come our way. The hell with trying to navigate in that trough again. It was too damn dangerous. Lou then swam over and grabbed a line, disappearing again beneath the rollers. Pretty soon he and Dan reappeared, lugging something on the line.

When they broke surface with it, I thought it was just an interestingly shaped chunk of coral for Dan's rock garden—they do make nice decorations—but, hell, this was no time to be bringing something like that up. Disgust must have stood out on my face like a neon sign. How stupid can they be, I thought, endangering the boat for a coral rock? I was steaming. I guess they could see this, for as soon as they got aboard they brought it over and showed me the coins. What could I say? Erv Taylor fingered the clustered pieces of eight and then said it for me.

"Now I know why they made you a colonel, Dan."

Lou had a more succinct comment.

"I'll be a son of a gun," he mumbled over and over, and we didn't get the significance until he told us he had seen that same clump before and passed it up, using it to sit on down there. He backed up his story by showing us the scratch marks he had made with his crowbar.

It was undoubtedly the most expensive seat Lou ever had. We found nearly 2,000 coins in that clump and estimated its value at between $30,000 and $40,000!

Once more, as if nature were logging our every find so she could tease us all the more, a prolonged spell of bad weather set in, and we couldn't get back to the wreck for several weeks.

Harry called the house one day and he sounded serious. "Kip, can you get Doc, Libe and Erv over to your place tonight for a meeting? Dan, Lou, Del and I want to come down and talk something over with you."

"Guess I can. What's up?"

"I'd rather wait till tonight and discuss it when we're all together."

"All right, Harry, I'll see you tonight."

I think this must have been our first formal meeting. Oh, we'd gathered numbers of times to talk about the boat, equipment we needed, when we'd dive again, or various other things, but it was always informal. There was something in the air on this occasion, and it didn't take long to find out what it was. As the eight of us sat around my kitchen table, Harry opened the meeting.

"We've been thinking this whole thing over, our situation I mean," he said. "And we feel, now that we're beginning to find some important treasure, we need a little better organization." We had discussed this briefly before, after finding the first two clumps of coins, but everyone had been drunk then and nothing was settled. I listened without comment as Harry continued.

"We've got a few thousand coins now, and the silver bars from last summer. But more important, we're probably going to start finding a hell of a lot more once the waters clear up this spring.

"Now here's what I'm getting at. We all entered this venture on handshakes and our words, and no one is saying he doesn't trust anyone else, or anything like that. Don't get me wrong. But with a possibility of us bringing up a fortune out there, I . . . we . . . feel we should draw up something on paper—just so there'll be no arguments over the splits or anything else. You'll have to admit our operation has been run pretty loosely."

I had remained silent long enough. "If a man's word and his handshake is no good, Harry, then what the hell good is a piece of paper?"

"It's not a matter of distrust, Kip. We just feel we need some kind of protection for our interests; something legal and in writing, so there can never be any questions or any confusion."

"Look," I pointed out, "we've been working as a team for several months now—we've known each other for over a year. I don't think there's any need for all this."

"That's just not good business sense," Dan said, and he proceeded to give me a rather strongly worded sermon on my business naïvete and why they wanted something drawn up. I guess I'm just plain old-fashioned, but still didn't see the need. I think Harry got right down to the bone of it though, in language no one had difficulty understanding. He was laying it on the line.

"Damn it, Kip," he said, "my philosophy is simple. When money comes in the window, friendship goes out."

There was a loud silence around the table for a couple of minutes.

"I see," I finally said. "I see." It was beginning to look as though our friendship was already starting to break up on some verbal reefs.

"Don't get things wrong," Dan said, sensing the tension. "We're not afraid of getting gutted or anything like that. We just feel, for your own safety, we should put something on paper. This doesn't mean anyone is doubting anyone else."

"Well, I'm still not sure we need to do this," I said, "but if you fellows are so set on it, let's see what you have in mind."

Harry produced some papers and explained they were drawn up from a sample corporation charter. By the time everything

had been spelled out, and we got around to agreeing on it and signing, it was well past midnight, so I asked for an adjournment. My normal bedtime is 9 o'clock.

"But what about a name," someone asked. "What are we going to call ourselves?"

"How about Real Eight?" I said, thinking almost automatically of the old Spanish term for pieces of eight. What could be more appropriate? Everyone agreed. We had a name. "Now let me go to bed," I said.

I suppose they were right. In the light of what we have found since then, Harry and Dan insist we never would have stayed together without the papers binding us.

We met again on April 17 to elect the officers of our new corporation, and to split the 1,000 shares of stock. It was the first of the regular monthly meetings that we have held ever since. Our original bylaws were in line with existing laws of the State of Florida. Although we can name anywhere from three to eight directors to run Real Eight, we settled on three because of the limited membership. All normal rules of order and voting procedures are followed.

By the time the waters had cleared up enough to dive for the first time in the spring of 1961, we had come up with a two-inch sand pump. It ran on the principle of centrifugal force, with special blades powered by a motor that sucked in the sand at one end and discharged it at the other. It worked, but not well. It was too slow, and took an hour to scoop a hole three or four feet deep and about five feet in diameter. At this rate we wouldn't find enough to cover the operating expenses.

Another contraption Del and Erv came up with was a homemade airlift, using an old Model T Ford engine as a compressor. It, too, was discarded as impractical after several test efforts. We were learning by costly trial and error. As Del put it, "Without the right-type dredge our treasure search was comparable to hunting bear with a BB gun."

We had no recourse but to build a good, reliable dredge. Erv had read in a skin-diving magazine of the dredges divers used in California when they searched for gold, and he snipped out a diagram. He and Del then set to work fashioning an instrument out of a six-inch-diameter aluminum water transfer tube, about nine feet long.

We tried it out one day in June when the water visibility was the best we had seen at this site. For the first time, we could look at one end of the cannon on the bottom, and see the other end —a distance of eight or nine feet. Remarkable! The dredge worked like a charm. In five minutes' time it could funnel a hole deep enough to hide a Volkswagen. Eighty to 90 pounds of pressure were pumped into a 2½-inch fire hose to power the dredge. As the water jetted through the pipe, it created a suction on the bottom which siphoned sand, shell and, hopefully, bits of treasure. We attached a screen basket to the far end of it, so spewed-up coins and artifacts would be caught as the sand filtered through.

But it took us awhile to learn how to control it. In fact, the first test ended in a riot. Del was on the business end when Erv turned it on, and they had underestimated its power. For a frantic few seconds it whipped Del around as if it were a giant snake or moray eel gone berserk. He hung on like a rodeo champ, though—or maybe he was just too plain scared to turn loose, I don't know. So we learned some more. By sticking the suction head of the dredge into the sand, one man could control it easily, guiding it as one would a powerful vacuum cleaner. It was only when it was out in the open that it became unmanageable, because the fire hose we used had a tendency to straighten out and crack like a whip under the high pressure of water.

We soon had an affectionate nickname for our mechanical helper—the "hungry beast." It gulped anything in its path—sand, rocks, coral, fish, cannonballs—and then regurgitated everything at the other end of its nine-foot-long shaft.

One day in mid-June we brought up our first coins since February—about 50 to 100—all buried loosely in the sands and over a scattered area. We had no systematic way of working the dredge through the wreck site, and it was hard to tell if we had covered the same ground before. Unlike the silver wedge site, where we could move ballast and neatly stack it up so we could see where we'd been, the bottom here looked alike all over. Constant wave action in the trough between the two reefs stirred the sand so even if we could leave a pattern or trail of where we'd been, it wouldn't be there the next day.

We came up with another improvisation. We drove long iron rods into the bottom and tied lines to them. Then we took the dredge and slowly made a circle around the rods. At the conclusion of a day's work, we'd tie a knot in the line at the point where we knocked off. Next time out we just felt down the line till we reached the knot, then started in from there.

We found the best way to harvest coins uncovered by the dredge was before they went through the tubing. So we generally worked in pairs. One would hold the mouth of the dredge in the sand, and, as it bore down, the other man would keep an eye alert for coins. When some blackish-green shapes appeared, the dredge would be diverted while we picked up the coins. When a few got sucked up anyway, it was a simple matter to catch them. We even removed the wire screen at the tail end, for coins and other heavy objects went through the tube so slowly a diver could swim to the end of the dredge in plenty of time to cup his hands and have the coins softly float down into them.

As the summer passed, we brought up hundreds of coins—all silver. So far we hadn't found a single gold piece; an odd fact, I thought. But it would come. Sometimes we worked all day and only recovered 10 or 15 coins; some days we found none; and on other occasions we found hundreds of them. Our workhorse dredge also spit out silver buckles, iron ships' spikes, potsherds and other assorted items. We found, too, about 20 cannon over a 50-to-60-foot area along the reefs.

When the waters were too rough or unclear to work here, we made a couple of return trips to our site off Fort Pierce to seek the missing silver wedges we needed to fill our "pie." But we had little luck there, and the divers showed scant enthusiasm for moving that heavy ballast.

By September, as hurricanes began their northerly drifts, the diving season was shot, but this time, unlike the season before, we had much to show for our efforts. In the last few days before we called it a year, we came up with another, smaller cluster of coins, and our total take now numbered several thousand pieces of eight.

One of our priority items of business, now that the main diving season had ended, was to do something about the *Sampan,* so we could work from it during the winter if the waters cleared at all. The past January, when we found the clumps, we nearly froze to death because the boat had no cabin. I still remember Lou turning blue and shivering uncontrollably after being in the water for only a few minutes. We needed something more than that canvas shroud to help fend off the elements.

So I was elected to carpenter up a cabin, and this busied me for several weeks. We also improved our dredge, bought a new engine for it, and acquired an air compressor to use with our Desco equipment. We wanted to get everything in A-1 shape for the next season. We had wasted previous weeks early this past spring by trying out salvage equipment.

To raise money for new gear, we voted to sell a few coins. We had been putting dough into operations on a monthly basis out of our pockets, and we were beginning to hang on by our fingernails. That's why the sale, small as it was, had a special significance to us. Naturally the better we controlled the flow of such coins on the open market, the higher the prices we could command. If we flooded the market, it would only cut our take, so we doled them out carefully.

For our silver pieces of eight—and remember, there had never been a collection of such coins to match ours—the price tags ranged from $15 to $100, with a dated coin in extra fine condition drawing as much as $150. Undated cobs were worth from $35 to $50, and the real "dogs" only drew $10 to $15. Dealers seemed amazed at the remarkably good overall condition of our coins. Most of them were clean, or had only a thin coating of oxide. We were pleased with the interest shown in our collection, and we made just enough to keep things going for a while.

As another convenience, we managed to gain permission to use a beach cabin that was directly opposite the wreck site we were working. We promptly referred to this area hereafter as our "cabin site." We fixed the wooden cottage up with double bunk beds and stored air tanks and other equipment inside. It was a perfect place from which to headquarter our operations, and we've spent many a night there during busy periods, sipping beer and trying to rival each other's tall tales.

Things moved slowly early in the 1963 diving season, although we continued to exude confidence that we would soon make the "big kill." As usual, between our business affairs, which seemed to me to be taking up more and more of our time, we worked on our equipment and on the boat over the winter months. We went out on site a few times in May for short sessions on the bottom and found only sparsely scattered coins.

Then one morning early in June something completely unpredicted and unexpected happened. It was as if some great hand had passed a magic wand over the area. The sky showed nothing but blue, and the water was as clear and as calm as we'd ever seen it since we'd been diving as a team. Underneath, it was like a fairyland. We could barely believe our eyes. Visibility ranged from 50 to 100 feet, and all the cannon spread about the wreck site as markers were lying openly exposed on the sands. Conditions were near perfect for diving.

The actual site we had been working covers an area on the ocean floor about 100 feet long and 40 feet wide. Over the 1961 and 1962 seasons, we had confined our concentrated searches to a small zone about 20 feet square. Our salvage had been slow because the treasure was buried under several feet of sand and we wanted methodically to probe every inch of the wreck. Otherwise we might pass right over the richest portion.

But the water was so phenomenally clean we decided there would never be a better time to explore fully the perimeters of the wreck site, so we could accurately chart them as would a cartographer.

Mike Hrebec, a college student, was with us for the summer, and he took off shoreward to see what he could find. A short time later Lou looked over the side of the *Sampan* and saw an excessive flow of bubbles streaming to the surface. It was Mike. He hadn't been down long enough to have run out of air, and it appeared as if he was struggling with something. With a desperate lunge, he made the rope ladder at the side of the boat. Now we could see he had something straddled between his legs, and we nearly fell overboard helping him. His weighty object proved to be another healthy clump of silver coins—this one scaling in at about 70 pounds. Figuring roughly 20 coins to the pound, it contained something like 1,400 of those lovely, blackened pieces of eight.

From the shape of Mike's clump, it was obvious these coins had been stored in a box at the time the ships went down. We found coins fused at 90-degree angles, where the chest's corners had been. We had learned that all of the large coin clusters had originally been stored in wooden containers or in cloth sacks. The sacks had rotted and the teredo worms had eaten the wood fibers, leaving the coins sealed together.

Tuesday, Lou was off and he, Mike and I went out. The ocean was as flat and as beautiful as I've ever seen it. Its surface was a turquoise mirror. Lou and Mike went under while I tended to things aboard ship. They decided to retrace the steps Mike had taken when he brought up his clump, for often loose coins break off and fall to the bottom in moving such a cluster.

They had only been on the dredge about 15 minutes when before them shone a greenish hue—another clump of coins! They were working next to a ledge that dropped off abruptly, and this first find had been at the top of the ledge. As they carefully worked it loose—it was adherred to some coquina rock—they found another behind it. In fact, within a six-foot area, they brought up four large clumps and one small one, each weighing from 50 to 75 pounds, and containing a grand total of several thousand coins.

Unlike the solidified clusters Dan had found two years earlier, these apparently had been buried in the sands for a great period of time, and as Lou and Mike walked over to the boat, they left a wide trail of pieces of eight on the sands. Dan's clumps had been cemented together more securely because they had been exposed to the seawater. These had not, and were thus more loosely fused.

We were three tired treasure hunters that evening as we headed for home. Those clumps are damn heavy, and it's one hell of a job to get them up. But we were happy, too, and who wouldn't be, sitting on $100,000 or so worth of silver coins?

## Gold At Last

One day, early in the 1963 season, we were diving without much success. Around one in the afternoon the compressor on the dredge broke down. Lou and I were tired and hungry and wanted to go in, but for some reason Del Long was hot to continue diving. He was, in fact, downright insistent. So while he started repairing the compressor with those magical hands of his, Lou and I swam in to the cabin for some chow.

Within 45 minutes, Del had the thing working again, and he and Dan went back under, using Desco rigs. On a hunch, Del had wanted to investigate one more spot, and Dan told him to lead the way. They were just over the first reef.

Lou and I were chewing food, and the fat, too, in front of the cabin, when Del's head popped out of the water, and he began whooping and hollering with such gusto I knew he had found something big.

"Son of a gun!" I exclaimed, more to myself than to Lou. "I'll bet he's found gold." Earlier that day Del had slapped me on the shoulder and said, "Kip, today I'm going to find some gold," I had shrugged automatically, and murmured something like, "Go to it, kid."

By this time he had reached the boat and it looked as if everybody on board were doing an Indian rain dance. They were shouting and stomping and laughing and patting each other on the back. Lou and I dropped our sandwiches and swam back out. Sure enough, Del had found gold. He showed us a beautiful eight-escudo piece as perfect and fresh as the day it had been minted. This was the first gold we had uncovered.

Del said he and Dan had been working a spot in about nine feet of water when the sand parted and it looked just as though someone had turned a flashlight in their eyes. Shiny gold pieces stared up at them.

Everyone went over, and we formed a circle around the area and slowly worked our way in. In all, we picked up 23 golden doubloons, four- and eight-escudo pieces before the water got too rough for safety. Del also found a brilliant gold ring with an expansion band. He had dredged a funnel-shaped hole and saw the ring slipping down the sand at the side of the hole. Del applied the *coup de grâce*. He held out his little finger and let the ring slide right down onto it.

About this time we signed an agreement with a professional treasure diver from the West Coast named Mel Fisher. Mel and his team would work on our wrecks and we'd split the take 50-50. They had a lovely, 50-foot boat called the *Dee-Gee* and called themselves Treasure Salvors, Inc.

Mel had a different manner of salvaging than we had. We were still using our faithful six-inch dredge, but he had designed a special "blaster," capable of clearing an eight by 10 foot hole through as much as four to six feet of sand, mud and loose rock in about 10 minutes.

Toward the end of April, Mel's team, with the help of Lou, Dan and Del, had found about 100 silver coins on a new wreck site. Then on May 8, Moe Molinar, one of Mel's expert divers, moved to an area about 15 feet seaward of where they had been working. He spotted a dull gleam in the sands, then another. He picked up two objects. They were heavy. In the brilliant sunshine they shone brightly. They were solid gold disks, each weighing about seven pounds. We had found nothing like them before. Mel later sold his 22½-carat disk, which bears a Mexican mint mark, for $17,500.

This time the party was at Mel's house in Vero Beach, and he invited us all down. It was another ripsnorter that lasted until the wee hours—at least for some of us. Others didn't make it past midnight. The whole affair was remarkably reminiscent of our coin clump finds in 1961; first the initial discovery, then the party, then a frustrating wait for the weather to clear again so we could get back on site. In Mel's case it was several days. When they did get back out on the water, their disk area was clouded in mud and visibility was nil. They worked it awhile, but couldn't see anything on the bottom. The divers wanted to go in, but Mel had other ideas.

"Let's go out farther and punch a hole," he urged. They shrugged, but agreed. About 50 feet to the east, they dropped anchor. "Let's try here," Mel said, and Moe went plunging overboard. Thirty seconds later he was up with a beautiful golden doubloon, dated 1698. They found a few more that day, and, on May 21, recovered over 200 four- and eight-escudo pieces.

Three days later, on May 24, a big haul was made. Mel's blaster cut a hole about 15 feet long and five to six feet wide down a ridge between two rocks. Moe, and two other divers, went down to see how it looked, and they were blinded by a bright-yellow glow. There, in all its magnificent splendor, was a veritable carpet of gold, the likes of which modern man had probably never seen before. The divers burned up almost a full tank of air just staring in awe at the sight. But then Moe grabbed a double handful and surfaced.

Even with the coins lying open on the bottom, it was hard work to recover them. First, gold is much heavier underwater than silver or other metals, and if a diver didn't have a good grip on a coin, it slipped right back to the bottom and camouflaged itself under a thin veneer of sand. Secondly, the blaster was still going to keep the hole cleaned, and the combination of its action, jetting a stream of water down, plus the natural motion of the sea, made it extremely difficult for the divers to maintain their positions. They didn't just drift from spot to spot plucking coins. They had to kick their flippers as hard as they could to keep from getting washed out of the hole completely. It required a great amount of physical exertion. Lou, for example, burned six tanks of air in five hours down there.

Because, in this instance, there was so much action on the bottom, it was not feasible to work with buckets. They would have been washed all over the place. Instead, the three divers would grab a bare handful of coins and stuff them into a glove they wore on the other hand. They tucked each coin inside the cuff encircling the wrist. When a man had a gloveful, he would scoop up as many more coins as he could in his bare hand and then surface, spilling as many as 60 to 80 gold pieces on deck at a time. All day long that's the way it went—up, down, up, down, with not a break for lunch or even coffee. Not a second could be wasted now. They had learned in the past how fickle the seas were, and knew a storm could whip up in a matter of minutes, dumping tons of sand over the exposed gold.

By day's end the divers' wrists, where they had stuffed the coins, were raw and bloody. They had worn the skin off, and still carry scars from it today. But we had 1,033 pieces of gold to show for it—by far the best recovery to date.

Our gold coins needed little if any cleaning up. They were almost always found in near-mint condition despite their exposure under the seas for so many years. The silver pieces of eight, however, were another story. They were corroded black with silver sulfide, and we tried nearly everything to get them polished and ready for marketing.

We experimented with steel wool pads, soda, muriatic acid—even scrubbing the coins in the sand, yet nothing seemed to work. We could get them shiny, all right, but it took hours to do it. We used to sit around in a semicircle, like so many washerwomen, and rub and scrub till our fingers were raw.

Finally Del and I solved the washday problems. He rigged up a little octagonal-shaped wooden box, based on my design, and mounted a one-quarter-horsepower electric motor to it which ran with an 18 to one gear reduction. He then dropped a couple of hundred coins in and added some rough steel shot—the same stuff that is used for jewelry burnishing—and some detergent, to act as a cushion between the encrusted coins and the shot. The little motor rotates the box with the same effect a squirrel running on a treadmill achieves, turning it about six times a minute. After two hours, the blackest, dirtiest coins come out as bright and shiny as the day they were stamped at the mint.

During the fall of 1964 we decided to see what would happen if we tried to share some of our hard-earned treasure with the world. We elected to sell some coins. Henry Christensen, one of the most famous coin auctioneers in the world and a noted authority on Spanish pieces, was holding an auction in Hoboken, New Jersey, on October 8. After several rounds of correspondence, we agreed upon terms. He was to get 20 percent for selling them.

Circulation of the sales list caused a mild tremor of excitement among the select percentage of well-to-do numismatists who specialized in New World gold coins. We were offering something never before available on the open market. In fact, many of the pieces were so rare they were completely unknown to previous cataloguers.

I must admit I was probably the most nervous person in that crowded room when Christensen authoritatively banged down his gavel and opened the sale. Except for a few silver coins we had sold back in 1961, we hadn't disposed of any portion of the treasure. This was a real trial balloon.

Most of the pieces were expected to draw a few hundred dollars each, and we had several tentatively listed at well over $1,000. The coins had been minted at Cuzco and Lima, Peru, Santa Fe de Bogota and Mexico City. Most dates were in the 1690's or early 1700's. None were minted later than 1714.

From the beginning, a small man with graying hair and a thin white moustache, puffing steadily on a pipe and eyeing the proceedings over a pair of half-lens glasses, dominated the bidding. He was F. Xavier Calico of Barcelona, Spain, one of the world's foremost collectors and coin dealers and president of the International Association of Professional Numismatists. On many items he received strong competition from John J. Pascale, president of the Quality Tool and Die Company of Hoboken, who was a relative newcomer to numismatics, but made up for it with his enthusiasm and spirited bidding.

As Christensen moved to the first of our real gems, a beautiful eight-escudo gold piece minted in Mexico in 1695, I could barely stand the tension. I wanted to get up and walk out of the room, but my legs wouldn't carry me. It had been estimated at $4,000, our highest, and when the final gavel rapped down, it brought $3,500. Not bad.

Then Christensen put up a 1711 four-escudo piece that weighed 13.615 grams (gold is $35 an ounce raw). It was a choice round specimen with full legends and in almost uncirculated condition. It proved to be the real sleeper of the sale.

"$2,200," Senor Calico offered. I thumbed through my catalog. Its estimated selling price was only $2,000. Hot dog, I thought to myself, keep going. To my delight, they did. "$3,000 . . . $3,200 . . . $3,400 . . . $3,500 . . . going . . . $3,600 . . . going once . . . going twice . . . sold for $3,600 to Senor Calico!" It was the highest amount paid for a single coin at the sale.

Still, the Barcelona collector felt he had a bargain. "It was a steal," he told newsmen later. The sale of that coin stirred my memory. At long last we were beginning to realize something for all the years of sweat and toil and frustration we had put in; $3,600 for just one coin—and we had thousands more back home. Things were looking up.

Altogether, just over 100 coins were sold, and we realized about $29,000 from the sale, although the papers erroneously reported the figure as $51,000. We had hoped to dispose of more, but it was our first real venture and there would be time in the future.

Back home we gathered the clans for a full report of the auction and for a division of the take, after first paying off some accrued bills for operating expenses. All along we in Real Eight had kept tabs of our individual expenses, everything from wear and tear on vehicles and boats and other pieces of equipment to time put in and gas mileage in traveling to and from the diving sites, and so on.

My poor pickup truck had literally been run off its wheels, and the group awarded me $15,000 in expenses to replace it and to compensate me for the time I had put in, which was far more than anyone else had worked, since they came down mostly on weekends. With me it was a full-time job. We went around the table totaling time, expenses and depreciations, and divvied up the rest of the money. Del got about $3,500, Dan and Harry $1,000 each, and so on.

It was the first material return that any of us had realized. It seemed ironic that we had recovered a fortune in treasure, estimated by some to be in the millions, but these few thousand dollars were all we'd been able to stuff into our pockets.

With the start of the 1965 season, we went into the treasure-hunting business full time by putting Bob Johnson and three young divers, my nephew, Rex, Mike Hrebec, and his friend, Bob Conkey, on salary. We had decided to do this some time before in order to take full advantage of the lucrative wreck sites at the cabin, and south of Fort Pierce, that were now yielding steady supplies of gold and silver coins. We had a new boat and new dredging gear.

On April 22, the first finds were made off the new boat, the *Derelict*. They were far from impressive—two silver coins and the base of a silver candlestick—but they were a starter.

For the next month he took his hungry young divers on a merry chase from the cabin wreck site, 30 miles south to the one past Fort Pierce. Weather had a lot to do with the hopscotching. If the waters were rough at all, he'd go south, to Fort Pierce, where it was generally clearer. If it was calm, they'd take the boat out off Sebastian.

Then on May 19 they made their first significant find, and, like so many others, it almost came about by accident, after everyone had wanted to quit for the day. Young Bob Conkey, our greenest diver, went down on the Fort Pierce wreck, about 1,500 feet or so north of where Mel Fisher's people were working, and he came up shaking his head in dismay.

"Mr. Johnson," he wailed, "it's so black down there I can't even find the bottom. We'll never get anything today." Rex and

Mike concurred, so Bob suited up to see just how bad it was. Normally he would have given up for the day, but the ocean was unusually calm, and if there were even the slightest ray of hope for the waters to clear up, it would have been worthwhile to stay on site. Bob could see patches opening up here and there, and told his divers to keep searching until they hit one of these open spots and then work it.

A little later Conkey surfaced again. This time it looked as if his arm was 15 feet long. He had a gold coin tightly clenched in his fist.

"How wrong can I be," he shrilled. They brought up 19 doubloons that day. Over the next week or so, a few more were found, along with several "new" cannon, two anchors, some pewter plates, musket balls and other pieces of wreckage.

Del was out with us one weekend—we all joined the full-time crew on Saturdays and Sundays, or whenever we could—and toward the end of the day he pointed off to the south.

"I've got a feeling, fellows," he began, and we all gathered around to glean whatever prophetic pearls he was about to spill, "that we're going to hit it big again soon—right over there." We estimated the spot he aimed at to be about 800 to 900 feet south of the area we had been working.

"Yep," he drawled with a note of assurance, "if we go over there we'll find a heap of gold."

Sure enough, and may I be struck on the spot if it's not the gospel. Bob and the boys motored over to the location in the next couple of days, and on May 30, found 130 gold coins four fathoms down—not 50 feet from the site Del had pinpointed! It was phenomenal. How can you explain it?

Everyone but Harry was aboard the next morning when we sailed at 8:48 a.m., and anchored a little over an hour later, about 1,400 feet offshore. Within 20 minutes Conkey came up with a gold doubloon. His find opened the floodgates to the most fantastic single day we have ever recorded. I hadn't been diving lately because of a bad back, but I couldn't resist the temptation, and down I went. It was a beautiful day, and the waters were as clear as any I could remember. Visibility was 40 or 50 feet in all directions. Conditions were perfect. The sands were so white it looked as if the surf had scrubbed the grains with detergent.

And then I saw it—a sight every man should see just once in his life. The blaster had cut a hole about 30 feet in diameter, and there, in this vast pocket of the ocean floor, lay a carpet of gold; believe me, a carpet of gold! It was the most glorious picture one can imagine. Not even Hollywood would have upstaged this natural underwater scene. Off to one side, against a rock-coral formation, the coins, so help me, were even lying in neat stacks of three and four. The water magnification made it seem as though the entire bottom was lined with gold.

We were spellbound. Here was a bunch of seasoned, hardened treasure hunters who had been making finds for more than five years, and we couldn't move. It was like a great painting by one of the old masters. It just held us in awe. When we finally did snap back to reality, we surfaced and made sure everybody on board got a chance to view this wonder before we began picking up the coins.

So abundant were the doubloons that we literally scooped them by the double handful and loaded buckets to the brim with them. Not only were the coins plentiful, but they were in mint condition—and they were big ones—mostly eight-escudo pieces, about the size of an American silver dollar.

Before we had vacuumed the area clean, we hollered to Mel and the others on the *Dee-Gee* to come over and join in the fun. Moe went down and came up with gold glistening in each of his palms and a smile splitting his ears. All day long we poured the coins onto the decks of the *Derelict* in a steady cascade of gold. We were one tired bunch of divers when we finally knocked off at 5:20 that afternoon, but we had the comforting knowledge that we had recovered more treasure in one day than anyone in history—in recorded history at least.

We entrusted the day's take to Lou and Dan for sorting and counting that night, and when they arrived at Dan's house, he told his wife Jane, "We hit it pretty good today, honey. Get out the card table." By now she had gotten used to seeing silver coins by the bushel and other treasure, but gold was still a relatively scarce commodity in our group. Jane later described the scene to me, and I think it's worth recounting from her point of view:

"When Dan told me they had made another strike, I was happy, of course, but then Lou went home for supper so I figured it wasn't that important, and I scurried off to our kitchen. A little while later, Lou came back and I could hear a lot of clinking on the table, so I went out to see what they found. It took my breath away. The tabletop was completely covered with coins. I thought at first they must be counterfeit. There couldn't be that much gold in the world!

"The thing that struck me more than anything was the nonchalant manner in which my husband and Lou were counting and stacking the coins—as if they were so many buttons or pennies from the piggy bank. Everything was so matter-of-fact to them. Here was, by conservative guess, several hundred thousand dollars worth of gold on my card table, and they could still maintain poker faces! Eagerly, I helped them sort and catalog each coin, and if you can imagine the sensation, my fingers actually got tired from counting doubloons."

Few people, I'd venture, have experienced fatigue from such a chore, nor would they have minded it. Neither did Jane. It was one in the morning when everything had been properly assessed and stacked. The total count from our record day was 1,128 gold coins.

The breakdown went like this: 351 eight-escudo pieces, 378 four-escudo pieces and 215 two-escudo pieces from the Mexico City mint; 167 eights, 3 fours, and 13 twos from the mint at Lima, Peru. There was also one four-escudo imperial. This is a coin that workers took extra care to strike from new dies, so as to form as near perfect impressions as were possible. Imperials were then presented to royalty. This one was dated 1711. Its value is estimated from $2,000 to $5,000.

Not only had it been a banner day for quantity, but also nearly half of the coins were eight-escudo pieces—which are worth more on the market. In good condition, and these all met that qualification and more so, this denomination sells for $1,000 to $3,000 —and we had 518 of them!

Considering the brevity of our good diving weather each season, and the tremendous amount of searching still ahead of us, I think it would be a safe bet to say we'll be diving on these 1715 wreck sites as far into the future as we can see—and right now that runs until 1975, when our leases expire. Some of us, I'm sure, will be treasure hunting for the rest of our lives.

How much do we stand to gain on what has already been recovered from this Spanish Plate Fleet? This is a question we hear every day, and our answer is always the same. We honestly don't know. Only a small fraction of our coins have been sold, so we really have nothing to go on as far as evaluating the entire collection is concerned. If we used as a yardstick the $400,000 for which, after our gold finds in 1964, and the subsequent division with the state, Florida insured its fourth of the treasure, our portion up to then would have been worth in the neighborhood of $1.2 million. And we've found far more since 1964. It is quite possible we now have $2 to $3 million or more in gold, silver, jewelry and artifacts. But who can say for sure?

How much more can be expected? That's another unanswerable question. For one thing, no one knows for sure how much treasure went down out there. The 10 ships of the 1715 plate fleet were carrying $14 million in registered treasure. But some writers have estimated that the total worth of the treasure, registered and unregistered, was as much as $65 million. We hope they're right!

Has it all been worth, and would we do it again? These are questions we *can* answer—with a unanimous, resounding YES! True there have been periods of frustration, of depression and despair. There have been times when we were ready to throw in the towel altogether and write off our search as a fool's folly. I have said I'd never do it again, but I know damn well I would.

In sticking together as a team, we have accomplished something no one else in modern times has done. We have scientifically, systematically and with premeditation discovered and brought up from the ocean a fortune in sunken treasure—perhaps the greatest such fortune in history. Ours was the long shot that paid off. Thousands of people chase the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow—some as a hobby, others as a profession. Few ever find anything. We have found everything.

I remember years ago standing on a desolate stretch of wind-whipped beach front near the Sebastian Inlet and looking longingly at the pounding surf. I knew treasure was out there then, and I dreamed of the day I would find it.

All my dreams have been fulfilled.

**—Kip Wagner and L. B. Taylor, Jr.**

# THIS FUNNY LIFE

During a recent merger our local finance firm needed to fly two secretaries to another city for some specialized work. Because they were under 22 years of age they qualified for a special reduction in fare, but only if a $10 reduction card was purchased.

Since this card could not be charged on the regular charge-a-plate one of our men had to pay cash for the card. When he got his receipt he stood blinking at the paper. "I'll never be able to explain this to my wife or the bookkeeper!"

He showed me the receipt. It read: *"Received: $10 for two girls under 22."*

*Jack Boyd*
*Dubuque, Iowa*

My parents were watching an old James Mason movie on television the other evening. When the ballerina in the movie finished her thrilling dance, she fell into Mason's arms, panting, "Did I help you?"

"Did you help me!" Mason exclaimed. "You *are* ballet! You *are* dance! You're beauty! You're music! You're poetry!"

At this point my mother turned to my father. "Why don't you ever say things like that to me?"

Without taking his eyes from the set, my father said, "Let's see you dance."

*Philip S. Malocsay*
*Miami, Okla.*

During one of our vacation tours overseas we decided to visit Deauville, France, the Riviera of the North. The couple we were traveling with were fairly young and recently married. While visiting Deauville, they were invited to a party on a yacht by a very wealthy Frenchman.

With the party in full swing, the host and owner of the yacht felt particularly gay and happy, and had eyes only for our friend's young wife. Finally, he approached our friend and said, "I'll give you my yacht for your wife." To which our friend unhesitatingly replied, "Get off my yacht!"

*V.M.L.*
*USAF Academy, Colo.*

A friend of mine at Marine boot camp was in a new company which was receiving its first chewing out from a rough drill instructor. "All right," the DI bawled in his bullhorn voice, "first of all, I want to know if anybody here thinks he can whip me."

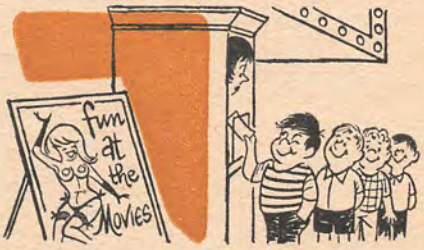
The biggest guy in the platoon—a huge, broad-shouldered rookie—shuffled forward. The drill sergeant, seemingly unruffled, stared up at the towering recruit and demanded, "You think you can lick me?"

"I think so," came the reply.

Everybody in the ranks held his breath as the fight of the century seemed imminent.

Suddenly the DI spun around and addressed the rest of the company: "From now on," he roared, "this man is my special drill assistant. Now—is there anybody here who thinks he can whip *both* of us?"

*Larry Schuchert*
*Napa, Calif.*




After attending a popular motion picture recently, I happened to remark to a friend about the suggestive nature of the film I had seen.

"The movies are getting sexier all the time," I said. "I'd hate to take my 9-year-old son to a movie like that and have to answer questions about some of the things that were suggested in that film."

"I know what you mean," answered my friend, "but it could be worse. When my 13-year-old son sees a movie like that, he doesn't ask any questions—that's what worries me!"

*John R. Cashman*
*St. Johnsbury, Vt.*

Recently I attended a meeting in Arizona of a group interested in reviving and preserving Indian culture. Among those present were a fluttery group of clubwomen and a taciturn Apache cattleman named Joe Pima. A successful Hereford breeder, Pima sat quietly in his conservatively-cut suit while the well-meaning women talked about buckskin costumes, bead designs and dances.

Finally the chairwoman called on Joe. "Mr. Pima, you haven't said anything, but I'm sure there must be some part of the old Indian culture you would like to see revived."

Pima thought a moment, politely stood up and said, "Well, yes, ma'am, I guess there is one thing."

Delighted, the lady gushed on, "And what would that be, Mr. Pima?"

"Scalping," said Joe.

*Ed Ogle*
*Calgary, Canada*

During an oral fitness review for promotion, a young lieutenant had answered hours of questions on political and military strategy. The senior member of the review board, a colonel, asked the final question: "If, while traveling on orders, you observed a young lady to whom you were attracted by the general excellence of a coordinated rear action, what would you do?"

The candidate insured his military future with his measured answer: "I'd first reconnoiter the forward deployment to be sure that it matched the rear emplacement you described, sir."

*H. R. Flanagan*
*Parkersburg, W. Va.*

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